

STEPHEN KING

at The Movies



ALL THE MOVIES

Including *Stand By Me* & *Maximum Overdrive*

ALL THE TV SHOWS

Commentary by

STEPHEN KING

Adapting King: An essay by

HARLAN ELLISON

Directing King: New Interviews with

**JOHN CARPENTER • TOBE HOOPER
GEORGE ROMERO • LEWIS TEAGUE
ROB REINER • DAVID CRONENBERG**

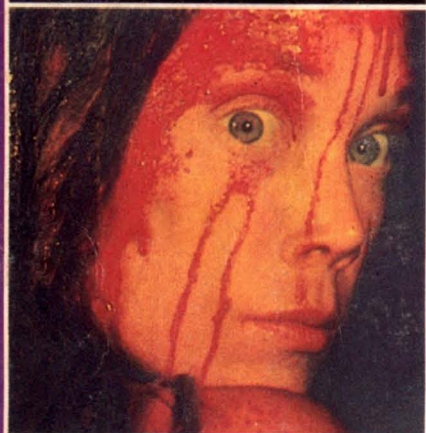
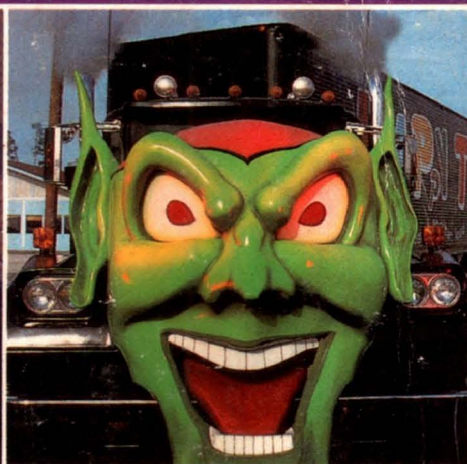
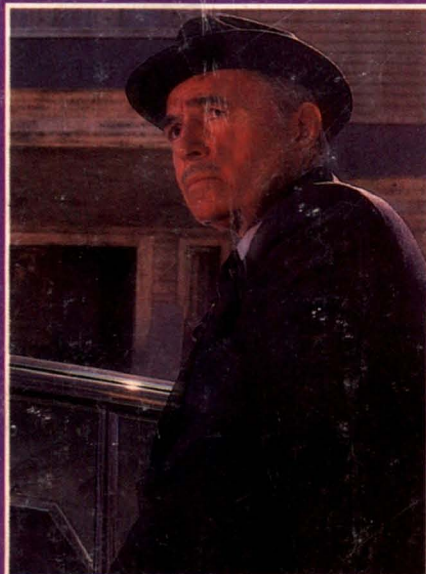
Rare movie stills!

by **JESSIE HORSTING**



A Guide to Your Nightmares

FROM *CARRIE* TO *Maximum Overdrive* AND beyond



FOR THE LAST decade, filmmakers have turned to the bone-chilling tales of Stephen King to put your fondest nightmares on the silver screen. This comprehensive guide takes you on a tour through the dark visions of the master of terror, examining just what it takes to bring his novels to a theater near you.

STEPHEN KING LIVES & WRITES IN MAINE.

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STEPHEN KING

at The Movies

By JESSIE HORSTING

DESIGNED by NORMAN JACOBS

A STARLOG PRESS PUBLICATION



PHOTO: JAMES LEONARD

INTRODUCTION	4
Who is this Guy STEPHEN KING? —And Why Do They Make All Those Movies?	6
THE MOVIES	
CARRIE	12
THE SHINING	18
CREEPSHOW	24
THE DEAD ZONE	30
CHRISTINE	36
CUJO	42
FIRESTARTER	48
CHILDREN OF THE CORN	54

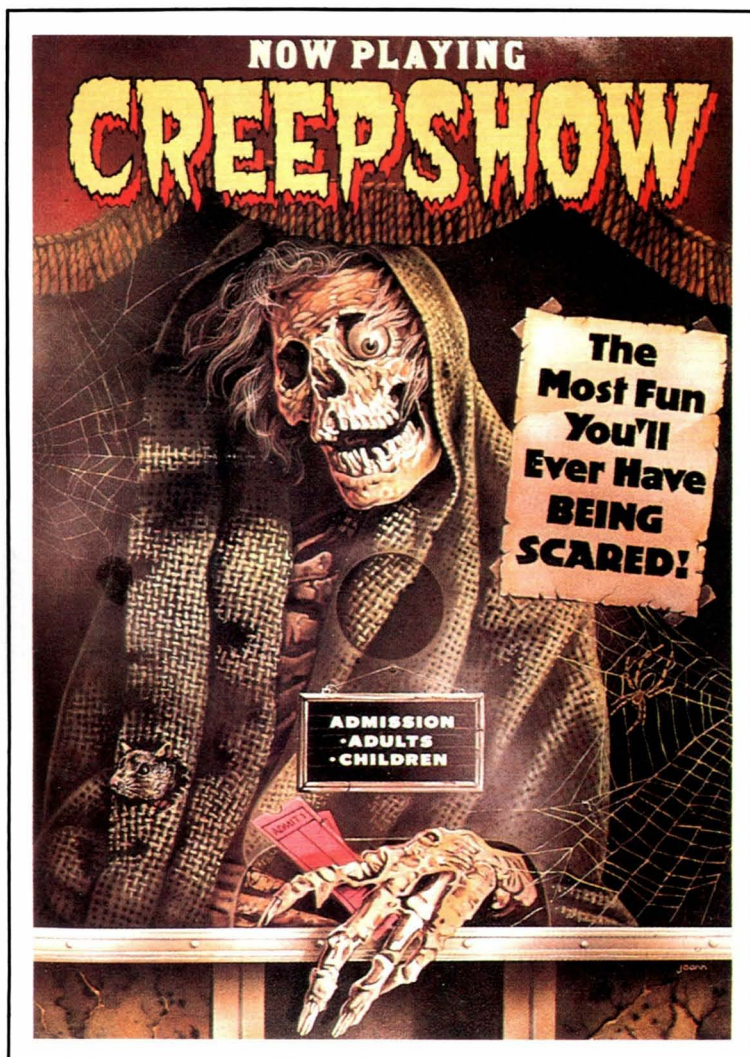
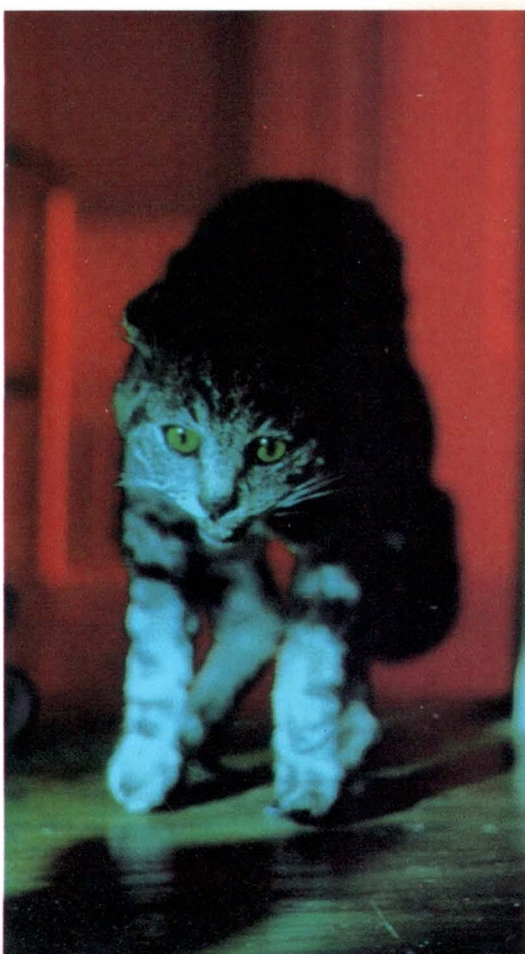
CAT'S EYE	58
SILVER BULLET	64
MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE	70
STAND BY ME	78
TV & SHORT FILMS	
SALEM'S LOT	84
THE WORD PROCESSOR of THE Gods	90
GRAMMA	92
NIGHT SHIFT	94
Why THE CHILDREN DON'T LOOK LIKE THEIR PARENTS By HARLAN ELLISON	96
FILM CREDITS	102
FILMS ON VIDEO	111

This book is dedicated to:
 Mom and Dad, for keeping me anyway;
 Erich, for teaching me about hard work;
 Harlan, for fighting the good fight;
 And to Stephen King, who made it possible.

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"You got your good guys,
you got your bad guys,
and you got your dead guys..."
—GEORGE ROMERO, describing
Day of the Dead.





INTRODUCTION

You may have noticed that Stephen King's name is a great deal bigger than mine on the cover of this book. It is a transparent ploy to get you to pick it up and look at it, because he has about 50 million more books in print than I do and the publishers figure there's some value in his name.

I wouldn't have it any other way—I admire his writing, always have, and I hope that's the reason you're reading this. But there's always the chance you don't know who Stephen King is. You may have spent the last decade in seclusion. You may have recently returned from the dead. You may think he only does commercials. You may have seen his name and thought it was a pseudonym for a conglomeration of writers and filmmakers.

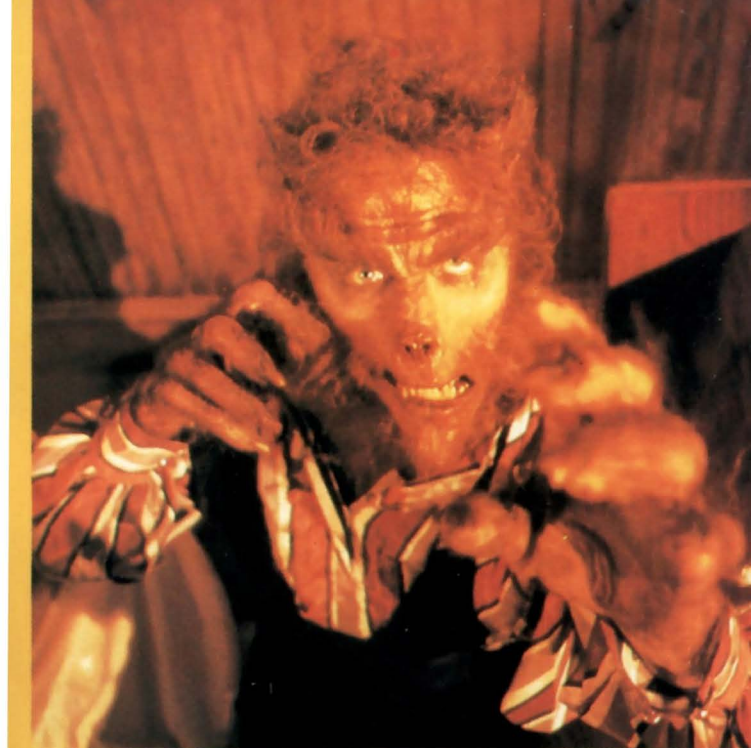
I assure you it is one man, he has written all those books (and a few movies) and he is one of a kind.

Let me give you a statistician's eye of view of the phenomenon: Stephen King's first novel was *Carrie*, published in 1974 and released as a film in 1976. Stephen King's second novel was *'Salem's Lot*, published in 1976 and premiered as a made-for-television movie in 1979. Stephen King's third novel was *The Shining*, published in 1977 and released as a film in 1980—a dozen books later, a dozen years later, this unprecedented pattern continues. Here is a man who may prove to be the best-selling author of the century—the funny thing is, no one is sure why.

If I had to review his books analytically in terms of style, structure, characterizations and such, I suppose they would get middlin' to high marks. But in the analysis, the elusive quality that energizes his work wouldn't translate. He has a soul which speaks to millions sharing the experience of being human, and sharing the question "what if?" Harlan Ellison examines that quality cogently at the back of this book, King understands it and comments on it in his remarks, but no one seems to be able to put their finger on it. Maybe it's the literary equivalent of Schrodinger's Cat: If you can't see it or touch it or name it, you can't prove that it's there. But it is. Trust me.

However, the topic here is movies. This overview of the film adaptations of King's stories was not inspired simply because there are a dozen of them. Sure, that's a bunch, but several authors—Ian Fleming, Ray Bradbury, Arthur Conan Doyle, Edgar Rice Burroughs, all popular writers of their time—boast





a dozen or more film treatments.

I had no interest in comparing the two mediums. You might as well discuss the relative merits of a couch and an avocado: you can sit on both of them if that's the kind of thing you like to do, but you eat one and rest on the other. Books are books and movies are movies—the only thing mutual is storytelling. If one works better for you than the other, that's fine and dandy—but I don't think you'd want to read a book about it.

So, the motivation was solving a mystery—what happens in the process of translating the novel we love into a movie we sometimes barely recognize? Does any story survive art by committee? Does any film transcend the original material? What makes a good story go bad?

These are trenchant questions because an author's novel is as individual a creation as an artist's painting. Can you imagine Van Gogh carefully describing the artwork he had in mind, handing his brushes to two dozen painters, then asking them to produce what he envisioned? Let's face it: the best the painters will come up with is an approximation of the vision. Sometimes they will improve on his idea, but more often than not, they will create something only vaguely resembling the template. That is precisely the process of adapting a novel or story to film. It is fascinating and frustrating. At its best, it is glorious, at its worst, it is a dismal sequence of photographs and half-finished ideas—as if Van Gogh handed his brushes to blind men.

Seventeen of King's works have been adapted, and there are at least five more contemplated: *Pet Semetary*, *The Stand*, *The Running Man*, *Graveyard Shift* (based on the short story), and, written with Peter Straub, *The Talisman*, which filmmaker Steven Spielberg is developing. There is an existing script for the *The Mist*, and stories from King's recent collections, *Skeleton Crew* and *The Bachman Books*, are under consideration.

If nothing else, the fact that filmmakers consistently turn to the power of his stories is a testimonial—nobody tells it like Stephen King. This book is a chronicle of the films that have been completed, the difficulties involved and, in most cases, what Stephen King thinks of them. I hope I answer more questions than I raise and, if you've only seen the movies, I urge you to read the books. There you will find exactly what Stephen King had in mind.

—Jessie Horsting

Who is This Guy STEPHEN KING?

For those of you familiar with the phenomenon of Stephen King, he needs no introduction. For those who may be unfamiliar, I'll be brief.

A tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed family man, Stephen King lives and writes in Bangor, Maine, makes movies in North Carolina sometimes, and is about the most popular novelist of the last decade. He is frequently described as a horror writer, but that does the man a disservice: although he often explores the darker corners of possibility, he's mostly a fine, honest storyteller with an engaging prose style and an unerring understanding of human nature. He knows what scares you—but he also knows what makes you laugh and what makes you weep.

Because he tells good stories, people like to make movies of them. Some are bad, some are good, and he is constantly asked his opinions about them.

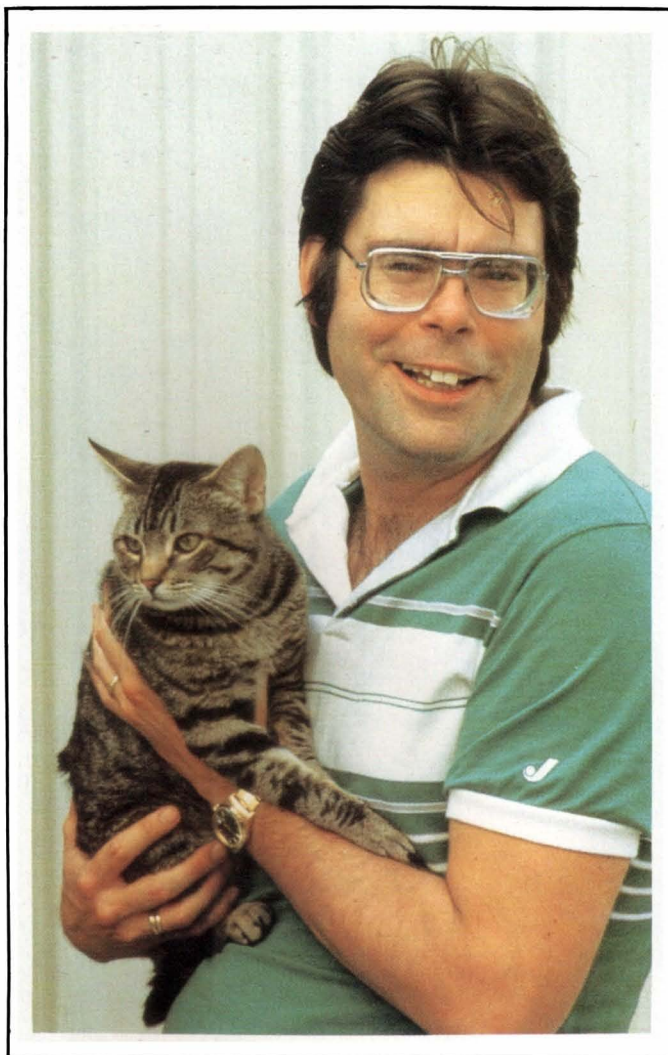
In the following pages, at no extra charge to you, he answers the most frequently asked questions about the movies bearing his name—with the hope they will put some rumors to rest, get your mind in gear, and maybe incline you to read one or two of his books, if you haven't already.

Stephen King begins—

Let's get one thing up front. Most of the movie adaptations, I like pretty well. The only real exceptions to that are *The Shining* and *Children of the Corn*. The rest of the stuff I can deal with; I don't like them all equally well, but I can deal with them.

Many people who love my books have turned away from the movies, particularly since *The Shining*—they don't find me in the movies—whatever *me* is. Writers don't have style so much as they have soul; it's between the lines of the prose that they write, it's that interior tension, the stuff that you don't say or the way that you say the things that you do say. A perfect example is to take the novel *Stick*, by Elmore Leonard. Although he got a co-credit for the screenplay, he's not present in the film. And when you look at *Christine* and some of these other movies, I'm just not there for some people, and they don't like it.

Isn't that always a problem when you adapt a story?



—And Why Do They Make All Those Movies?

No, I don't think so. I think Ken Kesey is very much there in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and I think that James Dickey is there almost completely in *Deliverance*; the spirit of that book and that movie are exactly the same. The soul has made that transference; it can happen. The same thing is true of *Rosemary's Baby*. I think the film is a very faithful adaptation of the book and it keeps the spirit of Ira Levin's novel. But take *Firestarter*, which is very faithful to the novel, and yet

I'm not there. I'm just not in that movie.

What's missing?

It's between the lines in the books. It's whatever it is, it's whatever flavor that readers come to expect and they come to want, it's the sort of thing that they come to crave. It's the only reason they go back to buy more. They don't go back because they think; "This Stephen King book looks particularly interesting;" they go back because they say, "It's a Stephen King book, and I will get that flavor,"—the way that somebody who likes coffee will say, "I want coffee, I want Maxwell House Coffee." And it's the same reason they don't go to the movies; they say, "Ah, it's just another shitty adaptation of a King book."

Have any of the films exceeded your expectations?

Carrie did. It was a big thrill because it was the first one, but it was stylish and had things in it I wish I had thought of. In most of the pictures, I've seen things that made me say, "Shit, I should have done that." For instance, in *Dead Zone*, the way Frank Dodd kills himself, and the way David Cronenberg put Johnny Smith in his own visions. I thought that was a wonderful thing. *Salem's Lot* exceeded my expectations for what they could get away with on television.

What makes adaptations so tough?

Well, it's like my own screenplay for *The Stand*. When you adapt a novel, it's like sitting on a suitcase, trying to get everything inside. It's a little bit like working for Reader's Digest Condensed Books. It gets to the point where I have to say, "We've got to lighten this boat; we've got to throw some people overboard. Who's expendable?" I try to get rid of things, but they don't want to stay down. The hardest thing is deciding what has to go.

"Acting is just another job," Stephen King says of his turn before the cameras as Jordy Verrill in *Creepshow*. "It's not particularly strange. I had done some college plays so I'm not a total stranger to standing up and pretending to be something I'm not."

Do you have a favorite King film?

Yeah. *Cujo*. That's my favorite adaptation of all the movies because it does keep some of the spirit and flavor of the work; it's just this big dumb slugger of a movie that stands there and keeps on punching. It has no finesse, it has no pretensions; I thought Dee Wallace should have been nominated for an Academy Award.

Cat's Eye is another movie that I like a lot; I think it's a good movie, witty and stylish, and you talk to people about it and they say, "Oh, was that any good? I never saw it?" Well, nobody in America saw it, it went straight down the toilet.

So, I directed my own movie this time. I went in and did *Maximum Overdrive*, mostly to find out if it would work, because so many people have said, "You know, I don't go to the movies anymore, and it's not you, and that's it," and I thought, well just once, let's go in and find out if it does carry over. I think it does.

How many screenplays have you adapted from your own works?

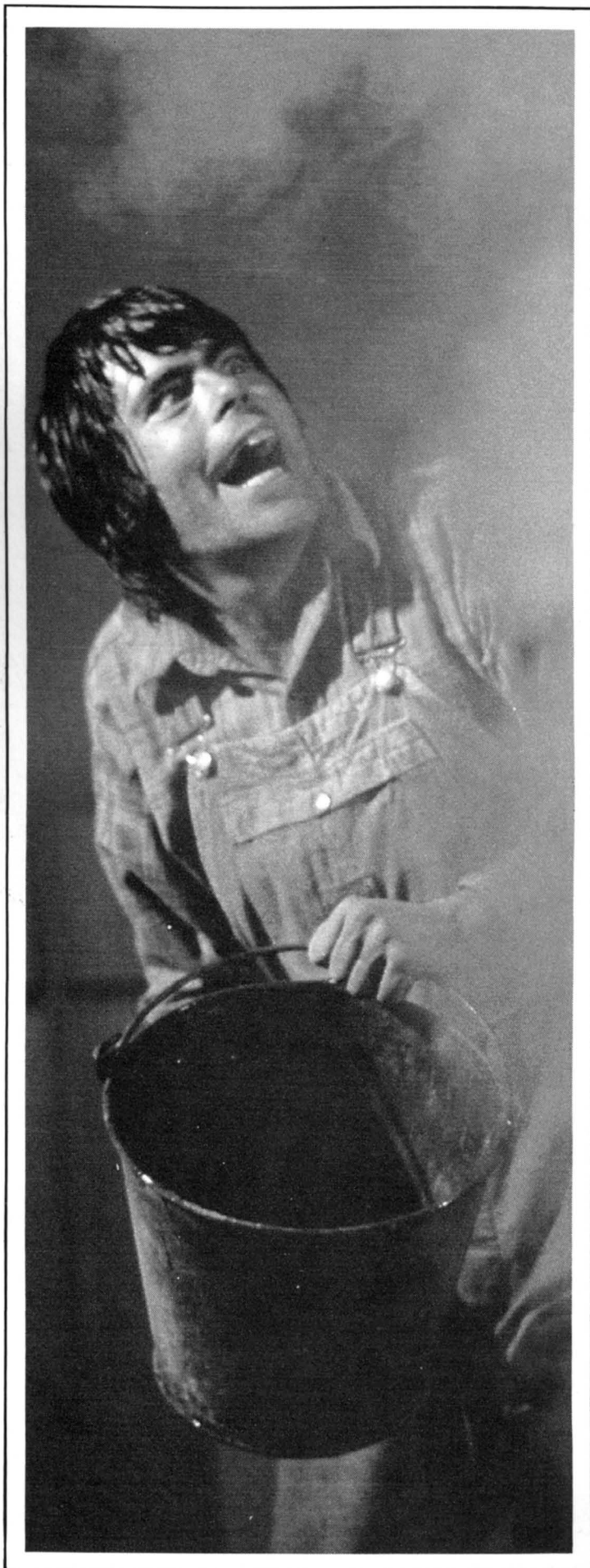
Jeez, I've done a bunch. Let's see what I didn't do: I never did an adaptation for *Carrie*, I never did one for *Salem's Lot*, *Christine*, or *Firestarter*. I did one for *The Shining*, I've done it for *The Stand*, I did it for *The Dead Zone* and *Cujo*, *Cat's Eye*, *Creepshow*, *Silver Bullet* and *Maximum Overdrive*.

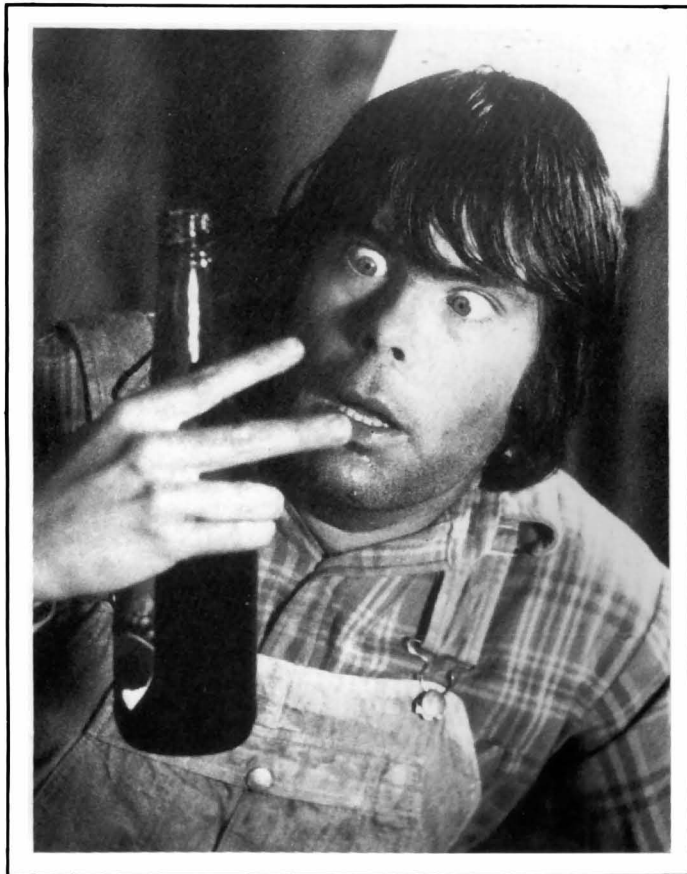
Why did some of those scripts get turned down?

The Dead Zone screenplay was turned down by Dino De Laurentiis, who thought that it was both too long and too complicated. Now, it was long, it would run maybe about 118 minutes, or something like that. Complicated? Not very. The *Cujo* screenplay was good, but it was turned down. We sat down and talked, the Taft people [producers] and I, and the bottom line came out very quickly—they wanted to do it, but they wanted the little boy to live, and they looked at me as though they expected me to get up and walk out of the room, and I said, "Fine, OK, good." He died on me in the book, and I thought it would be fine to let him live and see what happens.

What's the motivation to keep selling stories to the movies?

There is really very little motivation to keep selling stories. The motivation now is to see who wants to do it, and to do it on that basis. But there's also no reason in the world just to hold back. I mean, that would be irrational, particularly because I like most of the adaptations that have been done. There are some that leave me cold, like *Christine*; and there are some that I actively dislike, like *Firestarter*, *Children of the Corn* and *The Shining*. But it doesn't taint the book. If somebody makes a terrible movie . . . I mean *Firestarter*, with a couple of changes, could have been real





"Jordy is not really a half-wit," King notes, describing his *Creepshow* alter-ego (top). "He's what I call a natural, very naive. Jordy makes Lenny of *Of Mice & Men* look like Albert Einstein, and that's the way I played him." King—who wrote an unused screenplay for *The Dead Zone*—believes director David Cronenberg added a number of innovative ideas to the eventual film version (below). Cronenberg placed psychic Johnny Smith (Christopher Walken) in the visions he experiences after a touch of the hand—even one as filled with hatred as that of Mrs. Dodds (Colleen Dewhurst).

ly awful, it could have been the *Mommie Dearest* of horror pictures.

How would you describe your brand of horror?

Brand X. A low-priced brand. I loved *Re-animator*. I absolutely loved it. It's the only time in the history of films that a head has ever given head. And *Return of the Living Dead*—"Send more paramedics. . . ." Oh man, that's my kinda movie. Y'know, low.

It's like the blurb on this paperback, I remember it from about 1954, it was a Beacon novel called *Liz*. It says, "She hit the gutter and then bounced. . . ."

A common theme in your stories seems to be the nature of good and evil, though the good guys are much more fuzzy around the edges than your bad guys.

Well, I would like to always have the good guys come through stronger. And if they do that, they do it more by force of personality than by their actions, because my own view of good and evil is that many times, good people and good intentions are handcuffed in the face of evil. And good responds to evil, so that you can present people like Stu Redmond, Frannie Goldsmith in *The Stand*, or Andy McGee in *Firestarter*, and say, "Look, here are good people,"—they're good *per se* by their actions, even though they're not doing anything that's very important and even though they're not important people in themselves. But you know, people have even remarked on J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, that the scenes of evil are depicted much more forcefully than the scenes of bucolic peace and quiet in the Shire. I don't personally agree with that; I think that Tolkien makes good very attractive in those books, and I've always tried to do that as well. Evil, let's face it, has a certain flash that good just doesn't have. Particularly for readers and viewers who are voyeurs by nature, and who are generally attracted to things that they know they themselves will never be, or couldn't do.

But, in most of the books, they either do the right thing, or they *try* to do the right thing. I mean, Vic Trenton (*Cujo*) goes home and does *not* slaughter his wife after he finds out that she has been screwing the tennis pro. In most of the books, things turn out OK. I do think that you pay a price for doing the right thing. You always pay a price.

Why do you dislike The Shining so much?

I seem to remember having described *The Shining* as a great big beautiful car with no engine inside it. It's a film that has all kinds of style, and it's gorgeous. I can watch it any day, I think it's marvelous to look at, but it is a movie. . . Stanley Kubrick wanted to make a horror movie, and he made *The Shining*, and what I felt was that he had made the movie in a total vacuum, with no understanding of the basics of the genre. I'll just give you one example that I think is important, because it goes to the heart of what we're talking about, and again it goes back to the thing I said where there are elements in many of the movies that I wish I had thought of myself; there's a thing in the movie that it *isn't* in the book. In the book, Jack Torrance is writing this really terrible play and in the film, he's working on something in the lobby. What we have after a while is this little allegory of the Bluebeard story, where Bluebeard brings the last wife home, and he says, "You can go anywhere you want to except for this one place, the door's locked, you *can't* go in there," and of course, that's

the one place she wants to go.

By the same token, Wendy Torrance, even though she has been told *not* to look at it, wants to look at that book. So, finally she's drawn to it like Bluebeard's wife is drawn to the room with the locked door. She looks down through the keyplate and then she sees the key and she goes in. When Jack isn't around, Wendy starts to look through the book, and on every page sees, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," written in all these different ways and in different styles and everything.

Kubrick cuts from her face to the pages, from her face to the pages, from her face to the pages; you're getting more and more frightened by what's going on here. And you know what's going to happen. You *don't* want it to happen, but you know it's *going* to happen. It's what the horror movie is—it's something like a girl jerking you off in a car, OK? You know that sooner or later there's going to be an orgasm; the question is when is it going to come, and how intense is it going to be? So, back and forth, back and forth. We know Jack's going to find her, the hand's going to come down on her shoulder and he's going to say, "Do you like it?" But we want that to happen. We don't want it to happen, but we *do* want it to happen. The same way that in many senses, you want to have the orgasm, but at the same time, you don't want the orgasm to happen, because then it's over. You know what I mean?

The one alternative that's not picked is for no one to come, right?

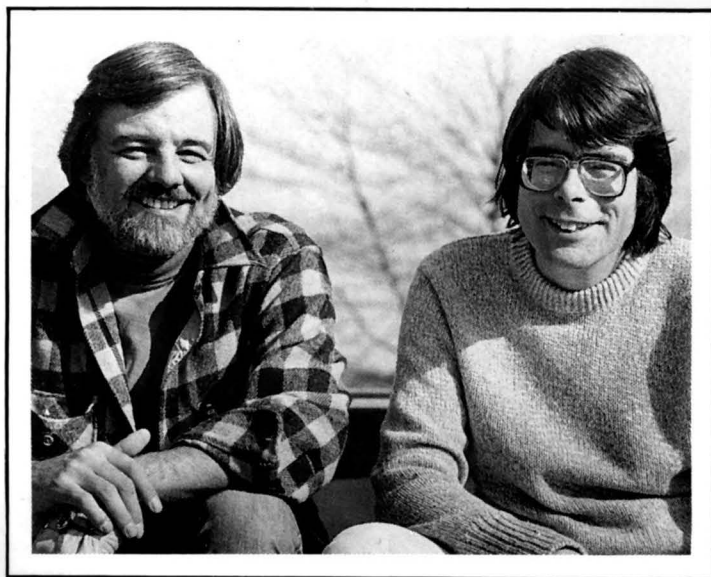
Yes, and that's exactly what happens here, because Kubrick, for some reason, God alone knows what it is, elects to cut away and show us Jack Torrance approaching her. In some cases it works, but that in particular is the mistake of a man—basically it goes back to pride—a man who's so sure that he's unable to make a mistake, that has elected to do a picture in a genre that he doesn't understand. He has made a mistake that's fundamental, but you can't explain to somebody why it's wrong, they either know it's wrong or they don't.

But you explained why it's wrong.

I explained why it's wrong, except I can't explain why it's wrong to cut away and show him approaching. It's something that Alfred Hitchcock does all the time, except I think it's because Kubrick only shows it toward the very end and he only shows us for a second, and he doesn't allow any build, so that it's totally empty and totally flat. I tried very hard to get Warner Bros. and Stanley *not* to cast Jack Nicholson. They talked about Jack Nicholson from the beginning. I think that Jack Nicholson is an excellent actor and I think he did everything Stanley asked him in the movie and did a tremendous job, but he's a man who comes across crazy.

Everybody said to me, it wasn't any fun because the guy was crazy from the beginning. But Jack didn't think he was crazy from the beginning, and Stanley didn't think he was crazy from the beginning, he wasn't supposed to be crazy, he didn't think he was crazy—it was just everybody in America who went to see the movie thought he was crazy. Look at those eyes and you see Randall Patrick McMurphy.

So you say, OK, the guy's as crazy as a shithouse rat, he's going to get his whole family up there and kill 'em, with the result that there's no moral struggle at all. I wanted them to cast Michael Moriarty or Jon Voight. They wouldn't. Not bankable.



King relaxes (top) with one of his friends and favorite filmmakers, writer/director George Romero (left). Together, they made a success of terror with *Creepshow*. Several other projects—including *Pet Sematary*, *The Stand* and *Creepshow II*—are among their planned future collaborations in film fear. Brian De Palma's movie version of *Carrie* (below) was another special moment in King's career. "It was a big thrill because it was the first one," he says.



Cat's Eye (top) is a film King likes. "I think it's a good movie, witty and stylish," he says. But it's *Cujo* (bottom) that holds a special place in the author's heart. "That's my favorite adaptation of all the movies," King explains, "because it does keep some of the spirit and flavor of the work."

Are you possessive about your stories?

No, not in the sense that I think anything changes what I've written. My view has always been that movies are not books and books are not movies. I don't understand writers who get all wound up in the film adaptations of their novels, as though somehow the novel itself could be tainted by a bad adaptation. I've taken several chances and in a couple of cases, I've gone with low-budget people. For the major books, the only thing I've ever insisted on is that somebody pay me a *lot* of money up front.

There's two reasons for that. The first thing is that you start off with the idea in mind that in any collaborative venture, the chances that somebody is really going to fuck up are very high. Look at the Space Shuttle—who had any idea it was going to blow up? Most movie adaptations that work are shit. And you know that going in, and you figure that if you're going to get plastered with shit, somebody ought to pay you to do it, they ought to pay you a lot of money.

And the other possibility is that if somebody pays you \$500,000; \$700,000; \$1 million—which is what Dotie Fyett paid for *Firestarter*—if they pay that much money, somebody will make a reasonable effort to make a good movie, so that they can get their money back. Nobody sets out to make a bad movie, but sometimes, they just set out to make money. And that's just as bad, that's a recipe for disaster.

Did directing your own movie satisfy your curiosity?

My curiosity isn't satisfied yet. I did the job. Now, I'm in a position to satisfy my curiosity, and I'll see what happens. The motivation for doing it the first time is—not to go back to sex again, but I'm going to go back to sex again, because it's the same thing. The first time that you get laid, you don't get laid because you *want* to get laid, you get laid so that you can say to yourself, well, I don't have to go through that again. That is to say, that part of it's over. Then, you say to yourself at some point, I would like to get laid again because that was fun, or because now I think I could do it better. And that's certainly true of the movie.

But I don't have any real reverence for movies anyway. I go to see them because it's a way to check out my mind.

Now that you've directed one, does it make you more forgiving about any of the others?

I'm not forgiving or unforgiving. I go to see them like a fan, they don't do a thing to the book. A movie is a very ephemeral item. It comes to a theater near you and it's there for two weeks, unless it's a mega-hit, like *E.T.*, and then it might be at that theater near you for 12 weeks, and you say, "Holy shit, that picture has been there forever." But, I just had a book that fell off the bestseller lists, *Skeleton Crew*, and it was on the lists for 32 weeks.

Books live damn near forever. Movies have a first run, maybe if they're successful, they have a second run, they turn up on cable TV, they turn up on network TV. Then, they'll be on the shelves at the video store and you say, "Well shit, they're at the video store now, you can rent 'em, they're there forever, it's like a library." But that's not true—after a while, they just simply disappear. It's a question of shelf space. I mean after a while, somebody's going to take *Eaten Alive* off the shelves because nobody watches it, so the movie is gone. But the book is still around.

There's an anecdote I use often and I'll use it again. A reporter once complained to novelist James Cain that the adaptation of his novel *The Postman Always Rings Twice* ruined his book. Cain turned to the bookshelves behind him and said, "I don't know—it looks the same to me."

That's how it is. The books will always be the same.



George Romero put King before the *Creepshow* cameras as the ill-fated Jordy Verrill, about to suffer a lonesome death thanks to strange weed from space. The director offers this review of his star: "Steve's wonderful, really good. In fact, I think he was a frustrated actor all along. He has great range and good comic timing. He did a terrific job."



“CARRIE”

Stephen King's first published novel, *Carrie*, was written in the furnace room of a trailer while the author was “running sheets at a laundry for \$1.60 an hour” to support his family. As Harlan Ellison describes elsewhere in this volume, *Carrie* caused a minor sensation when it arrived at Doubleday's editorial offices. By the time it was released in April 1974, it was a major sensation: not only had King written a story that battered the senses, but he had done so within the most ordinary setting—the psychological Cuisinart of the American public high school.

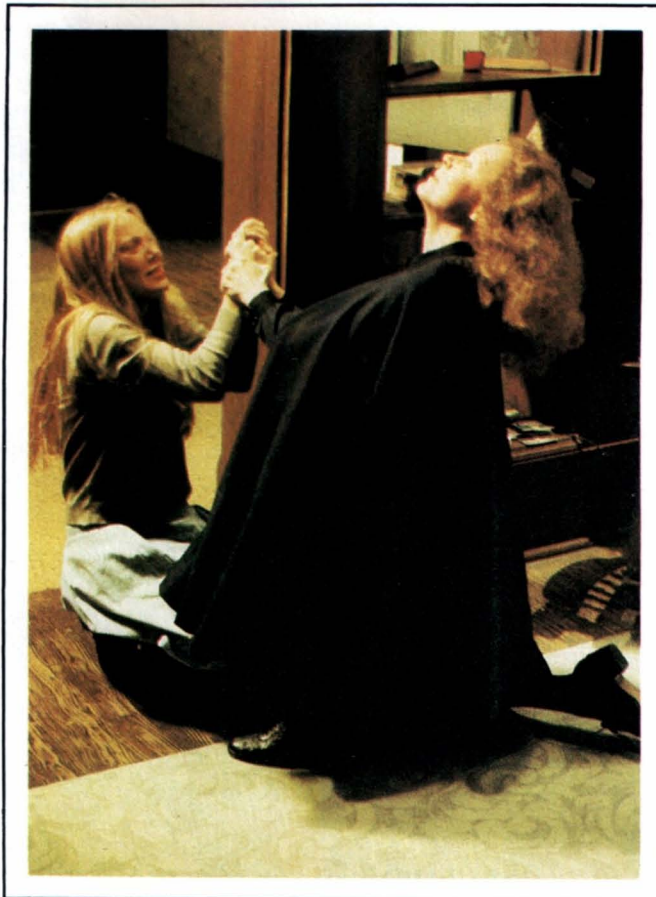
King's timing was flawless, if coincidental. The public's taste in reading entertainment had been whetted by William Peter Blatty's *The Exorcist*, and the impending film version had Hollywood executives scouring their slush piles for the sort of “legitimate” horror represented by Blatty's work. Executives from several studios had gotten wind of *Carrie* and expressed interest: by the time *Carrie* sold to paperback, the certainty of a film translation pushed the price up to a staggering \$400,000.

When King got the news, he and wife Tabitha and their child were living in a Bangor, Maine walk-up on his teacher's salary. Because the young writer was still an unknown commodity, the first paperback edition of *Carrie* was released *without* King's name on the front cover. But his time had come. Whether King started a phenomenon or was merely a writer in the right place at the right time, his name was to dominate the bestseller charts from that time forward.

The movie version of *Carrie* was released in late 1976. The film was a darkhorse: a cast of unknowns, based on the novel of an unknown writer and directed by a talented, relatively unknown filmmaker up against

big-buck horror films like *The Omen* and *Burnt Offerings*. A darkhorse? More like a plough horse against a field of thoroughbreds. United Artists executives held *Carrie*'s budget to a modest \$1.8 million (modest is a polite publicity term for dirt cheap) and were stunned by its success: no one at the studio anticipated the insatiable national willingness to be scared senseless. *Carrie* returned \$15 million *net* to the producers and garnered Oscar nominations for the two stars, Sissy Spacek and Piper Laurie.

It was like the plough horse taking the derby.

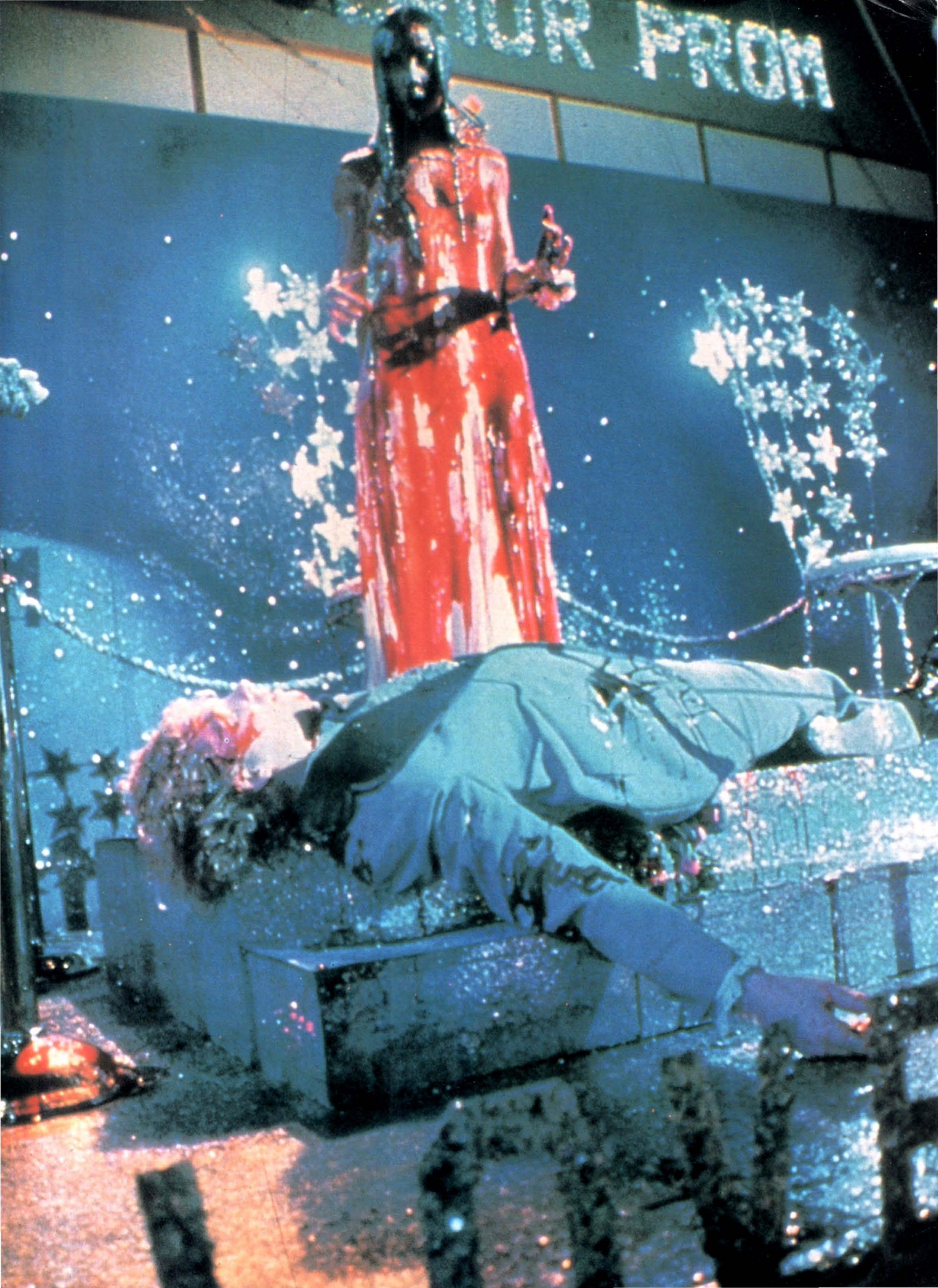


The story focuses on the American rite of passage—getting through public high school alive—and the unusual talents of a shy, awkward, friendless teen named Carrie.

Carrie (Sissy Spacek) has telekinetic ability: she can move things, throw things, break things...and burn things with a concentrated force of will. Her latent pyrotic and telekinetic talents mature with her first menstruation, an event which causes her to be humiliated in front of a group of teenage girls in the school locker room. They peg her with tampons and sanitary napkins, jeer at her naivete and verbally savage her in the first of Brian De Palma's many slow motion sequences. This opening scene was a shocker at the time. The mere mention of menstruation was one of the cinema's long-standing no-no's and De Palma had not only opted to mention it—he elected to show it in a scene that graphically demonstrated Carrie's total alienation and the thoughtless cruelty of her

peers.

Carrie is sent home to find that mother is equally unforgiving. De Palma cues us visually when Carrie steps into a house





Spacek's portrayal of Carrie White (left) nabbed her a best actress nomination at the Academy Awards, while Piper Laurie (as Carrie's religious fanatic mom) grabbed a supporting actress nomination (below) as well as a few sharp instruments. Opposite page: Carrie eventually has the final say in her last parental clash. Bottom: Most of Carrie's cast went on to further Hollywood success—including John Travolta and Nancy Allen. Do they look like high school students to you?



plunged in shadows and dominated by an oil-on-felt depiction of the Last Supper. Mrs. White (Piper Laurie) is a deranged, sociopathic Bible-thumper who is so terrified of her sexuality that she refers to Carrie's developing breasts as "dirty pillows." It is not surprising to learn there is no Mr. White at home.

De Palma introduces a twinge of something more sinister as he leads us through the Whites' nightly rituals—Carrie is beaten by Mummy and locked in a closet to contemplate a statue of St. Bartholomew (The Martyr), painted like a harlequin with glow-in-the-dark-eyes.

Carrie's very abnormality makes her desperately wish to *belong*, though her efforts are consistently sabotaged by rival Christine Hargenson (Nancy Allen), a long-fingernailed, socially sophisticated, empty-headed, whiny shrew, one of those girls who devotes most of high school to accumulating dates and outfits.

The school year is one agonizing disaster after another for Carrie, but a glimmer of rescue arises when schoolmate Sue Snell (Amy Irving) prompts her conscience-ridden boy friend Tommy Ross (William Katt) to ask Carrie to the Prom. Carrie accepts the invitation with some wariness but with a certain desperate hope that she may finally be accepted. Mrs. White condemns, cajoles and begs Carrie not to go, but Carrie has found the strength of will—along with a dramatic increase in her strange powers—that lets her get her way.

Prom night arrives. De Palma begins to carefully and expertly pace the last third of the film. The Prom is held in an achingly tacky high-school gym, complete with Reynolds Wrap decorations and dime-store crepe to lend the sense of an archetypal school dance. Carrie glows with happiness for most of the evening—until Chris springs the vicious practical joke that has been planned with cunning. Carrie wins a rigged election for Prom Queen. When she steps onstage to accept her crown, Chris and her boy friend Billy (John Travolta) pull the string that dumps a bucket of pig blood all over Carrie.

Her humiliation and anger are turned on the school body and the film goes split-screen to cover all the devastation as Carrie uses her abilities to torch the school gym and everyone in it. A holocaust in her wake, she goes home to confront her mother.

Mrs. White has filled the house with lighted candles, but is nowhere to be seen. The candles bathe Carrie in an eerie, warm glow; the music softens; De Palma begins a long sequence which quietly builds the suspense until—when we know we can't take one more second of wondering where the hell mom is—she steps out of the shadows and gives her little girl a loving hug before stabbing her with a butcher knife.

Outraged, Carrie retaliates. De Palma creates a grisly end for Mrs. White as her daughter causes knives and other implements to hurl across the kitchen, pinning Mrs. White's arms and legs to the wall until she resembles the bloody statue she has worshipped. Mrs. White dies with a martyr's rapturous smile and Carrie's now uncontrollable power makes the house implode, collapsing to bury them both.

As a grace note, survivor Sue Snell's constant nightmares bring her back to the site of the destruction and—in one last grab by De Palma—a bloody hand is thrust through the earth to pull Sue into the dark layers below.

(Just kidding. Carrie's dead . . . really, she's dead!)



"SOMEONE BEGAN TO LAUGH, A SOLITARY, AFFRIGHTED HYENA SOUND, AND SHE *did* OPEN HER EYES, OPENED THEM TO SEE WHO IT WAS AND IT WAS TRUE, THE FINAL NIGHTMARE, SHE WAS RED AND DRIPPING WITH IT, THEY HAD DRENCHED HER IN THE VERY SECRETNES OF BLOOD, IN FRONT OF ALL OF THEM . . ."

—CARRIE





In 1974, young filmmaker Brian De Palma read a book by young author Stephen King, on the basis of a recommendation from a friend.

De Palma had directed several films, notably *Phantom of the Paradise* (1974) and *Sisters* (1972), and was casting around for a project. He had received much favorable attention for his early comedic efforts, *Greetings* (1968) and *Hi, Mom* (1970), but had yet to develop the style that would earn him the reputation for being a premiere suspense director. The book, *Carrie*, intrigued him, and after making a few inquiries, De Palma discovered the novel was being considered at several studios but wasn't optioned.

He contacted *Phantom's* producer, George Litto, who began developing the property. De Palma was called in a year later by United Artist's production head Mike Medavoy. (According to De Palma, Medavoy's partner Paul Monash was not a big De Palma fan and was slated to produce the film. Medavoy insisted on De Palma and rallied other executives into his corner.)

King's novel was constructed in a non-linear fashion: narration is interspersed with after-the-fact reporting, eyewitnesses, scientific monographs, and newspaper reports to achieve a montage of viewpoints that ultimately gives us the whole story. De Palma and screenwriter Lawrence D. Cohen had to pick a focus for the film and abandon King's format in favor of the story. The focus was, of course, Carrie and her tormentors, in a story relating the linear course of Carrie's senior year.

Production began early in 1976, with principal photography scheduled for 50 days, though the editing requirements stretched post-production over several months. Though De Palma has garnered a reputation as a director whose *homages* to predecessors Alfred Hitchcock and Howard Hawks border dangerously close to plagiarism, and though scoring from Hitchcock composer Bernard Herrmann have become trademark lifts in De Palma's movie scores, the director made innovative use of split-screen and slow-motion techniques. De Palma comments, in a 1977 *Cinefantastique* interview:

"I felt the destruction had to be shown in split-screen, because how many times could you cut from Carrie to things moving around? You can overdo that. It's a dead cinematic device. So, I thought I would split screen. I spent six weeks myself cutting it together. I had 150 set-ups, trying to get this thing together. I put it all together and it lasted five minutes, and it was just too complicated. Also, you lost a lot of visceral punch from full-screen action.

"Then my editor and I proceeded to pull out of the split screen and use it just when we precisely needed it. Each time I use split-screen, I continue to learn more and more about

it. [*Carrie*] worked some ways, but didn't work others. It's the one thing that makes me think every time I look at the movie and say, 'Well, maybe I didn't make the right choice there. . .'"

The screenplay was not particularly problematic in terms of effects requirements. (De Palma notes that they couldn't afford any problems on *Carrie's* budget.) Carrie's powers are cause-and-effect: she twitches and something gets devastated. The burden of visualizing her destructive powers fell on production designer Jack Fisk, Sissy

Spacek's husband, and special effects director Greg Auer, who had both worked with De Palma on *Phantom of the Paradise*.

Auer's major job was articulating De Palma's artistic



"BEFORE SHOOTING STARTED, BRIAN CALLED ME INTO HIS OFFICE. THE ACTRESSES WHO PLAYED MY SCHOOLMATES WERE THERE. THE GIRLS MADE FUN OF ME, CRITICIZED MY DRESS, THE WAY I WORE MY HAIR. . . NOBODY WOULD TALK WITH ME. I REALIZED WHAT HAPPENED TO CARRIE COULD HAPPEN TO ME."

—Sissy Spacek

demands. One memorable shot—during the “spot light” dance between Carrie and Tommy, in which the camera records the whirling dancers for one continuous, dizzying three-minute sequence—was achieved by placing the actors on a motorized platform spinning in one direction, while the camera dollyed non-stop in the opposite direction.

The film’s last act is devoted to the pivotal “Prom Night” scene in which Carrie is provoked into an explosive demonstration of her “wild talents.” De Palma, with Spacek’s cooperation, placed the actress on a soundstage where the gym was re-created (based on the real-life Pier Avenue school in California’s Hermosa Beach), and cautioned her to stand among the flames until “you can’t stand the heat anymore.” Spacek was enthusiastic about De Palma’s direction: “I was Carrie. Fire couldn’t hurt me. I stayed until my eyebrows got singed.”

The producers had neither time nor budget to get very fancy in the closing scenes in which Carrie brings down the house. Fisk was required to create an exact half-scale miniature of the White house, and the filmmakers spent a frustrating evening trying to simulate the crushing hail of rocks called for in the script. Time was running out for their night shoot as dawn approached. De Palma said to hell with the rocks, let’s burn the thing. They liked what they saw and abandoned the rocks scheme entirely.

Music for the film was by Pino Donaggio, who was a replacement for Bernard Herrmann (who had passed away before completing the score). Herrmann was the composer for several Hitchcock classics (*Vertigo*, *Psycho*, *Marnie*) and was De Palma’s first choice on his previous films. De Palma hired Donaggio for his similar musical style, but retained some original Herrmann material by laying in some *Psycho* violin riffs during Carrie’s power surges.

One additional problem created by the bargain budget was that it forced the producers to stick with unknowns for the leading roles. Producer Paul Monash exhibited a sure instinct for young talent when he cast *Peyton Place* (Ryan O’Neal and Mia Farrow debuted) and relied on those instincts while helping De Palma cast *Carrie*. He was able to gather the talent which carried the movie with such authority—and most went on to stardom after their work in the film.

—De Palma contacted Sissy Spacek, in part, because of his working relationship with her husband Jack Fisk. Spacek had also worked with De Palma as a set decorator on *Phantom of the Paradise* (on which Fisk served as art director). Spacek recalled that De Palma had phoned her personally to audition, then she found herself in the midst of a “cattle call” when she showed up at the casting session. Monash had seen Spacek in *Badlands* and liked the quality he saw. De Palma had her in mind for the part of Chris Hargenson but, at the last minute, gave her the lead.

—Amy Irving (*Micki and Maude*), who recently married director Steven Spielberg, debuted as Sue Snell.

—Nancy Allen (*Dressed to Kill*), who later married Brian De Palma, debuted as the bitchy Chris Hargenson.

—William Katt (*Greatest American Hero*, *Baby*), debuted as BMOOC Tommy Ross.

—John Travolta (*Saturday Night Fever*, *Grease*), made his movie debut as Billy Nolan, Chris’ not-too-bright boy friend.

But Monash and De Palma’s greatest coup was convincing Oscar-winning actress Piper Laurie to come out of retirement to star in this low-budget sleeper. Piper Laurie’s (nee Rosetta Jacobs) last film performance was in 1961’s *The Hustler*, based on the novel by Walter Tevis. Her performance earned her the Oscar and she left Hollywood for Woodstock, New York to raise a family. De Palma met with Laurie in New York and was won over by her look, and Monash was able to convince her to take the role.

One more young talent found a spotlight as a result of this hit film: Stephen King—a name soon to dominate the horror genre in books—and on screen.

Opposite page (top): For a change, things are going pretty well for Carrie White (Sissy Spacek) after Tommy Ross (William Katt) takes her to the prom. Not even friend Sue Snell (Amy Irving) is safe from Carrie’s wrath—well, at least in her nightmares. That is Spacek’s own hand coming from beyond the grave at bottom. **Below:** The prom turns into a dance of death when Carrie vents all of her psychic fireworks. Alas, Carrie’s home life isn’t any better than her school life.



THE SHINING

There are only a few directors in the world whose names and work are discussed by critics and observers with almost obsequious awe, among them Nicholas Roeg, Fritz Lang, Werner Herzog, Federico Fellini, Ingmar Bergman, Werner Fassbinder—and Stanley Kubrick.

In 1978, Kubrick enjoyed a reputation as a tyrannical visionary who had brought to the screen such works as *A Clockwork Orange*, *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Dr. Strangelove*. The film community waited—then reeled—when Kubrick announced in October of that year that his next film would be based on the work of a popular American horror novelist.

The novelist was Stephen King and the book was *The Shining*.

Kubrick selected *The Shining* after a year of sifting stories and scripts and although he had dealt with every human terror in his films—obsession, violence, holocaust—he was eager to plunge into King's overtly supernatural world of suspense and horror.

"The novel is by no means a serious literary work," Kubrick commented at the time, "but the plot is, for the most part, extremely well worked out and for a film that is often all that really matters." This somewhat offhand remark is the key to the controversy that has surrounded

The Shining since its release: the director abandoned many crucial plot elements of the book, resulting in a film that was clearly Kubrick's *The Shining*, not King's.

But that is the essence of auteurism, a polite French term for the unconditional primacy of the director's vision in any cinematic situation. Whether Kubrick should have honored the primacy of King's vision is a different matter—and akin to flogging a dead horse. *The Shining* is what it is: a one-of-a-

kind film from a one-of-a-kind filmmaker.

The film begins with a dizzying helicopter's eye view of a pristine northern lake. Some critics have commented that the opening shot is the only moment of serenity

for the next two-and-a-half hours. The remainder of the film focuses on the undoing of an ex-school teacher and frustrated writer, Jack Torrance (Jack Nicholson), who is hired as the winter caretaker for the imposing Overlook Hotel nestled in Colorado's high Rockies. A title card informs us of

THE INTERVIEW

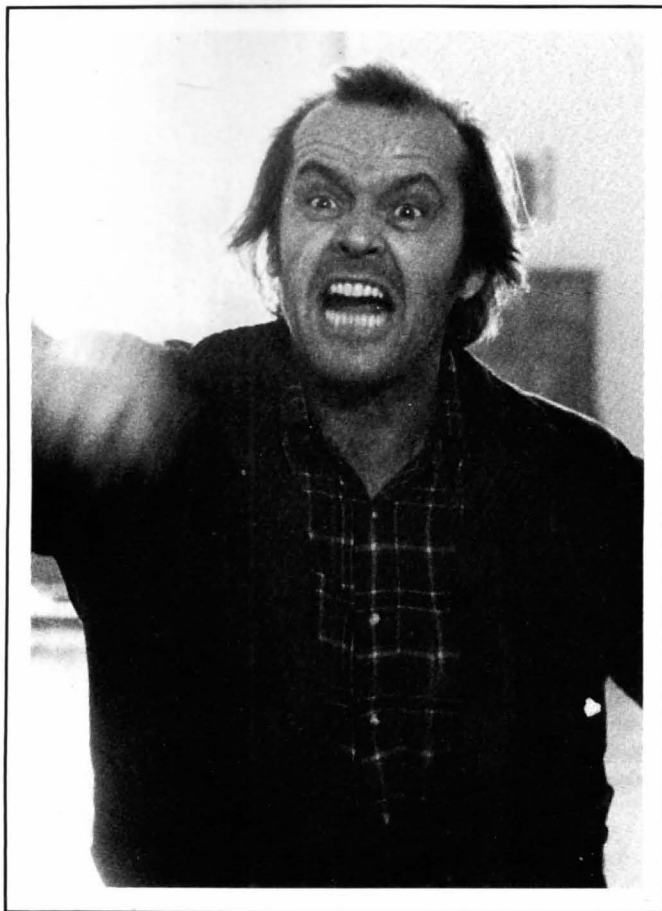
during which manager Stuart Ullman (Barry Nelson) warns Jack that the last caretaker, Delbert Grady, succumbed to cabin fever over the long winter months in the isolated, snowbound Hotel. Grady took an axe to his wife and twin daughters, then a shotgun to himself.

"You can rest assured, Mr. Ullman," says smilin' Jack, "nothing like that is going to happen to me." Jack takes the job, glad to have the seclusion for himself and his family so he can finish *that* novel.

Back home in their tiny apartment, wife Wendy (Shelley Duvall) is concerned when seven-year-old Danny (Danny Lloyd) passes out during a precognitive vision

involving the Overlook—though the incident is explained away by the Torrances' G.P. as an elaborate construct of Danny's subconscious, stemming from an earlier incident of abuse at the hands of his drunken father.

"Redrum" is the only thing Danny remembers from this episode, and we will hear it repeated over and over in the pretend voice of Tony, Danny's imaginary friend that lives in his mouth, who (Danny says) is responsible for many disturb-



ing visions. "Daddy got the job," says Danny, his tone foreshadowing the awful dividends.

Redrum?

CLOSING DAY

The Torrances arrive and are given a tour of the facilities. They are shown the kitchen by Halloran (Scatman Crothers), a tall, lanky black cook who recognizes that little Danny has a talent for telepathy and the apparitions of past and future. Halloran calls it the "shine", a talent he boasts as well, and warns Danny that he may "see" things—but they won't hurt him. But Danny senses Halloran's fear, and when he asks about one of the hotel rooms, Halloran tells him angrily, "Don't you go in there!"

"A STORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL CANNOT BE TAKEN APART AND ANALYZED TOO CLOSELY. THE ULTIMATE TEST OF ITS RATIONALE IS WHETHER IT IS GOOD ENOUGH TO RAISE THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK. IF YOU SUBMIT IT TO A COMPLETELY LOGICAL AND DETAILED ANALYSIS, IT WILL EVENTUALLY APPEAR ABSURD."

**—STANLEY KUBRICK, ON
*THE SHINING***

Stephen King wasn't too crazy about the casting of Jack Nicholson for *The Shining's* Jack Torrance. Below: Nicholson utters the classic line, "Here's Johnny!"

A MONTH LATER

As the Torrances settle in to the daily routine of hotel-sitting, things start to go wrong in small ways. Kubrick gives us a look at the Torrances' day, little slices of boredom, awkwardness and madness akin to the free-floating anxieties let loose in a sensory deprivation tank.

TUESDAY

The Hotel—possessed somehow by the evil decadence of its ghostly former tenants—has started to assert its presence. Room 237 attracts Danny like a child magnet; Jack has become haggard and belligerent.

THURSDAY

Kubrick shows Wendy and Danny playing in the middle of a virginal snowfall, while inside, Jack stands staring out the window, deadly-looking and crazy as a thousand battlefields.

Redrum. The family is snowbound. Jack will later sabotage any chance to escape.

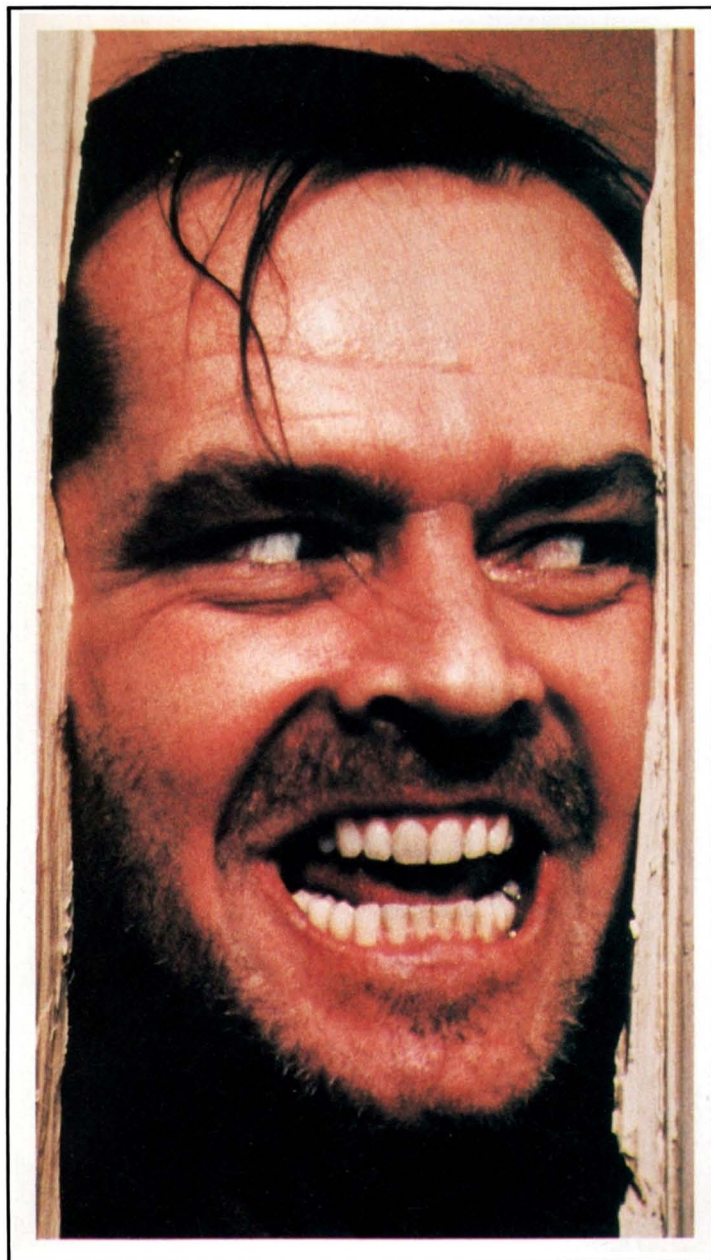
SATURDAY

The title cards cease as we watch Jack's descent into utter lunacy. The hotel stirs into life like an angry nest of hornets. Danny's visions become more frequent and infinitely more horrifying—elevators spew a sea of blood, the twins lie dismembered and bloody in a hallway, a corpse rises soggy from the scum of a half-filled tub. Wendy's confused helplessness keeps her near hysteria and Jack is becoming dangerously unraveled.

Danny passes by the forbidden room to find the door open, the pass key dangling from the lock. Downstairs, Jack has had a nightmare while dozing at his writing desk. He wakes screaming for Wendy and, after she arrives to comfort him, Danny enters the lobby catatonic with terror at whatever was in room 237.

Time seems to telescope as the hotel calls up the varsity squad of apparitions. At first, they appear only to Jack. Although he has been on the wagon since the incident with Danny, Jack finds himself in the expansive Gold Room bar, bemoaning the empty shelves and dry taps.

"I'd sell my soul for a glass of beer," he says aloud and, as if he has made a pact, "Lloyd" (Joe Turkel) appears, along with a full inventory of spirits. Lloyd pours Jack a drink and they discuss Jack's family. Jack complains that Wendy won't let him forget the child abuse incident, though he perversely protests: "I wouldn't touch a hair on his goddam head—I love the little son-of-a-bitch."





"The Shining is sort of like I Love Lucy gone bad . . . It's a great, big beautiful car with no motor in it . . ."

—STEPHEN KING



Redrum is murder, Danny discovers in a mirror.

The line between reality and the paranormal starts to fuzz as Kubrick shows a vision that is shared by Danny and the vacationing Halloran but is, in truth, Jack's waking experience when he investigates room 237, where he figuratively and literally embraces the hotel's evil.

Later, while Jack mingles in a ballroom full of reveling apparitions, he is taken aside and implored by the shade of Delbert Grady to "correct" his headstrong wife and child who want to leave the hotel. (The phones are out and Jack has destroyed the last link—a shortwave radio—with the rest of the world.)

Only Halloran senses something has gone very wrong, and heads back to Colorado for the boy's sake.

Kubrick's pace has been leisurely—it is two hours and 10 minutes into the movie before Jack finally flips out. A few minutes later, Jack makes his intentions clear to Wendy in an intense scene on the hotel staircase: "I'm not going to hurt you—I'm just going to bash your brains in. I'm going to bash them right the fuck in."

The last half hour sees Jack on a psychotic rampage as the hotel comes fully awake, showing Wendy and Danny the evil that lurks within, and driving Jack to stalk his wife and son, murder the hapless Halloran, then chase Danny in frenzy through the frozen labyrinthine hedges on the hotel grounds. Jack is completely possessed and inarticulate, becoming confused and hopelessly lost in the maze, while Danny escapes with Wendy.

The last lingering sequence starts on Jack's frozen corpse and travels inside the hotel to an extreme close-up of his face in a framed black and white photograph dated 1921, establishing at least in spirit, that Jack has always been the caretaker for the Overlook—and always will be, in one form or another.

One of the surest indicators of the respect garnered by a director is the awesome profundity attributed to his work by scholars and critics.

However, trying to determine the deliberate intentions of a director can be a double-edged sword. For instance, in a volume entitled *Kubrick* by French critic and scholar Michel Ciment, the author made much of Kubrick's decision to end *The Shining* in the bowels of the hedge maze:

"... The most remarkable idea was undoubtedly the final one of the labyrinth. It enriched the plot with a new mythic dimension . . . If it is, as has been noted by Paolo Santarcangeli, a symbol for the maternal belly, for the intestines, it is also the extension of the objective correlative to Jack's psychism, already represented by the Overlook Hotel . . ."

When Ciment queried Kubrick for the origins of this remarkable coup de grace, he responded simply:

"The maze ending may have suggested itself from the animal topiary scenes in the novel. I don't actually remember how the idea first came about."

As it so often happens, Ciment has simply overstepped his bounds in the enthusiastic search for artistic resonance, whether it's there or not. This is not to imply a lack of resonance in Kubrick's storytelling or that Kubrick was after pretty pictures and not pretty ideas: it's just wise to remember that filmmaking is the art of compromise.

During the production of *The Shining*—as with most of his films—Kubrick's operative word was control. He selected the property, co-wrote the script with Diane Johnson, and acted as producer as well as director. He oversaw all aspects of production, the selection of equipment and hand-picked personnel, casting, set construction and design. Kubrick had no

difficulty interesting Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall to portray Jack and Wendy, but an extensive search involving almost 5,000 boys was conducted before selecting Canadian native Danny Lloyd for the crucial role of King's young hero.

Though principal photography was scheduled for 17 weeks, an average length of time for a feature film, Kubrick needed England's EMI-Elstree Studios for nearly a year to construct the massive sets representing the Overlook. The principal photography ran into 27 weeks, 10 weeks over due to illness and Jack Nicholson's troublesome back injury. In a three-character story, there was no way to shoot around the leads. From May 1978 to April 1979, Kubrick kept his sets closed, carefully monitoring all visitors and releasing virtually no information on the particulars of the project—a policy that continued throughout production and well after release in 1980.

The lion's share of the budget—some estimates go as high as \$18 million, though a source close to the production puts the figure closer to \$11 million—went into reconstructing the facade and interiors of the Overlook, based on a sprawling complex in Oregon's mountains called the Timberline Hotel. A full-front facade was erected and another stage was filled with the spacious reconstructed lobby and hallways. A massive set fire also increased the amount of money spent.

One puzzling change from King's novel was the room number. King had the apparition in room 217 but in the film, the room is 237. When Kubrick was asked if there was any purpose in the change, he replied that the owners of the Timberline Lodge had a room 217 and were afraid no guest would want to stay there after the film was released. However, there was no room 237—so the change was made for the benefit of the Timberline.

Kubrick made extensive use of the then-recent innovation, the Steadicam, designed and operated by cameraman Garret Brown, whose name may seem familiar from Lucasfilm epics. The Steadicam is not so much a camera as a camera-mounting harness (gyroscopic system) that allows a camera to be carried with little or no sway 'n' shake, a typical danger with a moving, handheld camera.

The set construction was designed with the Steadicam in mind: hallways led off the main floor in continuous, multi-level construction to allow uninterrupted traveling shots. Danny rides his tryke throughout the hotel, taking corner after corner without a cut—foreshadowing the film's labyrinth ending—the camera giving a snake's eye view from the back of the bike. Cinematographer John Alcott, a veteran of four Kubrick films (*A Clockwork Orange*, *2001*, *Barry Lyndon* and *The Shining*) was responsible for the planning and lighting of the complex shots: "I spent three or four weeks pre-lighting every shot and every set. All the lights in the lobby and hallways were rigged—the chandeliers, all the bracket-mounted lights, everything was connected to a rheostat board off-set. I would regulate the lights during the shots, calling the instructions over a radio, while the camera traveled."

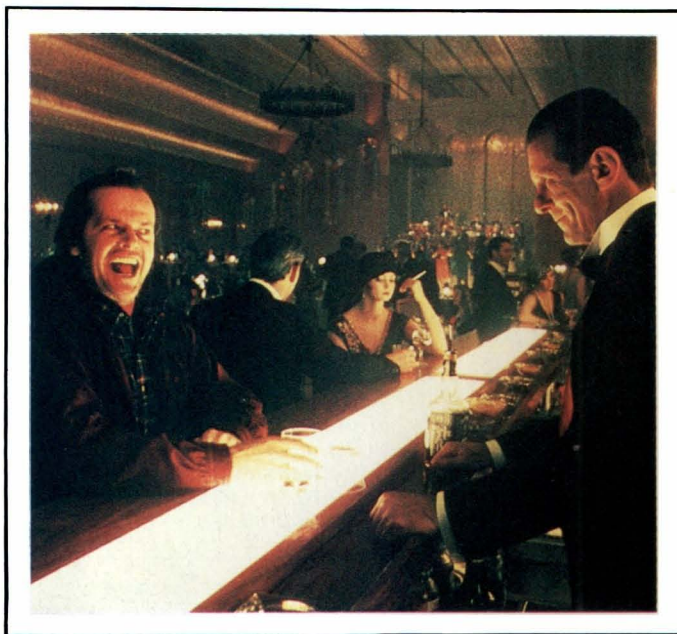
Part of Alcott's preparation was to light each area and take slides to check the registration on 35mm film. "It's just part of being ready. It was one of the great things Stanley taught me—to be ready so the director has as much time as possible to do his job, which is not waiting around for a cinematographer to light a set."

The Shining was Alcott's first extensive experience with

**"I REALLY HAD LITTLE TO DO WITH THE ACTUAL SHOOTING, BUT, LIKE ARTHUR CLARKE ON 2001, I WAS CONSULTED DURING OUR FIRST TALK, STANLEY MENTIONED THAT HE'D LIKE TO CHANGE THE ENDING—HAVE ALL THE MAIN LEADS KILLED OFF, AND RETURN THEM LATER AS GHOSTS. I TOLD HIM THE AUDIENCES WOULD HAVE HIS HEAD IF FACED WITH THE SLAUGHTER OF CHARACTERS THEY CARED ABOUT."
—STEPHEN KING**

Shining moments of terror: (opposite top) A ghost cracks up; Wendy (Shelley Duvall) locks herself in the bathroom, but her security doesn't last (bottom). Below: Jack prowls the maze, an impressive set built at EMI-Elstree Studios in Great Britain.

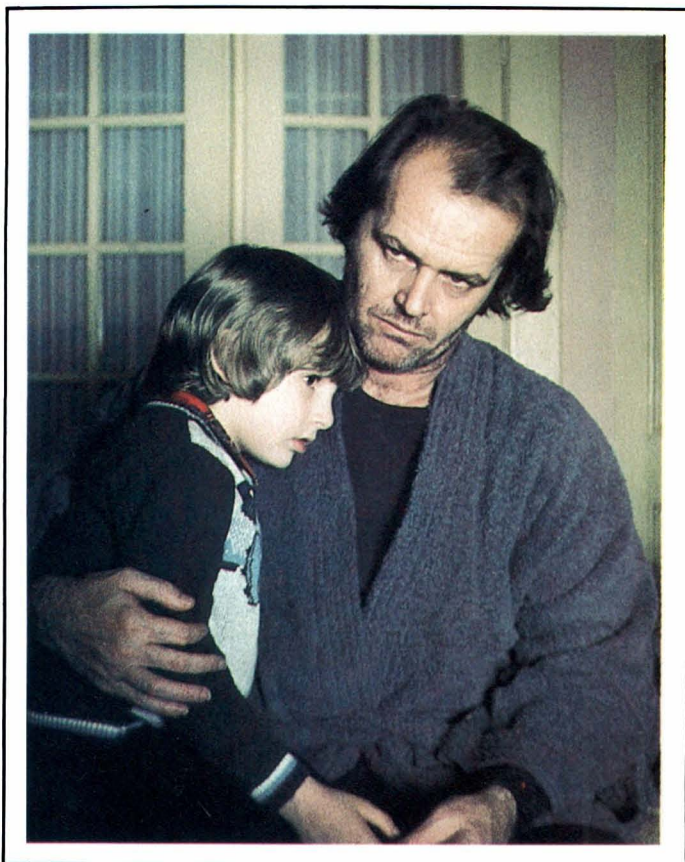




The maniacal Jack orders his favorite drink from the Overlook Hotel's undead barkeep Lloyd (Joe Turkel). Critics knocked Nicholson's performance since it was obvious that his character was bonkers from frame one.

**"THE DEVASTATING SUBTLETY OF
NICHOLSON'S TORRANCE LIES IN
ITS OBVIOUSNESS . . ."**

**—RICHARD JAMISON,
"Kubrick's *Shining*"**



Steadicam, and he defended its use in response to accusations at the time of the film's release that Kubrick had spent too much time playing with his new toy:

"People do overuse it—they've got it and they feel they must use it. Like a zoom lens. I don't use them, but people get them they've paid for them and they use them, regardless. Pictures were made for years without zoom lenses and made very well.

"We knew we were going to use the Steadicam and we designed for it. It was used when we couldn't get a track to achieve what we wanted. There are times when you can't get from A to B without it, particularly on location, where you would otherwise have to take out walls or duplicate existing structures for a particular shot—then you have a circumstance that requires, properly, a Steadicam.

"There is an early sequence in the film where Jack Nicholson enters the lobby, crosses it, goes down a hall and into the small office of the manager. If you had to have dollies and lay track and take out walls, it would have been extremely more complicated, noisy and difficult."

Steadicam was used to achieve some spectacular shots. Alcott relates that, for Danny's tricycle tour of the hotel, cameraman Garret Brown and his Arriflex camera contraption were put in a wheelchair to follow Danny down the corridors. It was again used for scenes in the maze, including the final hedge maze sequence—filmed in a soundstage—where Jack stalks Danny through snow made of styrofoam chips and rock salt. (All the snow featured in the exterior shots was com-

promised of styrofoam and salt which, toward the end of filming had to be piled into a huge drift outside the facade to effect Danny's escape from a second story bathroom window.)

In retrospect, Kubrick's film is one of the few adapta-

tions of King's work remarkably free of special makeup or optical effects. Though there are many unforgettable images, virtually every horrific vision was done on camera, without the benefit of special makeup appliances or optical augmentation. Lloyd doesn't look like a ghost, nor does Grady—they look like people—but we know they are ghosts, and Kubrick is relying on our imaginations and circumstance to make them sinister, not makeup. The suspense lies in what we imagine could happen, not in what actually occurs.

Who Is This Guy Kubrick, And Why Does Everyone Take Him So Seriously?

As with any work by an *auteur*—as noted, a filmmaker as responsible for every frame on screen as a painter is for every stroke on a canvas—much has been written about the *subtext* that exists in *The Shining*; in other words, the visual and intellectual resonance behind the events on screen. The danger of such analysis is intellectual gobbledygook, particularly if one starts looking for subtext in films like *I Spit on Your Grave* or *The Care Bears Movie*, but because Kubrick is a deliberate visual stylist and a thinking man's director, there is always more than meets the eye; always evidence of layers of ideas and implication in every sequence. But, as pointed out earlier, trying to determine what Kubrick *means* for you to discover is like trying to tell somebody what Picasso *meant* by Guernica. (For two interesting essays on this aspect of *The Shining*, and on the filmmaker himself, see *Kubrick*, Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1984 by Michel Ciment and *Film Comment*, July 1980, "Kubrick's *Shining*" by Richard Jamison.)

For sure, Kubrick meant to make a horror movie. He announced that he wanted to make the ultimate horror movie,

much as he claimed *2001* to be the ultimate science-fiction movie. *The Shining* was choreographed so every shot advanced the story toward its inevitable conclusion—in some ways, the story is so lean, the backstory which contributed to King's delicious characterizations and plotting was sacrificed in order to concentrate on Jack's degenerative mental state, and allow Kubrick to concentrate on images, as is his style. (No one has ever accused the man of breathtaking pace). Kubrick and Nicholson's Jack Torrance is not a normally troubled kind of a guy going bad through temptation and possession—we know immediately he's a mental time bomb. The suspense rests in how and when the timer's set to go off. But, as King remarked in his opening comments, Kubrick consistently defuses his bomb.

Some argument can be made for the labyrinth as theme: Jack's sanity seems to be spiraling in on itself with no way out; he looks down at a table top model of the maze and, as we look down with him, we see tiny figures moving and suddenly realize we are looking at Danny and Wendy in the real maze—as if Jack is looking through the Overlook's eyes at its next victims; certainly the hotel itself, as reconstructed for the film, is a labyrinth maze of corridors which Danny explores on his bike in several sequences; and the film's structure (vision within vision making abrupt jumps—turns—from image to image and point-of-view to point-of-view) is a sort of visual labyrinth that is contained by the framework of the story—as the hedge maze has four sides.

However, to say the hedge maze adds a mythic (Jack as Minotaur) dimension and is, in fact, a deliberately symbolic representation of Jack's psychopathic state of mind, or to offer that Jack is Oedipally driven to re-enter the womb of the bitch/mother, represented by Wendy and latently by the hedge maze as a Freudian symbol of the bowel/womb area (as our honored French critic Michel Ciment has pointed out and in which *Time Magazine* critic Richard Schickel concurs) may be more conjecture than fact.

Sure, it sounds good. It has the neat fit of a round peg in a round hole. It is completely plausible, given what exists to support the analysis. But the danger here is the duck syndrome: the thinking that if it looks like a duck and swims like a duck it must be a duck. The problem is, until it quacks, it might just be a platypus in drag.

Kubrick is the only real authority about *The Shining*, and he's quite succinct about the elements that concern him as a filmmaker: "I suppose you could say there are major qualities which go to make a great film—story, acting, and the cinematic aspects." Any other processes and decisions informing his film may remain a mystery until he communicates them.

But, judging by the following comment, whatever he meant to show is *not* ultimately as significant as what you see and what it means to you:

"People can misinterpret almost anything so that it coincides with views they already hold. They take from art what they already believe, and I wonder how many people have ever had their views about anything important changed by a work of art?"

Commonly, a good horror film is what scares you. A great horror film is what scares everybody. But the jury is still out on *The Shining*; there is no consensus among critics deciding it is in fact a masterpiece of horror or a stylish piece of self-indulgence. However, it is one of the few films based on King's work that merits the discussion.

**"WE ARE CAPABLE OF THE
GREATEST GOOD AND THE
GREATEST EVIL . . . THE PROBLEM
IS THAT WE OFTEN CAN'T
DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THEM
WHEN IT SUITS OUR PURPOSE."**

—STANLEY KUBRICK



Top: Though Jack Torrance has always been a resident at the Overlook, Wendy can only play the role of victim. Bottom: Halloran (Scatman Crothers) also has the "shining," but it won't protect him from the swing of an axe.

CREEPSHOW

If there is a movie that best represents Stephen King's roots and macabre sense of humor, the nod has to go to *Creepshow*—five little “telegrams” of terror and a wraparound tale under the cover of an E.C. comic book. King gives what he calls his “E.C. rap” in explaining some of *Creepshow*'s origins.

“In the old E.C. comics, the guilty were always punished. That was the traditional American view of morality. Even our novels and other writings, which were considered great literature, tended to be that way. Then, after World War II, we started to get the idea that, although the cause of ‘good’ won, the ‘good’ also got their guts blown out or died from inhaling gas.

“And there was the murder of six million Jews. You have to keep in mind that the people involved in E.C. and similar comic publishers were all Jewish: William Gaines and Al Feldstein—I don't know what they would say about it, but it's significant to me, that the Biblical ‘Good over Evil’ comics became horror comics after the Holocaust. It was the last gasp of the romantic idea that evil is punished by the forces of good. They couldn't justify that idea anymore, so what you started to get in E.C.s was the kind of story where the wife really does kill her husband and run off with her lover... they bash the poor guy over the head and drop him into the lake with bricks wired to his feet. And they get away with it. So you had to introduce a supernatural element to get the scales back in balance.”

In the '40s and early '50s when horror and the supernatural were just for kids, when *Weird Tales* and *Amazing Stories* were something you hid from your folks, the comics were one of the few outlets for the scares and wonders that now keep the motion picture studios in business. Though E.C. folded in 1955,

its spirit is resurrected in *Creepshow*.

A little irony is good for your blood.

Creepshow was King's first produced screenplay. He wrote four original short stories to accompany a previously published story (“The Crate”), penned a little vignette as a wraparound—and scripted the entire project expressly for director George Romero after the two met in 1978. Romero told the tale of their first meeting.

“Warners had gotten me involved in *Salem's Lot* before it went to television—they wanted to get it out fast and I wanted to do it,” Romero says. “There were about 5,000 screenplays floating around, everybody and their mother was writing one, and I wanted to go back to Stephen's, which I had read and liked. So, I flew up to meet him in Maine.”

Like two kindred souls, Romero and King began talking about horror films. King admired Romero's movies—*Night of the Living Dead* and *Martin*—and Romero admired King's writing. Though *Salem's Lot* fell through for Romero and went instead to Tobe Hooper, Romero and King became friends. When Romero returned to visit the following summer, they began discussing doing a project together. They decided they might be able to come up with a film that would

scare people to death—at least they would give it a good try.

Romero was able to interest several studios on the basis of the proposed combination, but United Film Distributors, a subsidiary of United Artists Theater Circuit, came up with the cash first, signing Romero to a three-picture deal. They agreed to bankroll the \$8 million Romero figured he needed for *Creepshow*, and agreed to handle two more films—*Day of the Dead* and *Creepshow II*. Romero was happy about the budget—“It was enough money to do everything we wanted to do”—and *Creepshow* went to camera in late May 1981, in Pittsburgh.



Creepshow was King's first crack at an anthology format. It's a difficult structure for any film: the writer must create a continuity between the stories in order to hold the audience's attention because each story has (or should have) a dramatic payoff—the audience has to hang in there while the new situation and new characters are introduced. Several devices have been used over the years with varying degrees of success, but most filmmakers stay away from the format simply because it's hard to manage. (*Woman Times Seven* was essentially an anthology, with Shirley MacLaine as a continuing thread in each story. *Twilight Zone: The Movie* used a narrator without much success. *The Yellow Rolls Royce* made the title vehicle the focus as it passed from owner to owner; it worked—more due to the stellar cast than the car.) *Creepshow's* solution was brazen and wonderfully simple: since the stories were an homage to classic comic book horror, King and Romero elected to honor the artists that brought the stories to life. E.C. Comics artist Jack Kamen was hired to create splash pages and panels that would segue from live-action to live-action between the stories. He created the spectral figure that walks us through from beginning to end, and sets the style for the whole film: broad action, splashy colors and kinetic composition.

The film opens as an angry father (Tom Atkins) catches his 10-year-old son (Joe King) reading a trashy horror comic. He throws it in the garbage where the pages flip open to the first story, "Father's Day."

The Granthams have a morbid ritual of gathering in the mansion each Father's Day—the anniversary of the murder of patriarchal Nathan Grantham. Mother and the two grown children wait for Aunt Bedelia (Viveca Lindfors) to arrive—drunk as usual, and still guilt-ridden after taking her father's life in a rage over the decades-old murder of her lover. Bedelia stumbles over to Nathan's tombstone in the family plot to offer a toast to the old creep who ruined her life. She recalls that long-ago Father's Day. Nathan (Jon Lormer) was whining for his Father's Day cake—whining, then demanding, then bellowing, "I want my cake!" Bedelia couldn't take it anymore—she grabbed a heavy ashtray (which, if you watch carefully, appears in each segment that follows) and split Daddy's head open.

"Happy Father's Day..." Bedelia salutes as night falls in the graveyard. She can't believe her eyes when the earth shifts, then crumbles. "I want my cake!" says the pustulent voice of Nathan's corpse (John Amplas) as it rises and strangles Bedelia to death. Nathan shambles around the grounds and into the kitchen. Sylvia Grantham (Carrie Nye) goes to investigate and doesn't come back. Her son and daughter follow...and Nathan surprises them with Sylvia's head on a platter. "I got my cake!" he explains. Happy Father's Day.

Next is "The Lonesome Death of Jordy Verrill," in which King himself stars. "George didn't have to twist my arm too hard..." notes King of his appearance as a dirt-poor farmer who doesn't quite have both oars in the water. A meteor plummets to Earth behind Jordy's farm one night. Jordy slowly realizes he could make a couple of bucks selling it as a specimen down at the university. Jordy's visions of getting as much as \$200 for this godsend sends him into, what is for Jordy, a frenzy of activity.

But when he touches the meteor, he gets goo—"meteor shit," as he calls it—all over his hands as it splits in two. Jordy entertains a dismaying vision of the ridicule he will suffer for

**"How do you get 25,000
ROACHES TO DO, GO, AND ACT
WHEN, WHERE AND HOW YOU
WANT THEM TO?"
—*Creepshow* (production
NOTES)**

Makeup FX pro Tom Savini helped bring the EC look to *Creepshow's* monsters (opposite). Below: Director George Romero coaches star Hal Holbrook on the intricacies of "The Crate." Viveca Lindfors, meanwhile, had a field day as the batty Aunt Bedelia in King's "Father's Day," hitting the bottle (at bottom!).





Tom Savini, best known for his splatter FX in *Friday the 13th* and *Maniac*, enjoyed the opportunity to create some old-fashioned monsters for *Creepshow*. Opposite page: Daddy (John Amplas) gets his "Father's Day" cake with a little help from Carrie Nye.

**"THE WRITING IN MOST HORROR
FILMS IS DONE BY PEOPLE WHO
ARE NOT WRITERS. . . THERE'S
GOT TO BE SOMETHING MORE TO
SAY THAN, 'I THINK I'LL GO OUT
AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND,
MADGE. . .'"**

—STEPHEN KING

having broken the meteor, and figures the most he's likely to get now is 50 bucks. Still, 50 bucks is 50 bucks: Jordy puts the meteor in a bucket and goes back inside to watch television and have a beer, mercifully untroubled by the thought of the meteor goo. He falls asleep watching TV, and wakes to find green vegetation growing on the arm of his chair. And his arm. And the beer bottle. And his face. And his tongue.

It's everywhere and it itches worse than long underwear. It seems to grow before his eyes, taking over the house and yard. The itching is unbearable: the last we see of Jordy that night is when he steps into a tub of water, sighing, "That's much better."

The house is barely recognizable the next morning. A long green lump, vaguely human in shape, crawls over to a shotgun and struggles to point the barrels at where its head must be. "Let things go right—just this once!" it moans, then pulls the trigger. The camera pans outside to show the landscape covered with strange weeds growing their way toward town.

The first two stories are the light stuff. King and Romero have been doing five-finger exercises in horror: now they get down to the serious business of making you jump out of your seats.

"The Crate" was the one already existing tale adapted for *Creepshow*, and tells the story of Henry and Wilma (just call her Billy) Northrup. They are a marriage counselor's dream: belligerent, viciously incompatible, each filled with murderous contempt for the other. But Henry (Hal Holbrook) is a little weak-willed, and daydreams about doing away with Billy (Adrienne Barbeau) without being able to act. Henry's one solace is his friend Dexter (Fritz Weaver), an associate at the University where they both teach. It is Dexter who finds the solution to Henry's problem.

A janitor at the university lab discovers a crate abandoned and forgotten under a basement stairway. Marked "Horlick's University, 1876," the janitor is excited enough about the find to call Dexter with the news. The two men drag the crate into the lab room and pry it open. The janitor peers inside. "I think there's something in there. . . ." are the last words out of his mouth besides "Gaargggghhhh" as whatever is in there gobbles him up. Dexter is driven out of his wits and runs upstairs where he meets a grad student. The student is skeptical and goes down to investigate. Then, there's only Dexter, who runs to Henry's in a panic, looking for help.

"It ate them entirely?" Henry asks, with a cunning smile. He drugs Dexter and leaves a note for Billy who is due back soon. Henry goes to the lab and, although sickened by the evidence of a massacre, he tidies the lab and waits for his wife's arrival. Henry is giggling uncontrollably when Billy shows up. He introduces her to the crate. He panics when nothing happens—and just as Billy is about to vent her wrath, Henry is saved by the fanged, insatiable horror that lives within the crate. "Just tell it to call you Billy!" Henry chuckles, then loads the crate (and the evidence) into the car, and dumps it into a water-filled quarry where we hope it will stay for another hundred years or so.

More watersports are in store in the next story, "Something to Tide You Over." Richard Vickers (Leslie Nielsen), a well-to-do videophile, has discovered his wife Becky's affair with Harry Wentworth (Ted Danson). Harry is trying to do the right thing by confessing the relationship to Richard, but arrives at the Vickers' home to find Richard waiting for

him. He shows Harry a tape. Poor Becky (Gaylen Ross) is suffering Richard's revenge and is up to her neck in trouble—she's buried shoulders-deep in the sand on the Vickers' secluded beach front as the tide comes in. At gunpoint, Richard forces

Harry to accompany him to another part of the beach. Harry has to dig his own hole and also bury himself up to his neck. Richard helps a little, then sets up a video monitor and camera so the lovers can watch each other drown.

"You can try and hold your breath," advises Richard as he leaves, "but you'll have to hold it a long, long time." Richard returns home, watches a little closed-circuit TV, but he knows how it turns out.

The next day, he sees that all the evidence has been washed away.

Several nights later, he's awakened by a noise that sounds like someone walking around the house in wet shoes. His security cameras show nothing—but he can hear the noise outside his bedroom. The things outside are much worse than he anticipated: the bluish, slimy, water-puckered, soggy ghosts of Harry and Becky have come to invite Richard to his own little beach party. Turnabout is fair play. Richard is left in the sand as high tide arrives, but he boasts, "I can hold my breath for a long, long time!"

The last spade in King's five-card flush is the segment that earns *Creepshow* its name: "They're Creeping Up On You." In Upson Pratt, King has drawn a character who is a thinly disguised parody of Howard Hughes during his last days. A neurotically tidy, reclusive multi-millionaire, Pratt (E.G. Marshall) is sequestered at all times in his high-tech, hermetically sealed penthouse apartment. Although the environmental controls are supposed to keep things germ-free, Pratt is having a little trouble with bugs. As if it was heralded by the suicide of a business associate he caused to go bankrupt, Pratt notices a roach has found its way into the penthouse. He calls for help but there is a sudden brownout that leaves the building without power. Though there are emergency generators for the penthouse, Pratt must face the bugs alone. But they're everywhere—in his cereal, in his sink—they begin to pour from every crack and crevice in the room.

Pratt makes a dash for his sealed bedroom, determined to lock himself inside until someone can rescue him. As he double-checks the room, he notices the blanket covering the bed has begun to twitch. He throws back the blanket to reveal thousands of the scuttling little monstrosities. He succumbs to a heart attack as they engulf him—but the camera mercifully cuts to sometime later. Pratt is stretched out, dead. The penthouse is bug-free. But Pratt's body is splitting, twitching and—thousands of roaches stream out of his chest, throat and mouth. Yuck.

The sun rises on the abandoned comic book as two noisy garbagemen (one is Tom Savini in a cameo) discover the *Creepshow* comic, and notice an ad for a voodoo doll clipped from its pages. Up in the house, Daddy has a pain in the neck—it's his little boy, of course, who is upstairs stabbing a Daddy doll again and again and again...

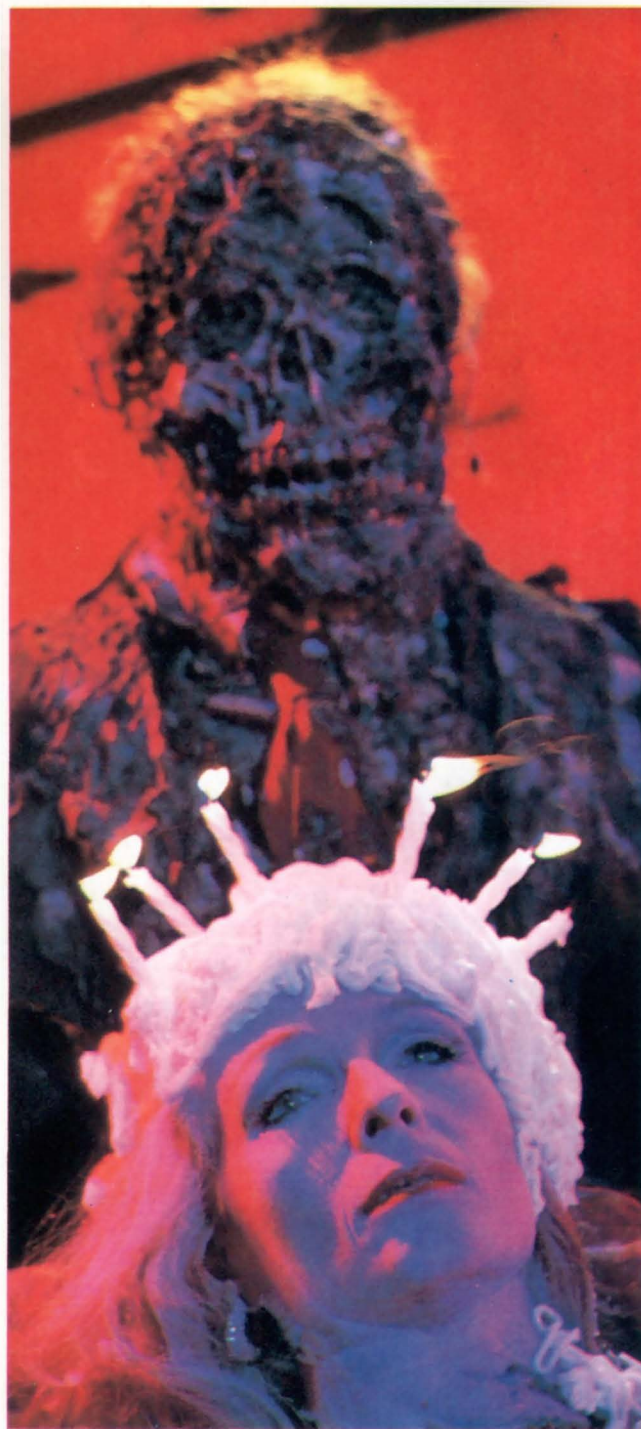
A little cautionary tale for parents everywhere.

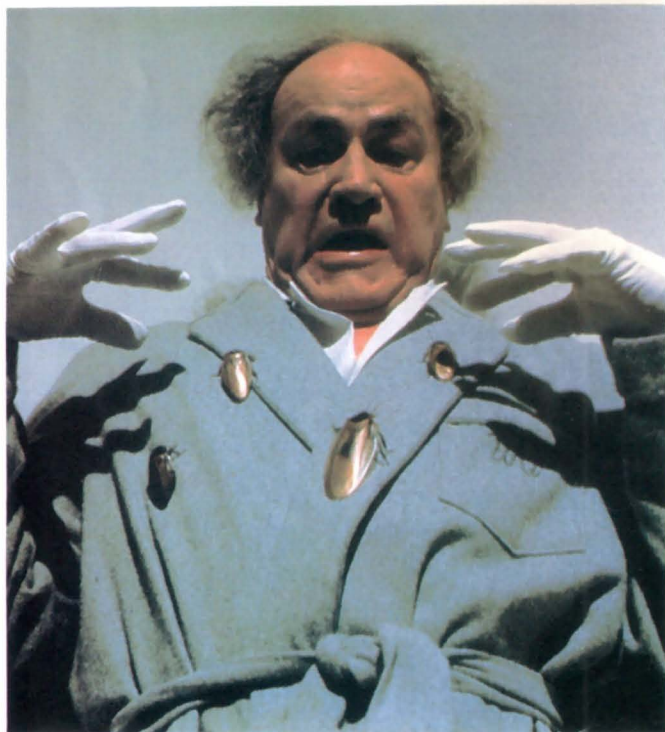
When Romero first approached potential underwriters for *Creepshow*, he found that few of them really understood the concept. They asked him to change the name, they asked him to change the cast, they wanted that "comic-book stuff" removed. But Romero—a notoriously independent filmmaker who has turned down many offers to go "Hollywood"—stuck by his guns until U.F.D. offered to finance the project the way Romero wanted it done.

King was on hand for any emergencies during the filming. (Occasionally, time and budget considerations during filming forces on-set rewrites—frequently, the rewrites seem to have been handled by cameramen rather than writers.) King was present as often as possible during principal photography, and explains why:

**"I CAN HOLD MY BREATH FOR A
LONG, LONG TIME!"**

—CREEPSHOW





"George has a lot of respect for what I've written. We got into a situation that is an exact flip-flop of any writer-director relationship I've ever heard of. For instance, during the cutting process of the film, the distributors weren't happy about the length [2 hours and 10 minutes] and wanted it cut to two hours. So, I went to Pittsburgh to try to help get that last 10 minutes out. I would say to George, 'Well, this can go, we don't need these guys sitting around talking!' George would argue, 'No, that can't go, that's important.' Instead of him saying we've got to get rid of stuff, he was arguing to keep it in."

Romero returned the compliment. "It took a burden off me," he says. "There's a reason Stephen's successful and it's because his instincts are right. Someday people are going to leave his stuff alone."

Romero used existing locations for four of the five stories. Pre-production began in January 1981 to plan the complex 12-week schedule to be fit into Pittsburgh's short summer. A northern suburb provided the "Father's Day" mansion and grounds; crews created the mouldering graveyard and dressed the home's interiors to reflect the Grantham family's tastes. A vacant lot was commandeered for the facades and grounds appearing in the "Jordy Verrill" segment, while interiors were completed on a soundstage. Local homes doubled for sites in "The Crate," as well as the Pennsylvania University campus—but the crew had to hop over to New Jersey for the "Tides" beach house and oceanfront. For the burial sequences, actors Ted Danson, Gaylen Ross and Leslie Nielsen were placed in rigs covered with sand. A wave-making machine was imported for control of the "tide" while shooting.

The most elaborate set was for E.G. Marshall's guest spot

in "They're Creeping Up On You." The "penthouse" was constructed on a soundstage and the entire set sealed in plexiglass and tape for roach control. Some 25,000 of the creepy little *Blaberus* *Blaberus* and *Blaberus* *Giganticus*—16,000 domestic and 9,000 giants from Trinidad—were used in the cockroach-crazy

segment. Marshall admitted he "would rather not do it again any time soon." Roach wranglers and entomologists Dave Brody and Raymond Mundy rigged infra-red lights to fool the roaches into thinking it was dark so they would move out on cue.

"I HAD THE CAST. I HAD THE MONEY. I HAD THE WRITER. I KEPT WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO WAKE ME UP AND TELL ME I WAS DREAMING."

—GEORGE ROMERO



The roaches were unceremoniously gassed after filming. Makeup artist Tom Savini (*Dawn of the Dead*, *Friday the 13th*) created and supervised *Creepshow's* elaborate effects, a comprehensive collection of ghosts and beasts.

Latex, foam, and a couple of Rice Krispies for maggots went into Nathan Grantham's rotted corpse. Some reverse photography and "green stuff" turned Stephen King into a walking parsley plant, and prosthetics transformed Danson, Marshall and Ross into their ghoulish selves. Savini's proudest accomplishment, however, was the denizen of "The Crate," nicknamed Fluffy.

Fluffy took five months, and several assistants, to create the molds and casts forming the monster's head, arms and shoulders. Operator Danny Ferrucci was fitted into the casts and an underskull was molded to accommodate his head within Fluffy's. Cables, bladders and fluid sacks articulated the face and toothsome grin, and the fur coat was added overall, sometimes a hair at a time.

Romero and King had a carefully considered wish list for the cast, which they were able to fill with few exceptions. The stars and veteran character actors were eager to put in a few days in Pittsburgh. Romero was able to get broad performances from everyone involved: Hal Holbrook, Adrienne Barbeau, Carrie Nye, E.G. Marshall, Ted Danson and Stephen King. (Stephen's son Joe was featured in the prologue and epilogue at George's request.) Romero comments, "This sort of film, very fun and very stylized, needed name value, or at least recognizable faces—something I've managed to avoid in almost all my other films. But I loved it; it was wonderful to have so many experienced people."

The least experienced actor was King, as he admits: "George was great. I had a little trouble at first—George wanted a caricature of a dirt farmer, not a *real* one, and I had a little trouble giving it to him at first. He took me aside and said, 'Steve, you know the Roadrunner cartoons?' I said I did. He said, 'You know how Wile Coyote looks when he falls off a cliff?' I said I did. George said, 'Well, *that's* what I want.'

"I was fine after that."

King and Romero plan to collaborate again, though neither is sure whether it will first be on *Pet Sematary*, *The Stand* or *Creepshow II*. Romero has the rights to all three projects, and says it looks like *Pet Sematary* will be first. He's anxious to work with King "anytime, the sooner the better," and summarizes their relationship: "I respect Stephen. He does his job right and it lets me do my job better."



Opposite page: Ted (*Cheers*) Danson (left) could probably use a beer as he suffers a slow death courtesy of Leslie Nielsen in "Something to Tide You Over." "Just tell it to call you Billy," advises Henry (Holbrook) to his shrewish wife (Adrienne Barbeau) upon introducing her to the creature in "The Crate" (right). Bottom: They're creeping up on the greedy Upson Pratt (E.G. Marshall). Joe King (above top) had a role in *Creepshow's* linking device, while Papa King (above) took center stage for "The Lonesome Death of Jordy Verrill." Note director Romero's comic-book framing.

THE DEAD ZONE

Making its first appearance in 1979, *The Dead Zone* was the novel that really solidified Stephen King's position as a premier writer in the horror/thriller genre. Although there was immediate interest in translating the novel to film, the process was long, difficult, and at times very confusing.

The rights to film the novel were first secured in 1980 by the feature film division of Lorimar. They contracted screenplay writer Jeffrey Boam to draft a script and slated the project for direction by Stanley Donen under the auspices of producer Sydney Pollack (*Tootsie*). However, a Lorimar executive, apparently unaware that Donen had been signed, invited director David Cronenberg to take a look-see at the script. Cronenberg was very interested in doing it but, several profuse apologies later, discovered the project was spoken for. After three years and a few false starts, Cronenberg got his chance.

Lorimar had been taking a financial beating on some major box office flops, and abruptly closed its feature film division, shelving *The Dead Zone*. In 1981, Dino De Laurentiis expressed interest, and secured the rights from Lorimar.

King was contacted to try his hand at the screenplay: "I thought the screenplay for *The Dead Zone* was the best I had even done in terms of an adaptation. I started talking first to Michael Trevino, who wanted Johnny Smith to come from Texas and to show his sensitivity by 'talking to horses.' I said, no, I don't think so. Then, it was Dino De Laurentiis, and back and forth, they commissioned another screenplay. . . ." De Laurentiis had slated Debra Hill (*Halloween*) to produce the project and had her contact original scripter Jeffrey Boam to rewrite the draft he had produced for Lorimar, while both sought a director.

Many names appeared in connection with the project. *The Hollywood Reporter* printed a story in September 1982 that De Laurentiis had selected Russian director Andrei Mikhalkov

Konchalovsky to direct—much to the dismay of David Cronenberg, who, according to *The Reporter* two days earlier, had already been signed. Cronenberg had been visiting the offices of director pal John Landis where he bumped into Debra Hill, who told Cronenberg she had been hired to produce *Dead Zone* and would Cronenberg be interested?

"I said yes right away," Cronenberg relates. "It had been three years, but I must have had it on my mind because I said yes without thinking." Eventually, it was all sorted out and production began in Toronto in January 1983.



On the outskirts of a small New England town, a confusion of light marks the midway of a small traveling carnival. As the booths and rides close down for the night, a young schoolteacher stands mesmerized before a swindle known as the Wheel of Fortune. The spinning, clacking wheel has not entranced him as much as the fact that he *knows* what numbers will fall. He is surrounded by stragglers who do not question his gift, but merely enjoy the opportunity to beat the shill at his game.

Johnny Smith is conscious only of the spinning wheel and the certainty of his premonitions.

This scenario from King's novel introduces the reader to the idea that Johnny Smith has a little something extra—a paranormal psychic ability that allows him to glimpse into the past, and

more important, the future. The balance of the story takes place after Johnny awakens from an injury-induced coma of five years' duration. His abilities have increased dramatically, though interfering with his sharply focused foreknowledge are "dead zones" where he cannot "see," or cannot interpret, certain events. Even so, his life becomes a nightmare of dangerous visions.

King's story is complex and lengthy—forcing Cronenberg to abandon three script drafts and have screenwriter Jeffrey Boam start from scratch. Cronenberg explains: "I thought the way to be faithful to the story was to throw the book away and

concentrate on being faithful to its tone, its feel. It's a big book and so much happens, I could see from the screenplays we had that any attempt to do it literally wasn't going to work."

The first quarter of King's novel is condensed into the first 10 minutes of the film. Johnny (Christopher Walken) and his girl end a night at the carnival with a good night kiss, Johnny drives home in the rain and breasts a hill where a milk tanker has overturned. His VW crashes into the side and, several dissolves later, he awakes in the Weisak Clinic five years after the accident.

He is shocked to learn that so much time has passed, he is devastated to learn his girl friend Sarah (Brooke Adams) has since married another man, but most traumatizing is the experience of a "vision"—he touches his nurse's hand and sees her child trapped in a house fire. He tells her there's still time, and the child is rescued.

No one understands his new ability, but his doctor, Sam Weisak (Herbert Lom), is forced to acknowledge Johnny's talents when he learns, through Johnny's vision, that his mother escaped the Polish Invasion and had not died as Weisak thought. Weisak seems to understand Johnny's new burden and is alarmed when the truth becomes public, forcing Johnny to a reclusive existence.

"I think Johnny Smith becomes a truly tragic figure in the movie," comments Cronenberg. "He becomes completely alienated because of his abilities."

Johnny is haunted by thousands of requests to help find lost dogs, lost children, lost husbands—"lost lives" he calls them, and turns down a request from local Sheriff Bannerman (Tom Skerritt) to help solve a case of serial killings in nearby Castle Rock. But a visit from Sarah, when they are finally able to consummate their love, causes Johnny to have a change of heart, and he is able to use his vision to solve the murders and bring Deputy Frank Dodd (Nicholas Campbell) to justice.

The national attention Johnny gets forces him to move and take up tutoring as a livelihood. Seeing Sarah again, when she knocks on his door as a campaign volunteer for senatorial candidate Greg Stillson (Martin Sheen), only torments him, until he is able to help a student avoid a tragedy with his gift. But soon after, he is plunged into a horrible dilemma. While shaking Stillson's hand at an outdoor rally, Johnny sees that Stillson is an unbalanced, vengeful psychotic who is destined to plunge the world into nuclear war as President.

"At this point," Cronenberg remarks, "Johnny's character in the film is almost Christ-like—he's the first character of mine who's almost a martyr—a reluctant martyr, of course. I don't think anyone about to be bound to a stake and burned is very happy about it—but he knows it's his destiny and he can't do anything about it."

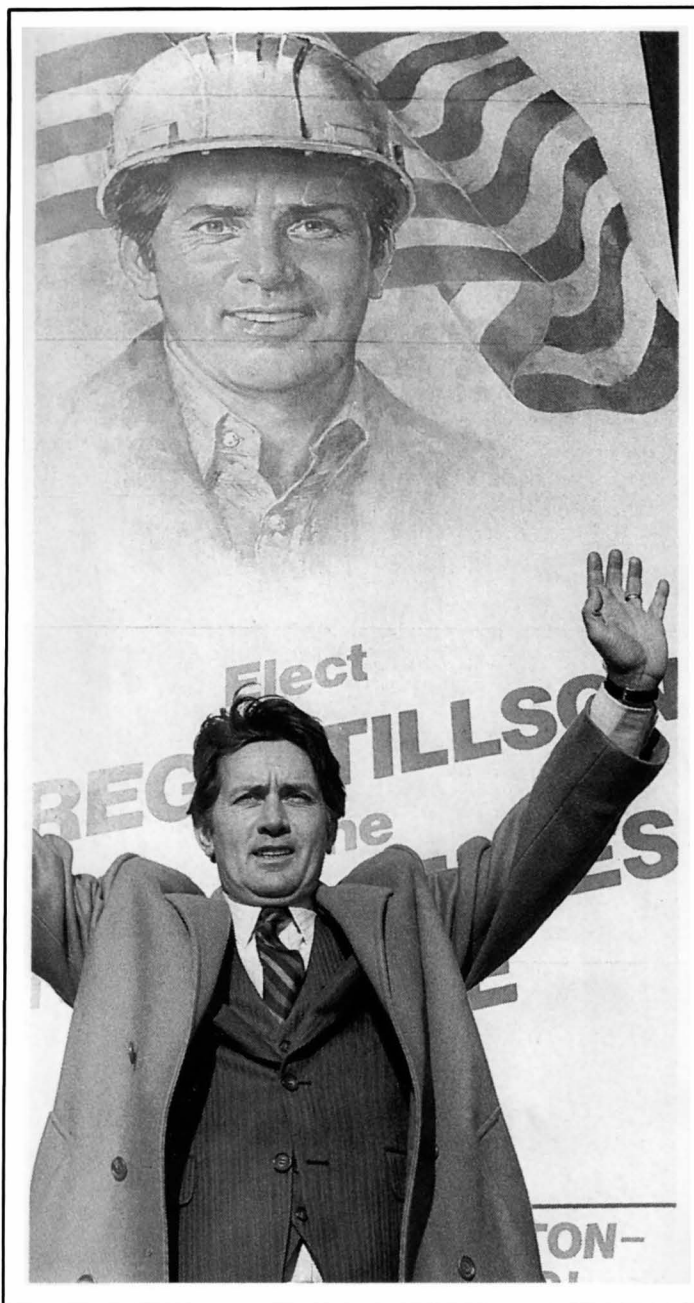
Johnny seeks Weisak's advice and decides to do what he knows must be done. Armed with a rifle, he attends a Stillson rally and attempts to assassinate the politician, but is distracted when he sees Sarah on the podium, and is mortally wounded. Though Johnny fails, he has forced Stillson into displaying his true character when the politician uses Sarah's child as a shield. Johnny is dying, but he touches Stillson and sees that he has successfully sabotaged the future. As Sarah whispers "I love you" in his ear, Johnny dies.

Cronenberg draws a comparison between Johnny Smith's trials and the phases experienced by terminal patients—denial, regret and acceptance. He also feels there's a case to be made for a parallel between the crucial events in Johnny's story and the seven stations of Christ as he made his way to his destiny on Calvary. Either way, the film retains the book's "tone" by

"Well . . . suppose . . . just suppose you could hop into a TIME MACHINE and go back to the year 1932. In Germany. And suppose you came across Hitler. Would you kill him or let him live?"

—THE DEAD ZONE

Opposite page: Doctor Weisak (Herbert Lom) soon understands the awesome abilities of Johnny Smith (Christopher Walken) in David Cronenberg's well-acted version of King's *The Dead Zone*. After just appearing in *Gandhi*, actor Martin Sheen (below) at first resisted playing slimey Greg Stillson, a far cry from any wholesome characters.





clueing the audience at all times (as did King in his novel) that Johnny Smith is doomed. The final scene is wrenching in the way classic tragedy must be—by creating a catharsis (the glad-it-wasn't-me feeling) that drives the story home.

When you consider that David Cronenberg was the visionary behind *Scanners*, *Videodrome* and *The Brood*, it is a little startling to hear that the visual continuity underlying *The Dead Zone* was inspired by the paintings of Norman Rockwell.

"Rockwell had this kind of mythological, timeless New England where he set many of his paintings, and Stephen had that same tone in the book," says Cronenberg, "I wanted all the visual keys to have that look—we tried to re-create the lighting that Rockwell used, we painted Greg Stillson's campaign poster in the Rockwell style, I did everything I could think of to distill that look onto the screen."

It was Norman Rockwell slid over to American Gothic at the edges, the director notes—Stephen King's kind of Americana.

Cronenberg's first consideration was casting.

"We talked about many people. I mean, you always do and Chris Walken was one of them, though he wasn't my immediate choice. I wasn't totally convinced that Chris was right. He was much older than the character we had in mind, and I was afraid that 'detached' quality he has about him would make it difficult for him to be a sympathetic character.

"But then I started to look at some of the things he had been doing. One in particular was the Kurt Vonnegut story *Who Am I This Time?* which was directed for PBS by Jonathan Demme. Chris played his character in that project in a very sweet, beautiful way—it convinced me that Chris could do it." Bill Murray had been King's first choice.

Stillson's character was a challenging change-of-pace for actor Martin Sheen, who is best known for his characterizations of contemporary political heroes such as Bobby Kennedy. Before agreeing to take the role, Sheen spent four hours with Cronenberg and Hill discussing the character, but finally accepted.

"He had just finished *Gandhi*," Cronenberg recalls, "and had spent a lot of time in India and was really into karmic values. He was worried that playing this really sleazy, terrible guy would be karmically bad. Sheen is a really funny guy, but he seemed seriously disturbed about it. Once we got into it, though, he enjoyed it so much... well... he never mentioned that other stuff again."

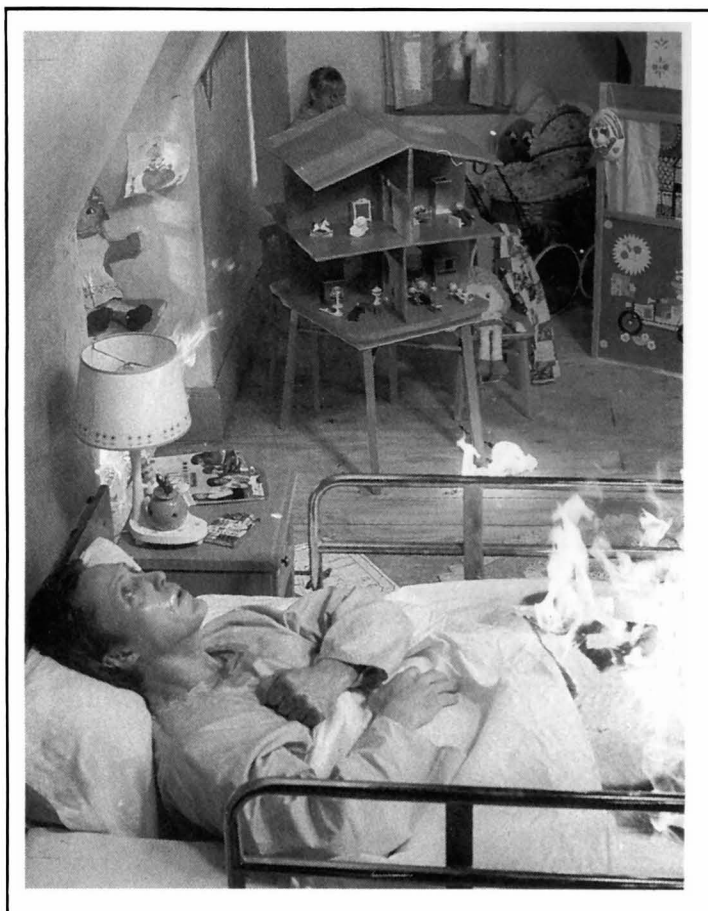
"You know, it was my ego," Sheen explains. "You always want to be the hero." Sheen had initially objected to the climactic scene where he uses a child to protect himself from the assassination attempt. He finally agreed, though, remarking, "I don't know any other way we could have done it." Sheen saw his portrayal as a way to dramatize the very type of politician he would dedicate himself to defeating.

Brooke Adams was cast as Sarah Bracknell, Johnny Smith's true love. Adams and Walken had played opposite each other once before in an adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's *The Philanderer*. Sheriff Bannerman—Cujo's supper—is Tom

Skerritt from *Alien*. Nicholas Campbell is Deputy Dodd, only a consonant away from the cartoon character. Cronenberg filled out the top spots with veteran character actors Herbert Lom as Dr.

Weisak and Anthony Zerbe as wealthy Roger Stuart. Colleen Dewhurst had a brief appearance as Mrs. Dodd.

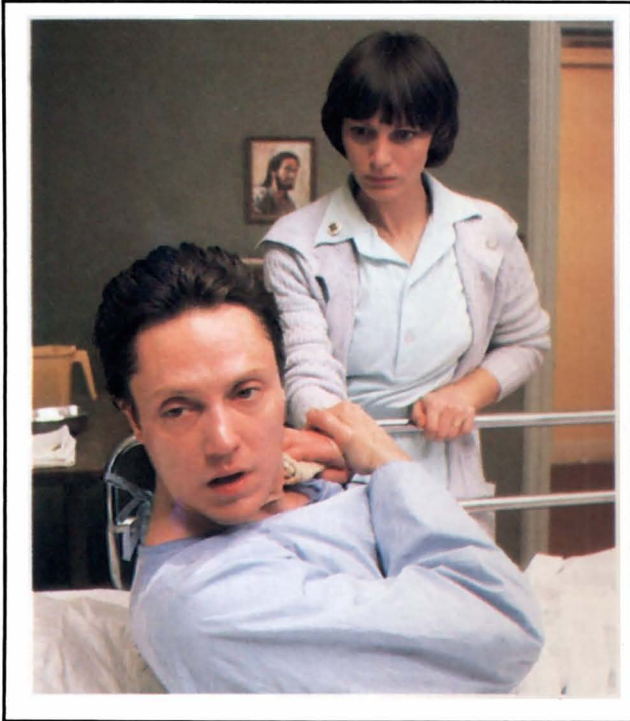
When Hill and Cronenberg scouted obvious locations around New England, they were disappointed to find that none of the locales satisfied the Rockwell look the director had in mind. Associate producer Jeffrey Chernov then looked



**"YOU ARE EITHER IN POSSESSION
OF A VERY NEW HUMAN ABILITY
... OR A VERY OLD ONE."**

—THE DEAD ZONE

Opposite, top: A crazy Mrs. Dodd (Colleen Dewhurst) tries to keep the police at bay when they come for her psychotic offspring. King welcomed Cronenberg's idea of cinematically placing Johnny Smith into his psychic visions. For example, when Johnny grabs a nurse's hand (below), flash, he sees and feels the fiery inferno that has engulfed her home and menaced her child. Bottom: Stillson's blue collar charm wins over the masses. Only Johnny Smith knows the dangers he represents.



After spending several years in a coma, Johnny Smith later awakens with a most unusual gift, allowing him to see candidate Stillson's future (below). He doesn't like it. Finally, Johnny finds peace.



northward to discover a quiet burg outside Toronto that fit the bill. The restored and well preserved town of Niagara-on-the-Lake was perfect. The production relocated to facilities in Toronto, Cronenberg's hometown, and commenced nine weeks of principal photography in January 1983.

Though the budget was set at \$7 million (U.S.), Cronenberg says, "I think Dino told everyone it was more—but Dino always does that." The biggest chunks went into re-creating the Polish Invasion for Weisak's WWII flashback, a full-sized gazebo constructed in Niagara's Village Green where Johnny "sees" the murderer Sheriff Bannerman is trying to track down, and the set for the child's room that Johnny sees in flames.

Cronenberg translated Johnny's hospital vision to screen by devising a set, with SFC coordinator John Belyeu, in which Chris Walken appears to be in the little girl's bed, experiencing the fire and the girl's plight, flames sprouting from the blankets on what had been his hospital bed.

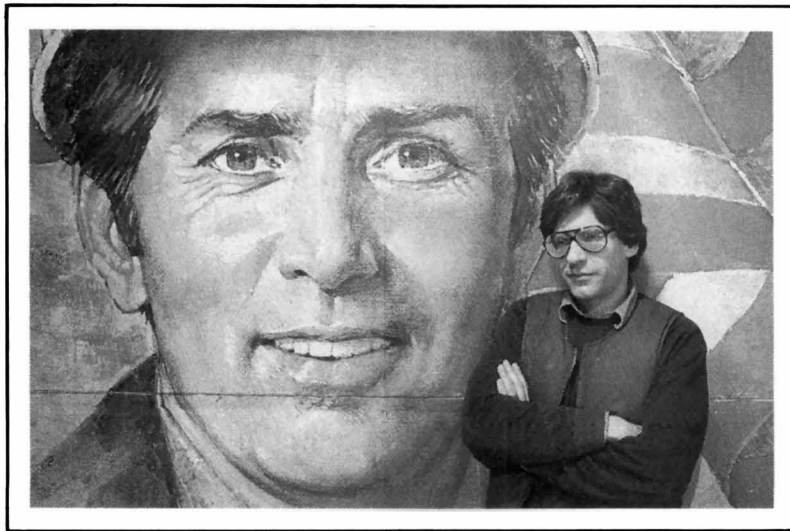
King comments, "David added a dimension to the visions which hadn't even occurred to me—that of putting Johnny Smith in his own visions. I thought it was wonderful."

"I was trying to find a way to play them on screen," Cronenberg explains. "If I had just cut to images, it would have given a newsreel/flashback sense to it that I didn't think would communicate how powerful the visions were, how they shook him. . . . It's like when you have a dream with yourself in it. You wake up and know it's a dream, but they're somehow more potent, more powerful and have that feel of reality. That's what gave me the idea."

During the shoot, Walken was protected by a Nomex suit (a flameproof material) and covered by a hospital gown of the same material. The little girl crouched next to a trapdoor to offer her a quick escape. As the camera panned away from Walken, he was quickly lowered from the stage on a seat which was holding his body to the opening in the bed. When Walken and the girl were off-camera and safely away from the scene, the combined hospital/home set burst into flames—on cue, though Walken confessed he thought, momentarily, something had gone wrong.

Aside from being a spectacular effect, Cronenberg effectively shows the curse of Johnny's gift. Johnny not only "sees," he experiences: each vision is physically traumatic. As an aid to Walken's performance during certain scenes, Cronenberg would fire a .357 Magnum (a very large and noisy handgun) at carefully timed intervals to cause Walken to flinch involuntarily on cue, making Johnny Smith appear to twitch spasmodically during his visions.

The production made use of existing locales for the Weisak Clinic, the various homes and exteriors. A minor flap arose over the gazebo. Though the structure was a faithful reproduction and architecturally consistent, some locals felt it wasn't



Director David Cronenberg (left) wanted a Norman Rockwell feel for his *Dead Zone* locations and this style is evident in Stillson's campaign posters. Below: Johnny and Sarah (Brooke Adams) share a tender moment and some fleeting fun before the accident that plunges them both into *The Dead Zone*.

in keeping with the town's historical nature, and lobbied to have the film crew dismantle it. Perhaps upon learning that the quarter-million dollar gazebo was intended as a gift, the consensus was to leave it standing.

To bring King's story to film, Cronenberg selected a team of technicians who've collaborated with him on several other films. Debra Hill comments, "David inspires a tremendous loyalty among the people who have worked for him." Production designer Carol Spier had worked previously with Cronenberg on *Scanners*, *The Brood* and *Videodrome*, as had lensman and director of photography Mark Irwin. Producer Hill brought special effects coordinator Jon Belyeu to the production from a stint on *Halloween III*, as well as stunt coordinator Dick Warlock.

As Cronenberg pointed out, his principal goal was to visually "shorthand" all the novel's complexity and still retain the flavor—even though it was somebody else's flavor.

"King's material is very different from mine," he says. "King's characters are usually very simple, open and honest, and the characters that I write are generally none of these things. They are urbane, sophisticated and complex—if not twisted. I'm more comfortable in dark corners."

His alliance with Dino De Laurentiis was a case of strange bedfellows. De Laurentiis has a reputation for controlling his productions with an iron fist: Cronenberg has a reputation as a bit of a maverick—not that he is a difficult man to deal with, but he is a notoriously independent filmmaker. Happily, it didn't turn out to be an irresistible force meeting an immutable object, though Cronenberg confesses:

"I talked to many people who were also worried about that. But Debra Hill is a very strong producer and ran interference for me. And Dino was very involved with *Dune*. That kept him very busy and left me alone to do what I was doing. But, listen, Dino is *not* a stupid man. We did script sessions with him, he had good comments. He flew up to Toronto because he wanted to meet all the actors we cast, even the ones in the smallest roles. He has a real good, visceral sense of filmmaking—and you have to listen to these guys because sometimes they're right. As it turned out, I didn't have the experience with him that I know some people have had.

"I ended up with the movie I wanted and he ended up with the movie he wanted. We were both happy."

Dead Zone is certainly one of the truest of the adaptations, both in tone and content. Though Cronenberg compressed the events and characters and tightened the focus of the sprawling novel, the film faithfully concentrates the essence of King's *Dead Zone*: an American tragedy.



**"Do your duty, John."
"YES. MA."
—THE DEAD ZONE**

CHRISTINE

Mid-summer of 1982, producer Richard Kobritz received a 760-page manuscript from author Stephen King. They had become friends after Kobritz produced 'Salem's Lot, a TV mini-series based on King's novel of the same name. The story Kobritz read was a chilling tale of seduction and vengeance, passion and possession. The irrational love of a teenage boy, Arnie Cunningham, for his first car, "Christine," a 1958 Plymouth Fury. Two other teens were caught in a nightmare situation threatening to submerge them in an eerie limbo in which the lines between past and present become indistinct. A dance of death to the accompaniment of Little Richard and the Big Bopper.

Kobritz contacted Mark Tarlov of Polar Film with the idea of making a bid on the manuscript. Tarkov agreed and, as Kobritz relates, "We made a bid on the book, and within a period of time that seemed to be merely moments, we got it, and it was just that simple."

Producer Kobritz then left Warner Bros. Television, after eight years as senior president of production, to work on *Christine*. Kobritz wanted director John Carpenter (*Halloween*, *The Thing*) to take the reins. "John and I had been friends for about five or six years as a result of a previous picture, *Somebody's Watching Me*, and we had talked about doing something else together," Kobritz says. "Coincidentally, he had been in New York, I had been in Australia, and we had now touched base after about nine months. He asked what I was up to and I said we just bought a book. He knew of *Christine* and asked if I had liked it. I said I thought it was sensational. Then John said, if you like it that much, why don't we do it together? And that, basically, is the genesis of the movie."

Kobritz's enthusiasm for the project was soon buoyed by record sales of the novel upon publication. In a unique situation in filmmaking, *Christine* the novel went on to become

a number one bestseller at the same time the movie adaptation was being filmed.

During postwar, pre-inflation 1957, the Detroit assembly lines were the bread and butter of the American economy. It was a time of cheap gas, plentiful steel, and an insatiable national hunger for the dream machines being cranked out by the big three—Ford, G.M. and Chrysler. Carpenter opens his film in a re-created Plymouth plant in Detroit, late '57, where a singular red and white Fury rolls

down the line amid the roar of machinery and the whine of air tools. Finned, fitted, sleek and shiny, another new '58 is ready to cruise. The foreman is glad to see this one go. It has been trouble all the way down the line, killed a line worker—somehow even the air feels cold as the car



comes by. Some cars are just born bad. 1976—

Arnie Cunningham (Keith Gordon) is the school jerk. There's no getting around it. The minute you see the adhesive holding his

glasses together, the moment the garbage bag breaks all over the driveway, you know this guy.

Arnie's only real friend is Dennis Guilder (John Stockwell), the football captain and BMOC. They are the high school's odd couple. As Dennis drives Arnie home from school one day, Arnie sees a for sale sign on the rusting hulk of a '58 Plymouth Fury sitting in the yard of Roland D. LeBay (Roberts Blossom). This unloved, ugly, neglected piece of iron is Arnie's kind of car. Carpenter trails the camera over one cancer-ridden

fender, then the other—for future reference. Arnie raids his savings to buy it, despite LeBay's stories of all the people who died in the back seat.

Arnie's parents refuse to let him keep it, but the car has already had an influence on him. He defies his parents and keeps the car at Darnell's Garage, where he starts working part-time to make enough money to restore it.

Arnie begins to change in other ways. His face clears up, he puts on a little muscle, he stops wearing his glasses and starts to be almost as cool as his buddy Dennis. A new girl moves into town, Leigh (Alexandra Paul), and has her eye on Arnie. Things couldn't be better.

But then things start to get very, very strange.

In a matter of weeks, Christine is utterly transformed. The body panels are straight, flawlessly painted, the chrome is pristine, the motor runs like new. Dennis, Darnell (Robert Prosky) and Leigh are mystified by how fast Arnie has fixed the car—and they're a little curious about where he got the money. Dennis means to ask when Arnie takes him for a midnight cruise, but when the dash glows green and the radio switches to oldies all by itself, the football hero swallows his questions.

Arnie has gotten downright nasty ill-tempered and abrasive at school until he finally has a showdown with the school delinquents. They break into Darnell's Garage to take revenge on Arnie's car.

At this point, Carpenter covers the car the way he would cover any human star. He backlights the scene, inter-cuts a number of close-ups, and dollies around the Fury as she seems to be . . . waiting. But the kids are able to trash her and leave. Arnie and Leigh discover the damage, and Arnie goes quietly berserk, sending Leigh home in tears. Carpenter lets the camera linger for several beats on Christine, until something weird begins to happen. A dent pops straight. The grill uncrumples. Christine is alive—

—and is she pissed.

She seeks her own revenge as Carpenter takes us on a tour of her rampage. In a fit of jealous pique, she causes Leigh to choke almost to death during a date with Arnie at the drive-in. One by one, she stalks Arnie's enemies, crunching them, ramming them, running them off the road, or blowing them up. Arnie comes under suspicion and is visited by a car-wise detective named Junkins (Harry Dean Stanton). Christine has left her paint all over town—but Junkins can't find a scratch.

Dennis and Leigh suspect there is something otherworldly about Christine and, in fear for their lives, arrange a trap at Darnell's. In the climactic confrontation between Christine and an International Harvester front-loader, Christine and Arnie meet their end.

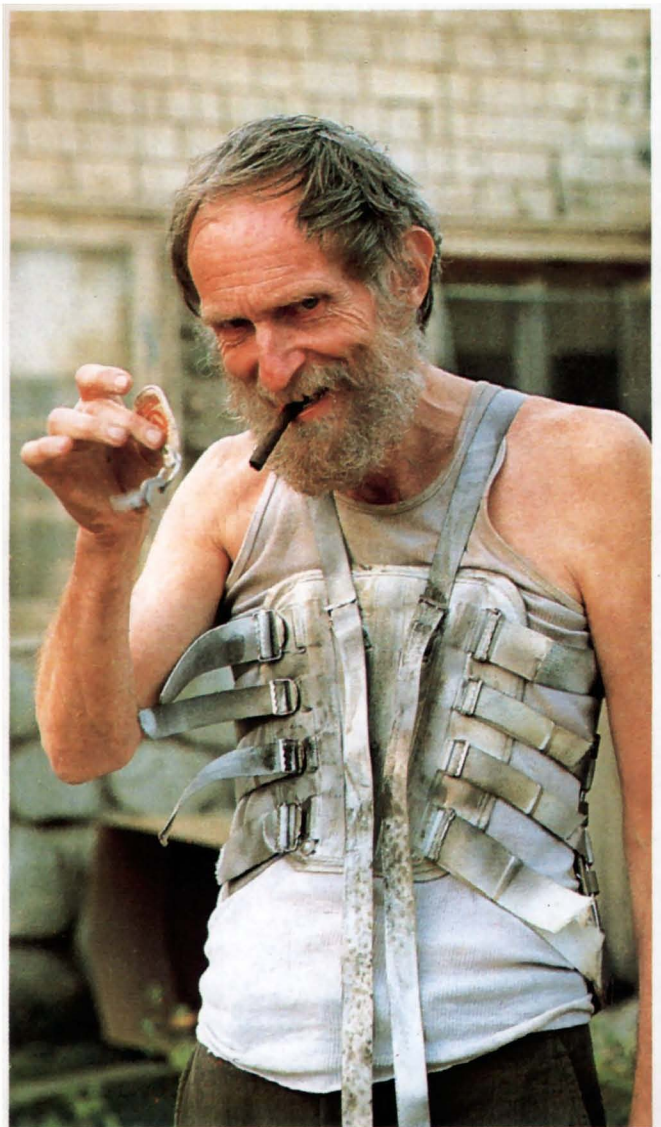
Or do they?

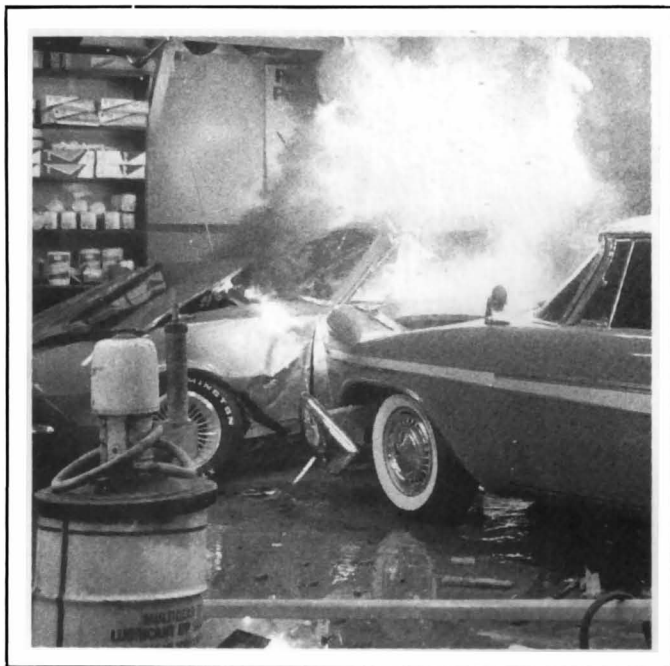
Carpenter and Kobritz agreed early that the young actors to be cast in the pivotal roles shouldn't be too well known, feeling perhaps they would be a distraction to the title vehicle. They auditioned extensively in Los Angeles and New York and were most impressed by Keith Gordon (*Dressed to Kill*) who was cast as Arnie. For the role of Leigh Cabot, they chose Alexandra Paul (*Paper Dolls*) and for Arnie's friend and the story's "hero," Dennis Guilder, they decided upon a young actor named John Stockwell. Harry

**"WHAT WAS IT? SOME SORT OF
AFREET? AN ORDINARY CAR THAT
HAD SOMEHOW BECOME THE
DANGEROUS, STINKING DWELLING
PLACE OF A DEMON? A WEIRD
MANIFESTATION OF LeBay's
LINGERING PERSONALITY, A
HELLISH HAUNTED HOUSE THAT
ROLLED ON GoodyEAR RUBBER?
I didn't know. All I knew
was that I was scared, ter-
rified. I didn't think I could
go through with this."**

—CHRISTINE

Roberts Blossom portrays Roland Le Bay. Would you buy a used car from this man? He has a 1958 red and white Fury named Christine for sale. Maybe it's not the prettiest car ever made, but it's definitely the meanest.





Dean Stanton (*Escape from New York*) made a brief appearance as Junkins and Robert Prosky (*The Keep*) played Darnell.

Carpenter was most impressed with Gordon: "We auditioned him and he was good, able to play both sides of the character. Casting is the central ingredient to making a movie and Keith was extraordinary. He was willing to play it all the way to the edge."

With a budget of \$10 million and a shooting schedule of five weeks, principal filming began on April 15, 1983. Carpenter and crew chose to shoot at various locations within a 30-mile radius of Los Angeles, though the story setting is Pennsylvania and the script called for Northern California. Carpenter was wisely adamant about insisting there be no palm trees in any footage, though it presented some problems for location manager Karlene Gallegly, considering there are very few places in Los Angeles that are free of a betraying frond or two. She managed to solve that problem, as well as locating a huge, free-standing building for the Darnell garage climax, and a building to double for a late '50s auto assembly plant.

The assembly plant is where Christine is baptized in blood, crunching the arm of a line worker. Carpenter explains why he and screenwriter Bill Phillips devised the flashback: "The auto plant was an elaborate set, but it came about because we had to make a choice about the novel. The book is about this bad guy from the '50s haunting this young kid from the '70s, and we felt that it would get into a kind of 'sillyland' if we stuck with that idea. So, we made the car basically evil. We gave her a personality, rather than having Arnie haunted by Roland LeBay."

Production designer Danny Lomino handled the re-creation. "To do the auto plant, we had to research back into history and find out what they looked like in 1957. We used what was once a furniture manufacturing plant in Sun Valley. I think it looked pretty authentic and gives the film a good feel, right down to the mechanics of the assembly line and the clothing of the auto workers. John also did something very interesting with the shot," Lomino adds. "In order to create a moody, 'factory feeling,' he used Fuji (film) stock, which has a tendency to give the scene an old feel and helps the audience perceive it better when there's supposed to be a sense of age added to what they're seeing."

Lomino was also in charge of Darnell's. "The building had to be large enough to stage the final sequences between the bulldozer and the car. It also had to be free-standing so that there weren't any columns in the way of camera movements and action."

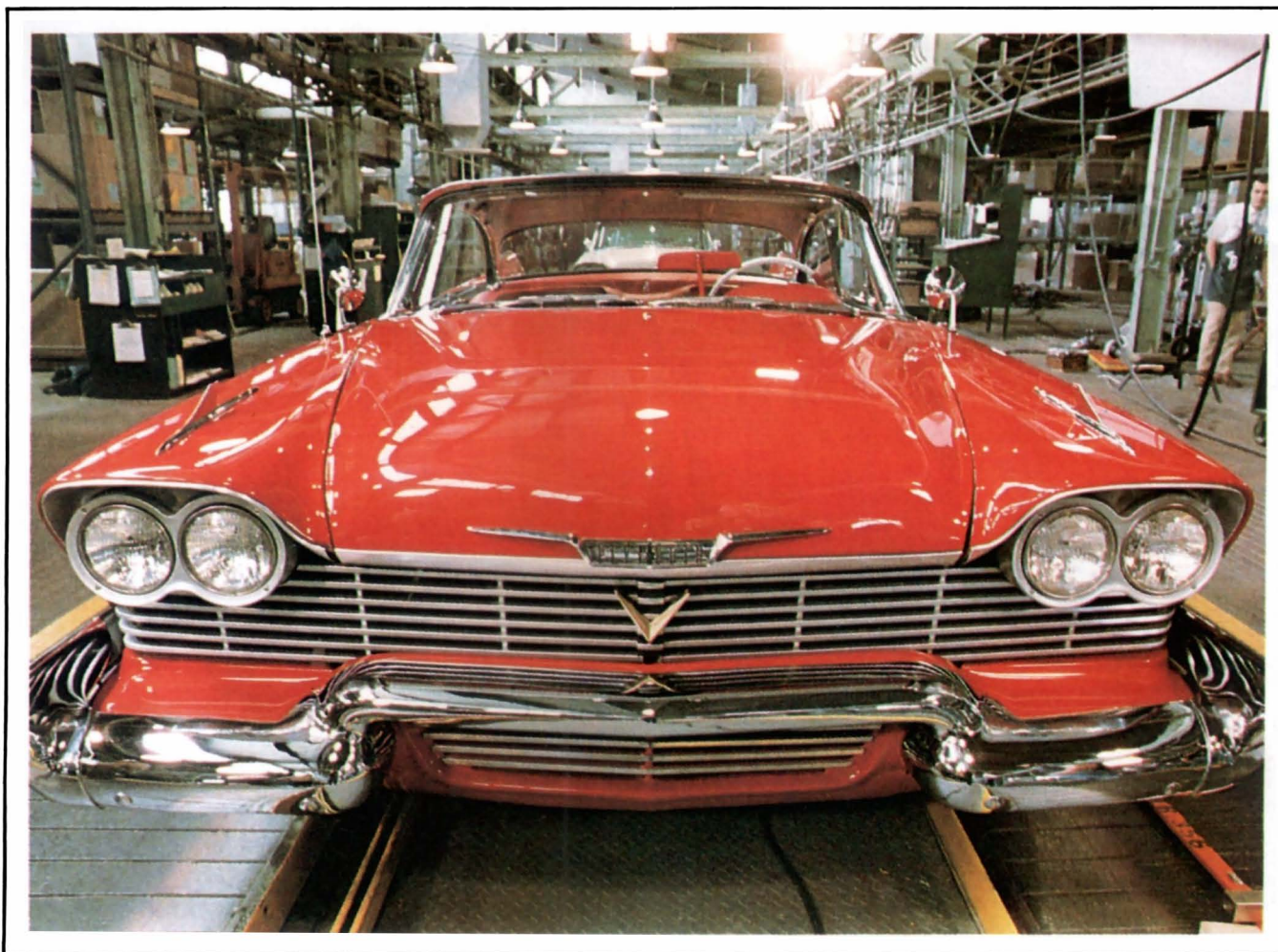
The site chosen was a former pipe factory whose length exceeded a quarter mile. "When John saw it, we increased the concept from about a 250-foot building to about 340-foot because he was so in love with the building and its scale," Lomino says. "It would allow him to come up with some great action sequences in a space that large."

The next major location needed was an "expendable" gas station. "We had to find a place that was safe enough to have our explosion in a rural setting to accommodate story requirements," Lomino says. "We found a location in Newhall, California, which has Valencia in the background, so we had a glow of city lights and the gas station appeared to be on the edge of town. We built a station from the ground up in a way that would be safe to blow it according to plans."



"I did *CHRISTINE* BECAUSE IT WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO A MOVIE ABOUT KIDS, AND ABOUT ARNIE CUNNINGHAM. I WAS INTERESTED IN THE EMOTIONAL ASPECTS OF IT AS OPPOSED TO THE SUPERNATURAL ASPECTS. I THOUGHT THE SUPERNATURAL ASPECTS OF THE BOOK WERE SOMEWHAT WEAK, BUT THE TRIANGLE BETWEEN THE KIDS WAS REAL INTERESTING."

—JOHN CARPENTER



Perhaps envious of its wide-track radials, Christine gets even with a '67 Camaro. Director John Carpenter (right) sets up a scene for Keith Gordon who plays Christine's chauffeur Arnie Cunningham, quintessential nerd turned "cool" dude. Arnie has met the car who's "bad to the bone"—as explained in the film's theme song by George Thorogood. Now, he's not such a nice guy. At the drive-in, Arnie makes a pass at Leigh (Alexandra Paul) which makes Christine very jealous. The '58 Fury later earns her name.





Leigh realizes the perils of drive-in romance when Christine causes her to choke during the intermission. Christine faces mortality herself in a brief encounter with the business end of a front-loader.

Carpenter is an accomplished musician and has scored many of his own films. For *Christine*, he used a selection of '50s and '60s rock & roll to punctuate the events and dialogue. The rest of the score was his own composition. "It is one of the better scores I've done, simply because it supports the scenes—but it's an invisible score, you don't remember it," Carpenter comments. "The rock & roll was fun, but I tried not to use too much of it."

In an usual turnabout for most productions, the locations and cast were almost peripheral to the real star of King's story—Christine.

Though the concept of an auto as a protagonist is not new (*The Car*, *Duel*, *My Mother the Car*—a 1928 Porter), Christine's quirky habits were a challenge. The car had to seem driverless many times, it had to appear to regenerate itself, it had to keep itself gassed, lubed and washed, and have the tires rotated every 10,000 miles.

Kobritz points out, "Here's a car that you can beat up; ram into; it backs up into a corner and begins to grow again. Its headlights pop back into place, its hood uncrimps. That's in the book and you don't stop to think how it's going to be done."

Carpenter agrees. "The transformation of the car was really a difficult thing to show. And how many times do you show it? We did one great one, and then it became a case of you've seen it once, now what do you do?"

Special effects artist Roy Arbogast was responsible for breathing life into Christine. A "head hunt" (hood hunt?) was conducted to find enough vehicles to fill the film's needs. Through newspaper advertising in major cities and scouring junkyards all over the country, by tracing current owners through the Department of Motor Vehicles in California and elsewhere, Lomino and transportation coordinator Eddie Voelker were able to collect 23 1958 Fords. They were made

to look alike down to the exact shade of red, mirrors of the same type and design, bumpers, antennae, that funny vibration at 35 mph, mouldings; all the same from car to car.

"We had to take the car from total destruction to a renewed state," says Arbogast, "Christine can take an enormous amount of abuse and is capable of coming out of it, 're-growing.' We've burned

her, blown her apart, and squeezed her into such a way as to narrow her entire chassis, and every time we've brought her back into a normal state, regenerating new bumpers, new headlights, new grill. Then, there were all the other mechanical effects."

Twenty-three cars later, Arbogast and Carpenter still weren't able to come up with everything they wanted. The director reveals, "You know, the most difficult sequence in the book

"I WAS AT A PARTICULAR TIME IN MY CAREER WHEN I WANTED TO DO A LITTLE BIT MORE WITH CHARACTERS—AND, FRANKLY, IT WAS WHAT I WAS OFFERED AT THE TIME. I DON'T KNOW NOW THAT I WOULD DO IT AGAIN."

—JOHN CARPENTER

and the script was the midnight ride when the two fellows go out driving on New Year' Eve. [King created a hallucinatory scene where Dennis experiences the ghosts haunting the Fury and possessing Arnie]. It was intended to be a different kind of scene, and it turned out to be an average scene. We wanted to give the car some kind of special power, but it was almost impossible to get it on film, so we changed the scene slightly and made it more of an actor's scene... but I was a little disappointed."

Even though there were 23 Christines used to achieve the various effects, there was a little mechanical magic going around the set.

"Two things were amazing," relates Kobritz. "First, that the cast and crew, to a person, referred to her as 'Christine.' Not 'the Plymouth,' not 'bring it on to the set.' It was always 'her,' always in feminine terms. And second, King told me he chose a 1958 Plymouth Fury to be Christine because it was the only car in the '50s that no one ever wrote about. It was not your Chevy Bel Aire. It had no cult following. It was this kitsch, chromed, ugly thing that no one cared about."

Carpenter has a singular understanding of man's longtime affair with the machine, and thinks that *Christine* represents some deeper roots than the average gearhead would suspect. "We're becoming much more in love with our machines now," the director notes. "I think we're embracing them. We're also embracing money, and embracing machines and embracing the 1950s idea of good guys and bad guys. It's a kind of reversion back to a more peaceful time and we're going at it full blast."

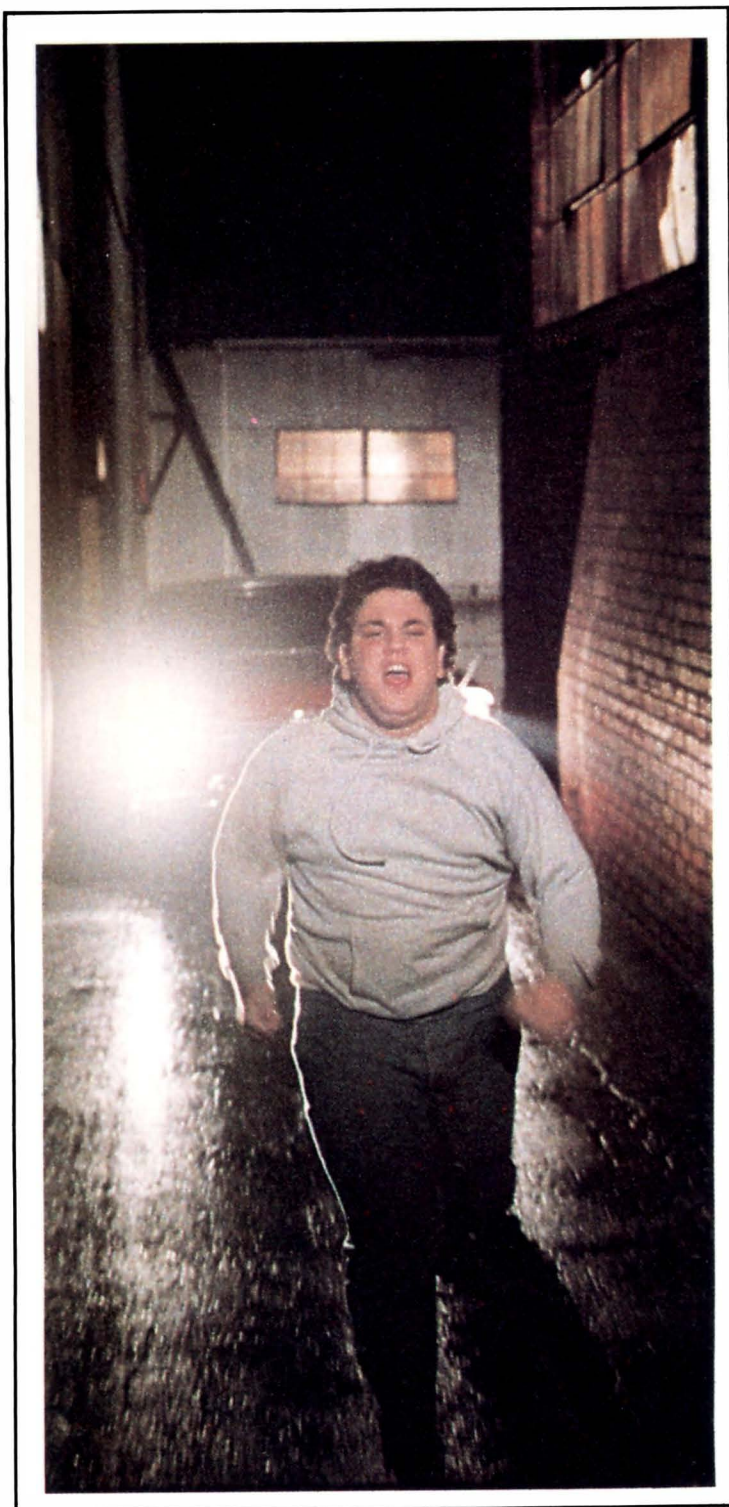
"I've always been fascinated by how machines turn on you. I've always found it to be true in reality. My love affair with machines centers around one machine that I really deal with extensively and that's a helicopter. I became a helicopter pilot in 1982, I got my commercial pilot's license. It's quite a feat. It was one of the most important things I've ever done in my life, simply because a helicopter is an enormously complex machine. It requires a lot of personal courage simply to be able to fly it. I'm somebody who has always been involved in the arts, writing and directing movies and music, and I've never really had to confront a life-and-death situation as you do in a helicopter when you're a pilot. I'm aware of what machines can do to you, and if people drove cars like we fly helicopters, there wouldn't be any accidents. You can't take a helicopter for granted. Ever! Or it will come and bite you."

Is his love affair with helicopters prompted by a machine phobia? Carpenter wonders. "Maybe... in a little component... but I think more than that it fulfills man's ancient dreams of flying," he says. "Helicopters are my only integration with machines other than what I've learned about moviemaking—you are so dependent on cameras and other equipment. I used what I know about helicopters slightly in *Christine*, although what I see is that people tend to take driving cars for granted. There's this massive, arrogant assumption that this car will go now, and I may do what I want."

Perhaps King meant *Christine* as a warning against that massive, arrogant assumption.

Kobritz suggests, "We invest so much in our automobiles and King has added another element. More than just the fascination with a car is our sexual perception with a car. We measure our maturity, our acceptance by an automobile. King plays on all that but adds an ingredient: what if a car was just born bad... for some reason would seek vengeance... out of jealousy or whatever?"

As Carpenter remarks, you can't take certain machines for granted. Ever. Not for a second. Or they will come and bite you.



Hell on wheels chases one of the doomed victims down a blind alley.

Cujo

Of all the adaptations, King insists *Cujo* is his favorite: "It keeps the spirit and the flavor of the work; it's this big dumb slugger of a movie. It stands there and keeps on punching. It has no finesse; it has no pretensions. I thought Dee Wallace should have been nominated for an Academy Award."

King's admiration is warranted. Of all his novels, *Cujo* is the least likely candidate for a film: a big, friendly mutt contracts rabies and goes on a murder spree, then spends 200 pages waiting for a woman to step out of her car.

The second problem was the intentional miscasting. King has the uncanny ability to make the most innocent situations the source of unspeakable terror, so he made *Cujo* a Saint Bernard: a big, fluffy, dopey-looking, 200-pound, brown and white huggy-bear of a dog. Visually, St. Bernards are about as terrifying as a 200-pound, pink and white Easter bunny.

The third, and biggest problem, was the narrative. King focused on *Cujo* from two standpoints: what *Cujo* does and what's going on in his head while he does it. King doesn't anthropomorphize the animal, he simply crawls into his head and gives the reader a play-by-play as the rabies infect the brain tissue and disintegrate the dog's functions, driving it slowly berserk.* "How do you take a picture of that?" laments director Lewis Teague. "I was first approached by the producers in summer 1982 to do a horror film about a rabid dog. At first, it didn't sound good to me. I wanted to do something more ambitious. But they were persistent and, when I read the book, I got very very excited about the dynamics of the family—they were completely plagued by

their fears. *Cujo* was only part of the story."

The family is Vic and Donna Trenton and their son Tad. Vic and Donna's marriage is deteriorating and they've moved to Castle Rock, Maine, to try and pull it together. That was the story that intrigued Teague, but *Cujo* was the driving force behind the events. Teague was forced to spend most of his energy trying to make the dog work, in order to buoy the Trentons' story. It was like slogging through a swamp filled with quicksand to gain a piece of dry land.

Joe Camber's dog *Cujo* is a big, good-natured creature out for a ramble one summer morning. He sticks his nose in the wrong hole and is bitten by a bat. The bat is infected with rabies, and passes the disease along to *Cujo*.

The Cambers are not well-off—*Cujo* seems off his feed, but a vet fee is out of the question.

Across town, Castle Rock has some new residents, Vic (Daniel Hugh-Kelly) and Donna Trenton (Dee Wallace) and their seven-year-old son Tad (Danny Pintauro).

Teague establishes the tension early: Vic is a workaholic, a typical driven young executive in a small advertising agency on the verge of losing an important account. Donna is a bright, creative woman with too much time on her hands and the fear that she's not keeping up with her husband's needs. Though most of their problems aren't verbalized, their son Tad manifests his insecurities with vague nightmares about monsters.

A short aside: King had the Trentons moving into the house formerly occupied by Frank Dodd, the Castle Rock killer from

Dead Zone who took his life in an upstairs bathroom. King implies that the monstrous presence Tad senses is the spirit of Dodd's evil which—somehow—comes to possess *Cujo*. Teague felt this idea was an unworkable convolution in an already troublesome story.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Camber (Kaiulani Lee) and her son (Billy



* Rabies is also known as hydrophobia because it seems to make the victim fear water. The virus causes swelling and extreme pain in the throat, but dehydrates the animal, making it constantly thirsty. With torturous irony, the animal finds it almost impossible to drink. The swelling and joint pain is followed by "delirium" and convulsions, encephalitis, paralysis and death. The incubation period is three to six weeks, and the disease is almost always fatal.

Jacob) prepare to leave on a long-anticipated trip to the city, leaving Joe to mind the house. Cujo is nowhere to be found. Teague foreshadows events as the Cambers' boy hunts for Cujo to say goodbye. Sound effects cue the dog nearby, just hidden by the early morning fog. A low growl as the boy approaches lets us know that Cujo is already so far gone that he doesn't even recognize his owner. Teague intercuts the boy getting closer to the sound of the animal we now suspect is deadly, creating the anticipation of attack, but he doesn't pay it off just yet: Mom calls her son back to safety.

Cujo deteriorates in tandem with Vic and Donna's relationship. Donna has taken a lover; Cujo takes a life, stalking and killing Joe Camber. Vic leaves town on the heels of an argument. Joe's neighbor comes over to the Cambers to visit and is disemboweled. Donna has an ugly scene with her lover when she tries to break off

the affair. Teague finally brings the threads together when Donna has to take the family Pinto out to Joe Cambers' place for repairs.

Aside number two. Try to imagine Teague's problems here. The film's last 40 minutes condense the last half of the novel. Where King was free to create suspense by letting the narration jump in and out of Donna's head, Cujo's head, and all over the countryside, the film is obligated to one place [the Cambers' yard], one set [the inside of the Pinto], and one event—Cujo trying to eat the Trentons. Teague deserves nothing but admiration for pulling it off. The director left the car only briefly to develop the subplot where the sheriff and Vic are afraid that Donna may have been kidnapped, but he can't spend too much time with it at the risk of losing the tension he's trying to create. We already know what has happened. The film story has to stay with the car, where there are no dark corners, creaky doors or hidey-holes for monsters.

Donna's car dies at the Camber place. Cujo looms like a nightmare and begins to terrorize Donna and Tad, imprisoning them in the car with no food or water while the sun turns it into an oven during the day.

Like a godsend, Sheriff Bannerman comes out to investigate at Vic Trenton's urging. Cujo, pretty hungry by now, has a Bannerman lunch in Teague's grisliest scene. The mailman is Donna's last hope for rescue. No one comes. Tad is dehydrated and delirious, becoming comatose in the heat. Donna knows it's up to her and somehow, with a mother's hellish fury, she rescues herself and her son—but not before Teague has pulled out the trick bag to keep us guessing whether the dog is dead or not.

Last aside. Teague acknowledges a debt to film editor Verna Field (*Jaws*) for showing him some suspense tricks when he was editing his other creature feature *Alligator*. The rest he learned during his apprenticeship with Alfred Hitchcock. Cujo's "false" ending is a fake-out shared by many thrillers, among them *The Terminator*, *Alien* and *Silver Bullet*. King had let Tad die in the novel—Teague confessed he couldn't make himself do it after all they had been through. He lets the kid live.

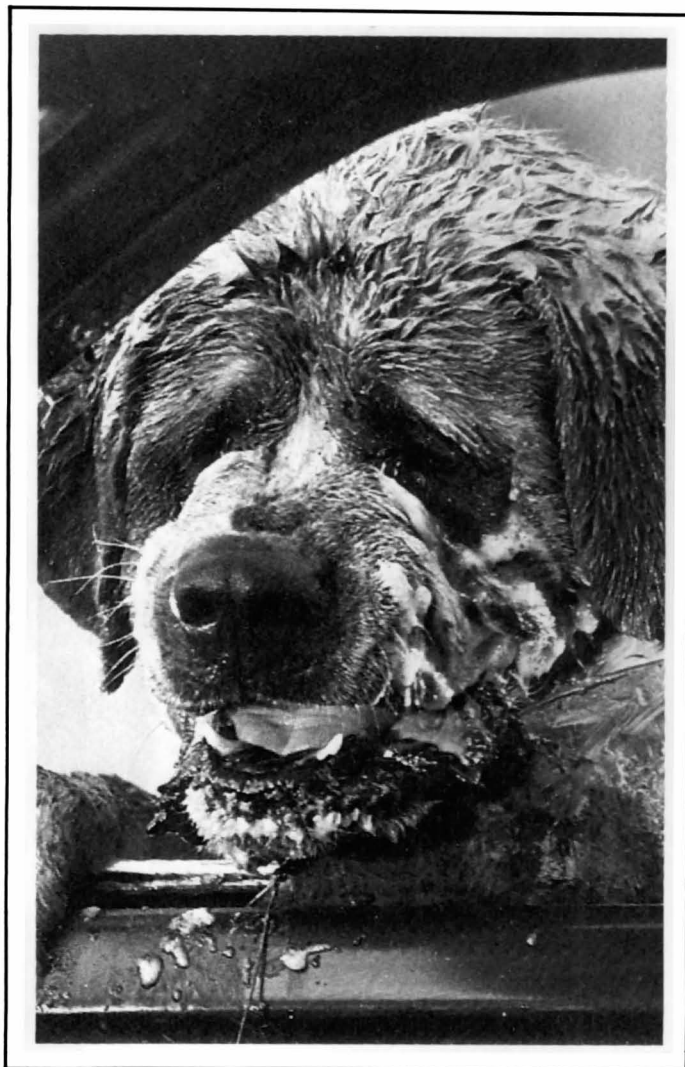
I suggested selling *Cujo* to Taft International," says King, "although they couldn't pay as much as some of the other people, mostly because I had seen a low-budget picture called *The Boogens* and I thought it was really good. And I suggested Lewis Teague as the director because I had seen *Alligator*. I thought *Alligator* was great, very funny, and the guy could handle animals. Well, Taft went with Peter Medak instead, the guy who did *The Changeling*. He lasted one day.

"SHE FELT A SCREAM BUILDING IN HER CHEST, COMING UP IN HER THROAT LIKE IRON, BECAUSE SHE COULD FEEL THE DOG THINKING AT HER, TELLING HER I'M GOING TO GET YOU BABE. I'M GOING TO GET YOU, KIDDO. THINK ABOUT THE MAILMAN ALL YOU WANT TO. I'LL KILL HIM TOO IF I HAVE TO, THE WAY I KILLED ALL THREE OF THE CAMBERS, THE WAY I'M GOING TO KILL YOU AND YOUR SON. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO THE IDEA."

—Cujo

Dee Wallace and five-year-old Danny Pintauro make *Cujo* believable terror. It's Stephen King's favorite movie. "It stands there and keeps on punching," he says.





He walked off the picture saying he couldn't handle it, and they brought Teague in at the last minute."

Teague tells what happened from his end: "When I was first approached to do the film, I wasn't available. I was supposed to be doing a film for Dino De Laurentiis. So, Daniel Blatt, the producer, hired another director, and that was Peter Medak. He prepared the film, but, for many reasons which I won't go into, he left on the second day of filming. Meanwhile, my project with De Laurentiis had fallen through, and they called me back for *Cujo*. I had to walk in with no preparation."

After Taft had first acquired the property, they contacted King to write a screenplay. King recalls, "I asked, 'How do you want it? Do you want to shoot it quickly?' They said yes. 'Do you want to shoot it cheap?' They said yes. So, I went out and did a screenplay they could bring in quick and cheap. But, meanwhile they went out, got a production deal and got the screenplay rewritten. I'm not bitching, though, because that screenplay was much better than mine. It's the book. They went right back to it."

The screenplay was actually rewritten twice, once by Barbara Turner, who used a pseudonym when the film was released because her script was rewritten, and once by Teague's writer, Don Carlos Dunaway, who the director called in for a last-minute rewrite when he came on the project. "I wanted to concentrate on the family and their fears—that hadn't been developed to my satisfaction," Teague says, "but there was very little time to write the script to do that."

Teague's immediate problem was to overcome the benevolent renown of St. Bernards as Alpine rescuers, helpers of humanity, man's friend in need; he had to convincingly portray this normally fluffy, friendly animal as a demon of destruction.

"The dog turns into a veritable monster in the climax—he performs some extraordinary feats no real St. Bernard could possibly do," Teague says. "We had to get a dog to turn into a monster, to be ferocious, to be frightening, to do the feats the story required. We used five dogs, each skilled in a particular area. The animal trainer, Karl Miller, did an extraordinary job. I mean, St. Bernards are virtually untrainable, despite their renown for rescuing lost travelers in the Alps—that's about all they can do."

Peter Knowlton was the effects artist in charge, and Teague described what was involved: "Along with five St. Bernards, we had several mechanical heads, something I had to do on *Alligator* as well. Each head performed a specific action. Then, we had a Labrador in a St. Bernard suit—we even had a man in a St. Bernard suit when it had to look like the dog was

ramming the car and pulling off door handles. I tried to make montages of the action sequences to achieve a kind of expressionistic style that would make the dog as convincing as possible."

Production designer Guy Comtois (*Quest for Fire*) comments, "Today's movie audiences are far more critical and selective than audiences in the past. We have made a determined effort to make *Cujo* visually honest."

Cujo's budget was a medium-sized \$5 million, and was shot in eight weeks of principal photography, with an additional two weeks of second unit work. All film-

ing was done at Northern California locations.

"We shot most of the film in the Mendocino area," recalls Teague, "because King had set the story in Maine and

**"MONSTERS, STAY OUT OF THIS ROOM!
YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS HERE.
NO MONSTERS UNDER Tad's bed!
YOU CAN'T FIT UNDER THERE.
NO MONSTERS HIDING IN Tad's closet!
IT'S TOO SMALL IN THERE.
NO MONSTERS OUTSIDE OF Tad's window!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ON OUT THERE.
NO VAMPIRES,
NO WEREWOLVES, NO THINGS THAT BITE...
NOTHING WILL TOUCH Tad
ALL THIS NIGHT."
—*Cujo* (EXCERPT FROM "MONSTER WORDS")**



A lot of mud, some wet foam and a little red dye turn a friendly St. Bernard (opposite page) into a fearsome beast. Right: Sheriff Bannerman (Sandy Ward) and a detective quiz Vic Trenton (Daniel Hugh Kelly) about his missing wife. Bannerman investigates further, eventually meeting the crazed Cujo for lunch. Bannerman (above) is the main course. Below: A trained Bernard executes some gymnastics at the urging of trainer Karl Miller—all the better to further persecute the imperiled humans.



Mendicino has a very Maine-like appearance. It had Cape Cod houses, church steeples, and a seacoast in the background. One interesting thing we discovered while we were shooting—we had a scene in a graveyard up there. I noticed

on the headstones most of the people buried there had been from Maine! Apparently, the town had been settled by Maine residents in the last century...it was an interesting coincidence."

The production company used a warehouse for a soundstage while construct-

ing an interior set for Tad's bedroom. "I wanted to use an expanding set," says Teague. "I wanted to shoot in an expressionistic style. Everything else was shot on natural locations."

Teague enthused over Dutch cinematographer Jan DuBont. "We had a great working relationship with Jan—he's an extraordinary talent." DuBont was a European cinematographer before emigrating to Hollywood after filming *Turkish Delight*.

The cast is headed by E.T.'s Dee Wallace, who also worked with producer Dan Blatt on *The Howling*. Her husband, Christopher Stone, also appears in the film as Donna's extramarital lover. Dee Wallace explains, "Donna has problems like those of many contemporary women who are searching for self-esteem. She has moved from New York to a small town in rural Maine. Her husband [portrayed by Daniel Hugh-Kelly of *Ryan's Hope*] can still conduct his advertising business, but what is she supposed to do? She's out of control of her own situation; it's her dilemma, her fear, and it dominates her life."

Wallace illustrates what Teague feels is the meat of King's story. "I'll tell ya," the director says, "I don't know if Stephen King is trying to 'punish' Donna for having an affair or what, but I'm less judgmental than that. I understand people who experience fear and that's what I'm interested in exploring. Fear is a dominant emotion in our lives—fear that you're not going to meet your deadline, fear that you're not going to work next week, fear that you won't have the rent next month, fear that you're going to be unloved...you can go down the list. But what is significant is that these are *imaginary* fears. These things don't exist. But if you obsess on them, they can become demonic."

"This family was allowing themselves to believe fears that were intangible and, in the process, making them real in their imaginations. To me," Teague insists, "Cujo's materialization is a manifestation of their *internal* fears, the monsters that exist inside themselves. That was what appealed to me about the story—it's a favorite theme of mine."

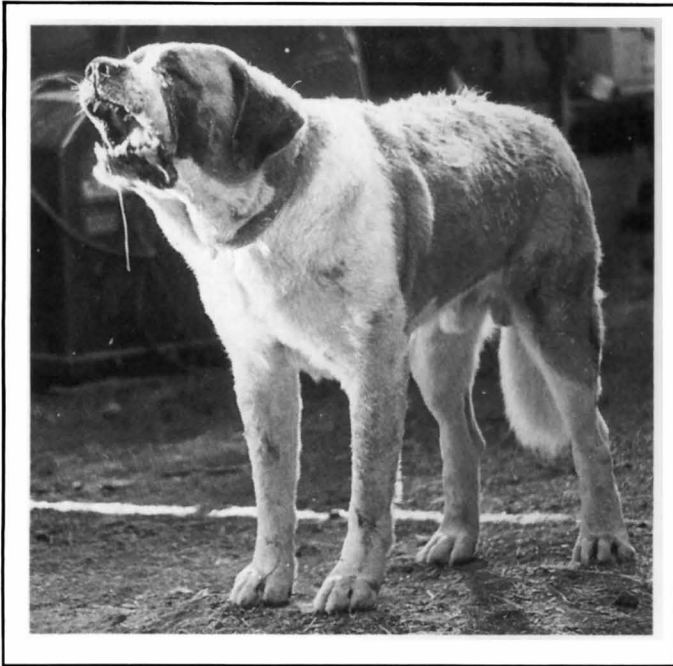
Rounding out the cast is young Danny Pintauro in his first feature role, although a veteran of 35 commercials and daytime television. Pintauro won the role in auditions over more than 200 other young actors, and was incredibly convincing. Producer Blatt comments, "When I first saw Danny, there was no doubt in mind that I had found precisely the right individual for the role. But the audition didn't really prepare me for his amazingly mature talents."

Filming wrapped in February 1983 and editing was completed by June. Scoring, dubbing and editing were done in Los Angeles, the score provided by Charles Bernstein. The film runs 97 minutes in length, with 14 of those minutes devoted to what King has described as "some of the scariest on film."

Teague confessed he was a little disappointed in the film; mostly because he never had time to develop the themes he felt were inherent in the story. "I really was under a handicap, because I came in so late. You can't develop much subtlety in a couple of days. I don't know how many people came out of the theater understanding that the family had given life to their internal fears, but I think they were able to recognize real people who experienced a *real* dilemma. What happened to that family was real enough and frightening enough to bring them back together. But it could have been better."

'WE USED FIVE ST. BERNARDS, ONE MECHANICAL DOG, SEVERAL MECHANICAL HEADS, A LABRADOR IN A DOG SUIT, AND A MAN IN A DOG SUIT. I THINK IT WORKS.'

—LEWIS TEAGUE





Dee Wallace (opposite page) convincingly portrays Donna Trenton, trapped in her car by a mad dog. Actually, she has been trapped by five dogs—lookalike St. Bernards trained for different acting and athletic tasks. Wallace handled some of the fight sequences herself though a double filled in to wrestle with a 200 lb. canine in this scene (above). There was a happy ending though. In his novel, King had the boy die, but film director Lewis Teague let Tad (Danny Pintauro) live.



FIRE-STARTER

Director John Carpenter confesses that *Christine* was not his first choice of a King novel to film. "Looking over his work, I thought there was one really cinematic story that he wrote, which was *Firestarter*. It had a real potential for being a fine movie."

Firestarter marked the beginning of Dino De Laurentiis' casting love affair with child star Drew Barrymore, granddaughter of John, daughter of John Drew. Drew portrays 11-year-old Charlene, the pyrotic offspring of parents whose lives (and mental abilities) were altered during a government drug experiment using college volunteers.

The intriguing (albeit gruesome) core of the novel is contained in a paragraph, in which Andy McGee tells his daughter about her power: "As far as we can tell, honey, it's called Pyrokinesis. It means being able to light fires sometimes just by thinking about fires. It usually happens when people are upset. Some people apparently have that... power all their lives and never even know it. And some people... well, the power gets hold of them for a minute and they... they burn themselves up..."

"One [story] was about a lady who had burned up in the living room of her trailer home, and nothing in the whole room had been burned but the lady and a little bit of the chair she had been sitting in..."

This phenomenon inspired Stephen King's story in which the progress of the genetically enhanced child is covertly charted by "The Shop", a hush-hush, mythical organization of scientists and operatives gathered to find ways to exploit the "wild talents" they've created.

The novel lays an accusing rap on drug experimentation, the "Big Brother" tactics of governmental agencies, and the burden

of abnormalcy. Neither Charlie nor her parents asked to be different, but their differences plunge them into a paranoid existence that ultimately ends in tragedy.

Producer Frank Capra Jr. was able to assemble a phenomenal cast on the basis of King's name and an intriguing script by Stanley Mann. Supporting roles were filled by award winners George C. Scott, Martin Sheen, Louise Fletcher and Art Carney,

in what has been unkindly described as "the most grossly miscast film of the decade."

King calls *Firestarter* a near-miss. "With a little work, it could have been truly bad—right now, it's the *Mommie Dearest* of the genre."

The author's opinion is widely held. Despite a strong cast and the resources of Dino De Laurentiis, *Firestarter* didn't ignite much enthusiasm. A close examination of the film reveals why.



Director Mark Lester commented before the film's release: "People shouldn't come expecting to see real gross shots of someone's hands being burned to a crisp or that kind of thing, cause we didn't do it. I think, instead, you'll see a very suspenseful movie..." True to his word, Lester refrained from burning hands, though he did have a few melting, flaming skulls.

Lester opens his film with a confusing sequence in which Charlie (Drew Barrymore) and her father Andy (David Keith) are chased by undercover types. Andy "pushes" a cab driver into taking them to the airport. His "push"—an ability to make other human see things which don't exist, or do things

against their will—is obviously exhausting, and definitely causes nosebleeds. (King's character was experiencing minor brain hemorrhages; Lester does not make this clear at any time during the film, though David Keith seems forever dabbing at his nose with a red-stained handkerchief.)





Despite director Mark Lester's protests that graphic shots of burning corpses were *not* the main meat of *Firestarter*, almost \$2 million was spent on burning buildings and cars and setting fire to stuntmen and dummies as well as several heads for close-up meltdowns. All the fireworks helped showcase Charlie's "wild talents." And though the effects were extensive, no one was injured during any of the stunt sequences.

Charlie and her Dad make their way to the airport, where Dad “pushes” a pay phone into disgorging its contents while Charlie displays her unique talent by pouting, staring, and igniting the feet of a nearby soldier in transit. The true problem of *Firestarter* becomes immediately evident. Drew Barrymore is a cherubic little girl with curly hair and baby cheeks. The script requires her to communicate a variety of dark emotions—anger, dislike, despair, intense concentration, sorrow—but she seems to have only one expression (shared by seven-year-olds the world over): a pout. Her smile is angelic and her tears are real, but before the film is through, it’s painfully evident that Drew has pouted her way through scene after scene, with an awareness of the camera that is as obvious as it is off-putting. Acting is not second nature to Drew; it seems to command all her attention. She knows she’s acting, and so do we—a death blow for any performance.

Another difficulty with both central characters is visualizing their phenomenal abilities. Dad gets a bloody nose (the audience’s visual clue to what is happening), and Charlie’s hair spreads away from her head—weak solutions for a tough problem.

Through flashbacks, Lester gives us the back-story: men from the Shop brutally and senselessly murder Andy’s wife (Heather Locklear) and kidnap his daughter. He rescues her and they begin their flight to—where?—then are picked up by an old farmer (Art Carney), and confide their plight to him and his wife (Louise Fletcher). The agents confront Charlie and Andy at the farmer’s house. With uncontrollable anger, Charlie immolates all seven agents and their automobiles. Obviously disturbed over the slaughter, she vows never to use her power again.

The Shop sends in the A-Team—code-name Rainbird, an American Indian assassin (George C. Scott). His superior (Martin Sheen) instructs the psychotic hit man to bring in the father and daughter. Rainbird tracks them down and returns them to the Shop—a sprawling Southern plantation used as a front for the agency’s nefarious activities. Dad is drugged, and Charlie is sweet-talked by Rainbird (posing as her janitor) into performing for the scientists who suddenly become aware that this child could destroy the whole facility. Before they can kill her, Dad arranges her escape, launching the climactic 20 minutes of the film, a pyrotechnic extravaganza. Dad is mortally wounded by Rainbird, and his parting words to his child are instructions that she should level the joint. There follows the most deliberate acts of destruction and mayhem in any of the Stephen King films.

Body after flaming body is hurled through the air; trucks and cars explode without warning; bullets melt en route; and Charlie finally sends huge fireballs into the mansion, destroying it utterly.

Lester lets the camera linger on each scene of destruction, cutting back to Drew to establish the source, but creating no energy with the cuts. The sequence quickly forms a pattern—shot of Drew, shot of target, shot of fireball, shot of exploding target, shot of burning target; back to Drew, and then the order repeats for the next target. By the third or fourth repetition, the audience is left to wonder why this little girl is sparing *no one*. She has had time to reconsider . . . but now it seems deliberate, setting the kid up as a murderer. At the end, she looks hopefully heavenward and says, “For you, Daddy.” But it doesn’t quite work to get her out of the ethical dilemma she has been boxed into by Lester. Had he established more spontaneity and made obvious her lack of control over events, or at least had her *try* to stop, maybe we wouldn’t feel so ambivalent about her character.

The final scene has Drew returning to the kindly farmer and his wife. The farmer takes her to the *New York Times* office to tell her story. One only hopes the prosecutors will go easy on a

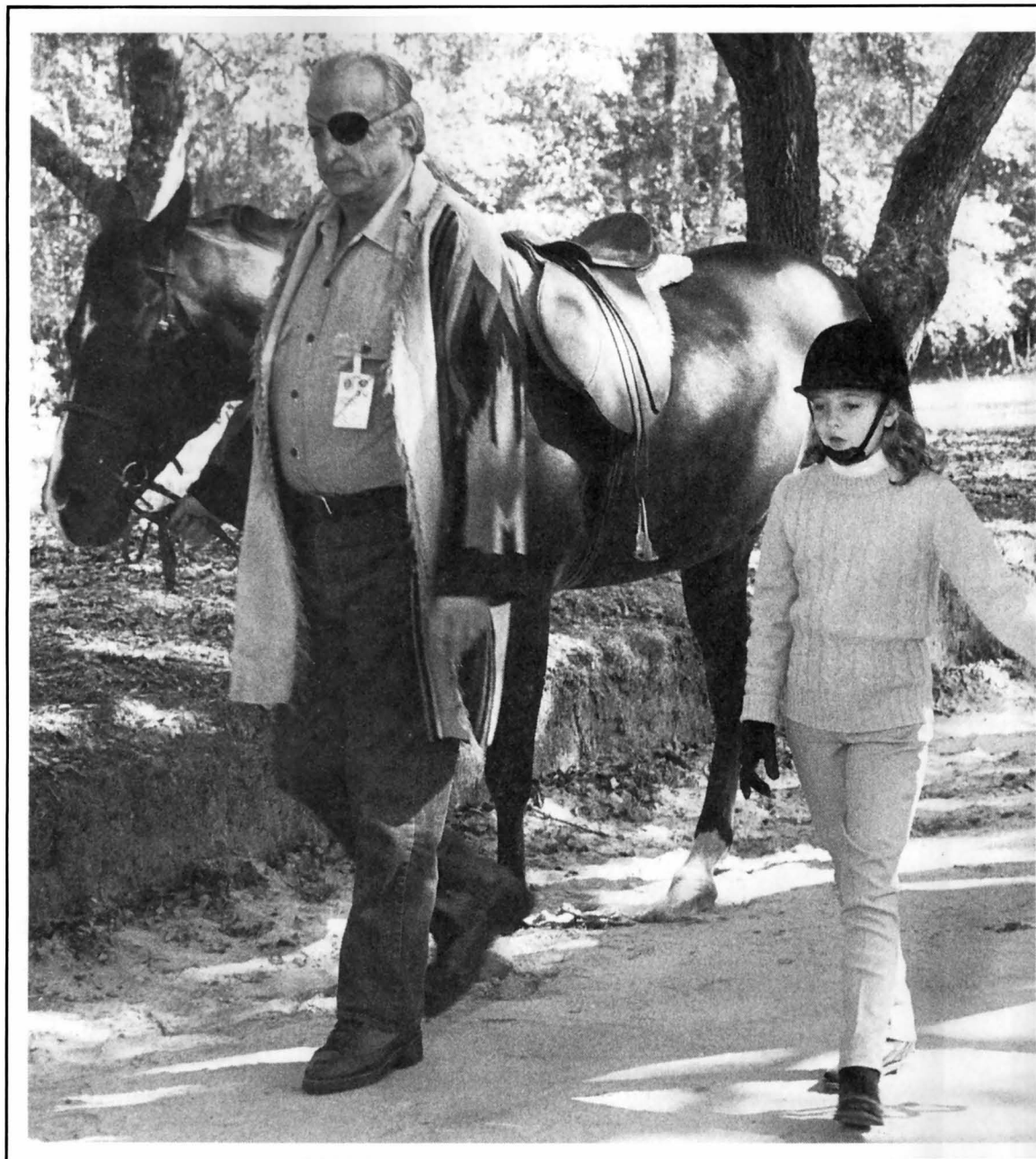
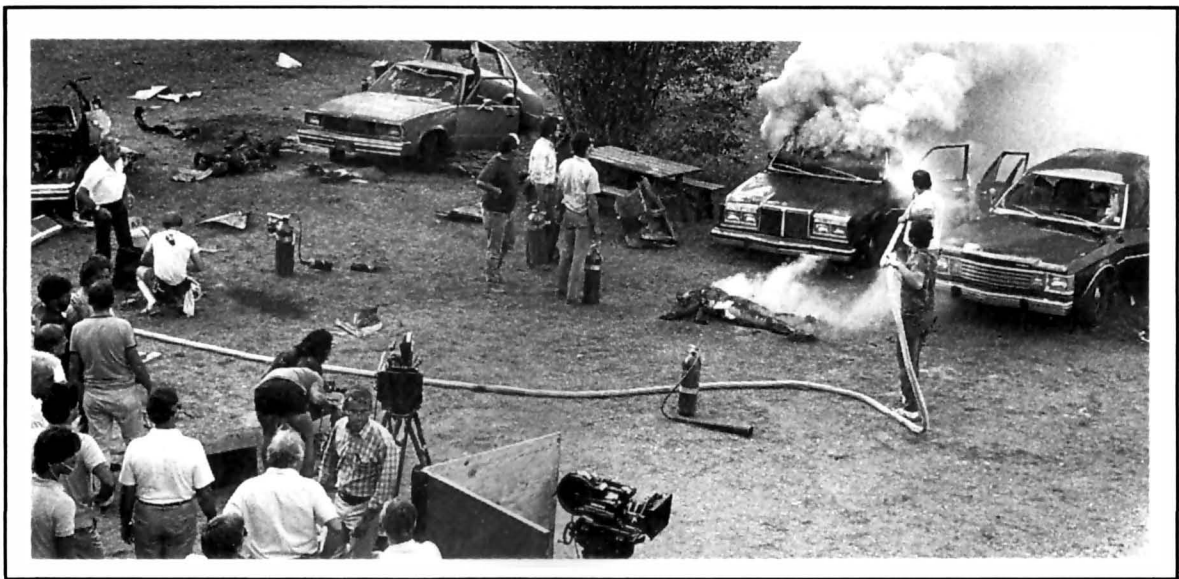


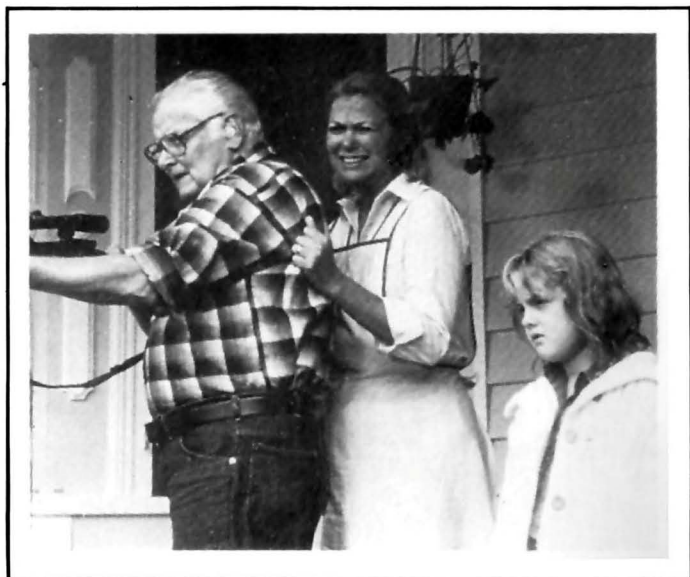
“I WONDER HOW THEY’D LIKE IT IF I SET THEM ON FIRE? A PART OF HER ASKED COOLLY, AND SHE SQUEEZED HER EYES SHUT IN QUILTY HORROR. IT WAS NASTY TO THINK THAT WAY. IT WAS BAD.”

—FIRESTARTER

At seven years old, Drew Barrymore (top) was too young to bear the burden of a feature film. Portraying Charlie McGee, she was in virtually every scene of *Firestarter*. David Keith, restrained by baddies at left, played her father.







On location in North Carolina (far left), Lester and his crew oversee one of several carefully choreographed on-screen immolations. Art Carney and Louise Fletcher portray the kindly couple (immediate left) who protect Charlie from Shop agents. Many critics felt that someone should have protected these award-winning actors—and George C. Scott, below, who plays the ruthless assassin Rainbird—from signing to appear in *Firestarter*.

minor: no matter how righteous the cause, after the first 10 or 12 deaths, there may have been a little premeditation involved.

King's novel posed a special problem for the filmmakers: fire. Lots of it. It is dangerous, unpredictable, difficult to control, and impossible to fake. Screenwriter Bill Lancaster's first script, written for original director John Carpenter, was light on effects and tamer than the draft rewritten for Lester by Mann. De Laurentiis and producer Frank Capra, Jr. preferred the second draft, which followed the book more closely, but it required such wide-ranging fire effects that one-quarter of the \$15 million budget was slated for effects alone. Though the De Laurentiis complex is the single largest outside California, the producers turned to Hollywood to execute the various stunts, importing stunt co-ordinator Glenn Randall and pyrotechnicians Mike Wood and Jeff Jarvis.

Filming began in late 1983 near Wilmington, North Carolina, at various locations around this smallish, mid-southern community. An expansive local plantation, Orton, served as the model for The Shop—

though a full-scale facade of the house and barn were rigged for the demolition scenes which climax the film.

The brunt of staging *Firestarter's* effects fell on technicians Jarvis and Wood—from igniting a soldier's feet to destroying a building, the technicians had to play with fire for two-and-a-half months. After preliminary shooting (which featured no effects), the last few weeks of lensing concentrated on igniting extras clothed in flame-retardant body suits, setting hands, feet and faces afire, rigging fireballs, hurling cars and trucks, and exploding buildings. Several scenes required Scott and Barrymore to be close to controlled lines of fire.

Lester was acutely aware of the safety hazard. On particularly hazardous takes, stuntwoman Linda Lee Arvidson doubled for Barrymore. The biggest hazard was to the seven stuntmen working for Glenn Randall. They donned lightweight fire suits under their clothing, coated exposed areas with a retardant salve that would gain them a minute or two of protection, and then allowed themselves to be torched.

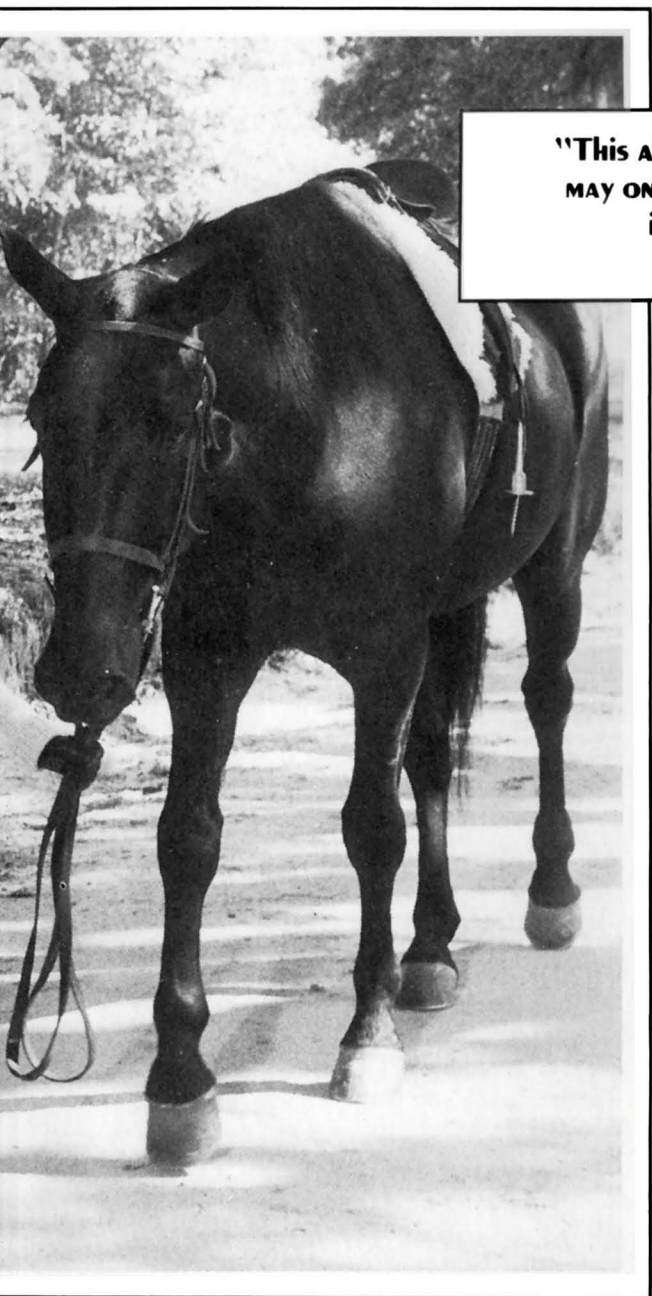
Crew stood by with fire extinguishers, and despite the sequences' complexity and danger, there were no injuries during the production. Wax and polyester were combined to create melting skulls for close shots; dummies and articulated puppets doubled in scenes too perilous for extras.

Rainbird's immolation at the movie's end was achieved through a combination of live George C. Scott, stunt double, articulated puppet, and flaming dummy. Lester kept up to 10 cameras trained on the one-take scenes—there was neither the time nor the money to reconstruct a house or acquire another half-dozen carefully prepared cars to burn.

It seems unlikely with such an ample budget, talented cast, and expert crew, that *Firestarter* should have failed—but letting a \$15 million feature rest on the shoulders of a seven-year-old actress and an unproven director proved to be an overwhelming obstacle.

**"THIS ABILITY TO START FIRES
MAY ONLY BE THE TIP OF THE
ICEBERG . . ."**

—FIRESTARTER



CHILDREN OF THE CORN

New World Pictures. There's a name to conjure with. Between 1954 and 1982, Roger Corman, first at American International and later at New World, gave us B movies from *Attack of the Crab Monsters* to *Battle Beyond the Stars*. Corman's New World films could rate with the best from AIP, Hammer, Amicus and Universal. He gave opportunity to a slew of young filmmakers over the years: Peter Bogdanovich, Joe Dante, Allan Arkush, Paul Bartel, Gary Kurtz, Martin Scorsese, and Francis Ford Coppola.

But in 1982, either tired of the business or because New World Pictures had somehow become too legitimate, Corman turned over the reins to a group of lawyers (who insisted Corman agree not to produce films for several years). They immediately tried to clean up New World's act. According to producer Donald Borchers (*Vamp*): "The first thing we did was upgrade production levels and tried to mix up the production slate. Previously with New World, the pictures carried an identification label automatically. If it was a New World picture, you basically knew what to expect."

New World's new broom swept in some new talent and new money—and one of production executive Larry Borchers' (Donald's brother) personal pet projects: a Stephen King short story called "Children of the Corn."

Although *Children of the Corn* was first developed at Hal Roach Studios and released in conjunction with same, Borchers was able to slip the project over to New World—end of the line in a process beginning years before in Maine. According to Stephen King: "I was interested in getting something produced in Maine by a production company based down the

coast from me in Rockport. They sent me some scripts that were terrible, and I sent them *Children of the Corn*, saying I thought it would make a great movie. They agreed, so I sold it to them as a partnership for \$500 or something like that. I did two drafts of the screenplay; they kept insisting I add some kind of Vietnam metaphor.

"About a year after that, the two partners split. . . One of the conditions of the split was that each of them would have a year to get the project off the ground. One of them tried and didn't make it; the second guy tried, and United Artists almost produced it. Then, for some reason, they backed down, so he turned around and sold the property to New World Pictures."

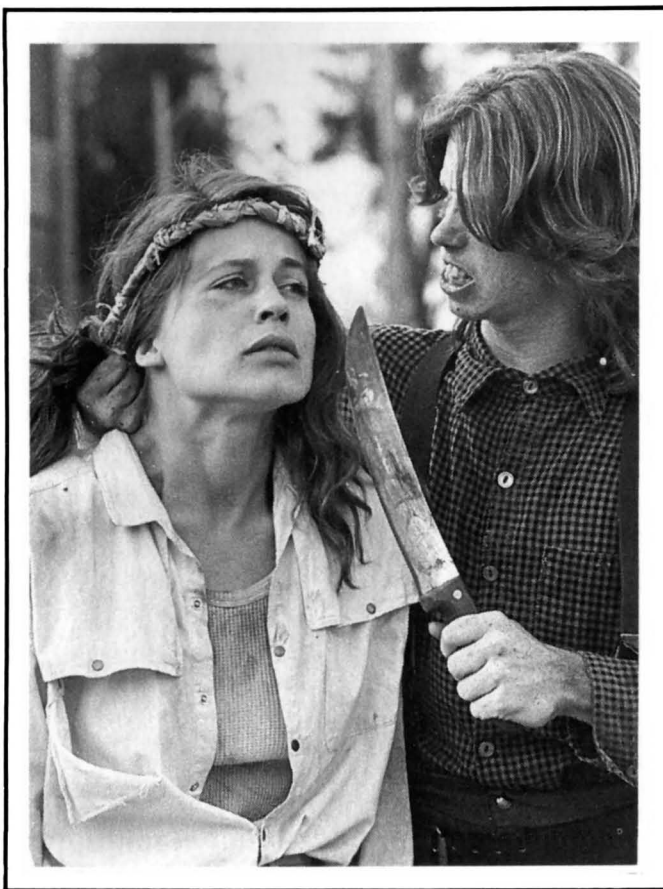
So, New World—maybe to beat the heat of *Firestarter*, or to get the jump on *Cat's Eye*—scrambled for a script, director and crew. Five weeks after acquiring the property, they had a crew on location near Sioux City, Iowa, to commence filming.

King's story is near-classic horror: innocent travelers inadvertently plunged into a nightmare where everybody dies horribly. The end.

Screenwriter George Goldsmith aspired to a bit more of a story: innocent travelers plunged into a nightmare where *almost* everybody dies horribly. The end.

Gatlin, Nebraska is corn country—acres of the stuff. A young couple touring the country by car run astray of the freeway, and while on a back road, nearly run over a child. As Burt (Peter Horton) runs back to check on the kid, he discovers the boy's throat has been cut.

But we know why, since the first five minutes of the film show the mysterious uprising of the town young against the





Opposite page: Linda Hamilton ends up just hanging around in this low-budget thriller as teens terrorize a tiny town and the tourists who visit it. They are the *Children of the Corn*. Above, they take a stab at law enforcement.



These young stars answered *Children of the Corn's* most memorable question: "What happened to your Mommy and Daddy?" Maybe they tried to send the kids to bed early. It's too late for that now. The film established at least one record in cinema history, as evidenced on these pages—the *most* slayings before the end of the opening credits.

adults, urged on by a disturbed sociopathic nine-year-old named Isaac. We witness several brutal slayings in this prologue and we know that Burt ought to turn right around and get back on the freeway.

"HE HAD A STRONG SENSATION OF BEING WATCHED. IT WAS A FEELING HE HAD READ ABOUT IN BOOKS, MOSTLY CHEAP FICTION, AND HE HAD ALWAYS DOUBTED ITS REALITY. NOW HE DIDN'T. IT WAS AS IF THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THE CORN, MAYBE A LOT OF THEM, COLDLY ESTIMATING WHETHER THE WOMAN COULD GET THE GUN OUT OF THE CASE AND USE IT BEFORE THEY COULD GRAB HIM, DRAG HIM INTO THE SHADY ROWS, CUT HIS THROAT—"
—"Children of the Corn"

But this is a horror movie. They hop back in the car, throw the poor dead runaway in the trunk and head for their undoing.

Burt immediately knows something is amiss—the food prices don't reflect the rise in the cost of living, shops are dusty and unused, and the kids look like orphans.

Burt and Vicky (Linda Hamilton) start to unravel the mystery, at first feeling somewhat parental toward all these mysterious kids. But the discovery of a desecrated church and an unholy ledger, and their growing suspicion that something is dreadfully wrong, forces the adults to confront the kids—which naturally results in Vicky's abduction. She is summarily bound to a crucifix as a sacrifice to "He Who Walks Behind The Rows."



Do they get away? Of course. New World was trying to *change* its image.

One thing is sure about *Children of the Corn*: neither the stars nor the director would pose a serious threat to Stephen King's top billing. Producer Donald Borchers lined up an untried director, Fritz Kiersch, and two first-time youngsters for the pivotal roles of Isaac and Malachai. Linda Hamilton (who went on to star as Sarah Connor in *The Terminator*) came from television roles and an appearance in the overlooked drama *Stone Boy*. Starring as Burt was Peter Horton—again a first feature appearance, although he did go on to marry *Ladyhawke's* Michelle Pfeiffer.

Possibly the most familiar performer was R.G. Armstrong as Chester, the grizzly gas-pump jockey. Armstrong is one of those guys—the faces you always know with the names you can never remember. A veteran of 60 movies, Armstrong appeared in *Children of the Corn* to make an even four genre features after *The Beast Within*, *Evilspeak* and *The Car*.

The bottom line with *Children of the Corn* is that it was a rush job. New World needed to create cash flow. They had acquired a King property—still a magical name in the pre-*Firestarter* days—and needed to coattail on the inertia from 1983's onslaught of King.

A fourth draft script was whipped into shape and approved, a crew and cast was slapped together and shipped to the Midwest before the corn got cut in late August.



Special makeup effects—mostly gory prostheses and stage blood—were provided by Max Anderson and Erica Ueland, and SPFX Inc., with Eric Rumsey.

King's fictional horror, "He Who Walks Behind The Rows," was that old standby: the invisible menace. After all, how do you describe the indescribable? What kind of makeup do you put on the face of hell? What size shoes do you need for the satanic evil of He Who Walks?

King wisely created an off-stage menace who leaves no witnesses.

Kiersch and Kirby, hip-deep in an effort to visualize the unknowable, found themselves a little short on funds and ideas to develop the terrifying menace, even if its on-screen appearance would be brief.

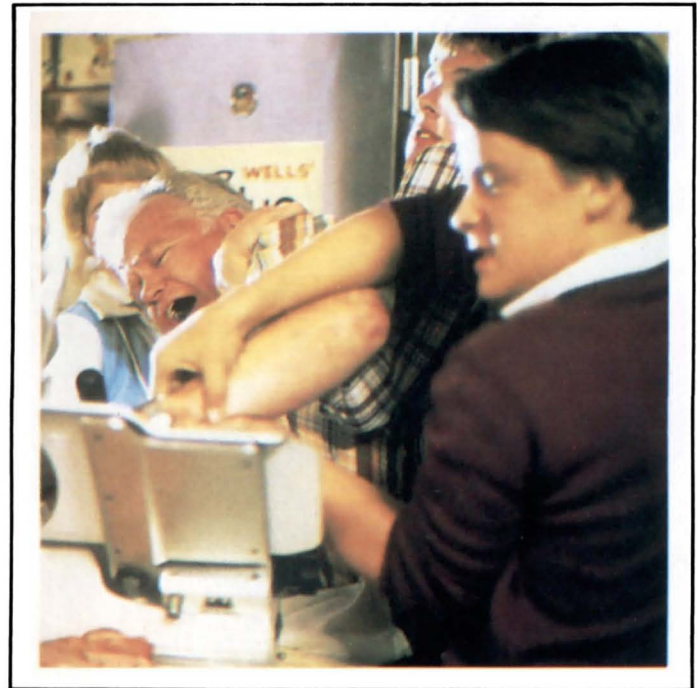
The traditional wisdom in horror filmmaking is that there's more audience fear in what you imagine will be on-screen than can possibly be achieved by what you actually see. There is truth in this wisdom, although in recent years, both *Jaws* and *Alien* were able to provide creatures that only confirmed the audience's worst fears. The point is, some very, very scary horror films succeeded without showing a *damn* thing—*The Haunting of Hill House*, *The Bad Seed*, *Halloween*—so *Children of the Corn*'s filmmakers had an option to leave the heavy forever a mystery.

They compromised by devising a way to visualize its approach without actually having to show a "thing"—He Who Walks Behind The Rows kinda, sorta *burrowed* (in a menacing way, to be sure). His approach was marked by a fast-moving lump of earth, which immediately suggested to one viewer an alternate title for the film: *Gophers of the Damned*, or maybe *Moles From Hell*.

With the benefit of hindsight, one could offer a number of alternatives to the Kirby/Kiersch solution (King had rows of corn *spreading* to show the enormity of the entity), but the enemy here was time and money—they didn't have much of either.

Children of the Corn may not have offered enough "high concept" story to have ever been material for a great horror film, but the lack of planning, the lack of imagination, and the hurry-up pressure certainly contributed to the silly, half-assed 93 minutes that ended up on-screen.

As King commented, "I think these people will go on to better work."



**"I think maybe they killed him. Sacrificed him in the corn. Isn't that a silly story?"
—"CHILDREN OF THE CORN"**

Cat's Eye

Cat's Eye was the third in what will be at least six Dino De Laurentiis-produced features based on King's work. They include *Dead Zone*, *Firestarter*, *Cat's Eye*, *Silver Bullet*, *Maximum Overdrive* and *Pet Sematary*, when it goes into production in 1986-87. In *Silver Bullet*, King describes how—despite all his best intentions—he ended up scripting yet another feature:

"One of the things that amuses and interests me about Dino is how successful he has been in getting me to do things I had no intention of doing. He bought a number of my *Night Shift* stories from American/British producer Milton Subotsky and asked me if I would write an original story to go with two of the stories he already had. I had a story in mind called 'Cat's Eye' that was supposed to be about a little boy whose cat is falsely accused of trying to kill him by stealing his breath. I switched the sex (Dino wanted Drew Barrymore, who was then shooting *Firestarter*, to play the child) and turned the story into a little film script.

"Dino came up to Bangor in his Lear again, this time accompanied by Martha Schumacher, the film's producer, and sat in my office and drank coffee and somehow persuaded me to write the whole script. I'm still not entirely sure how he did it; I think it was a form of benign hypnotism. I started by shaking my head and saying it absolutely couldn't be done, my schedule was killing me already, and ended by nodding the fool thing and telling him I could have a first draft screenplay for him in a month or so."

The wraparound story was about a troll, a cat and the ghost of a little girl. If you have seen *Cat's Eye*, you saw the last half of the wraparound. The first half was essentially the back story of the cat, the first bookend in what King had designed as a matched set.

The details may help you to understand that what remained

was a crippled thing—though, in many respects, a lively, funny scary 94 minutes.

King's screenplay opens with a funeral for a little girl who has unaccountably died in her sleep, most likely a victim of AIDS, though the grieving mother fixates on the idea that the family's gray tabby had stolen the child's breath. When mom arrives home, she grabs the nearest weapon—an Uzi machine gun the old man happens to have lying around the house—and stalks the cat.

Meanwhile, the cat is upstairs in the child's bedroom, stalking the baseboards, following the tinkling sounds of bells coming from behind the walls. The mother bursts in, firing a clip at the cat who barely escapes. Camera down to a hole in the baseboards as mom leaves the room after the cat, where we hear the jingle of bells and see two glowing red eyes about six inches from the floor.

King has the ghost of the dead girl appear to the cat, imploring it to find the creature that actually took her life and it sets out on a quest, giving us a cat's eye view of the lives it encounters as it seeks a final showdown with a malevolent troll.

Though this opening sequence was shot and shown in a rough cut to test audiences, King reports: "The prologue was cut at the behest of Frank Yablans (then

head of MGM/UA). There was one audience in America that saw it with . . . everything, and verbally they responded to it pretty clearly . . . and most of them responded to it on the critic cards pretty favorably. There was a percentage—there's always a percentage—that said they didn't like this or that, but the difference between the critic cards with that section and without it, was that the people who saw the prologue said they understood the movie, and there was a huge response to the film without the prologue from people who said, 'I don't know what's going on.' "



Reportedly, Yablans insisted that it be dropped because some mothers seemed sensitive to a child's death, and animal lovers seemed sensitive to the idea of a cat being shot at. The final cut was made without director Lewis Teague's knowledge or input.

Whoever was responsible, the decision to drop the prologue dealt *Cat's Eye* a fatal blow.

The released version starts with the cat leaping aboard a truck (after being chased by a St. Bernard that looks suspiciously like Cujo and nearly being run over by a '58 two-tone red-and-white Plymouth Fury sporting an "I Am Christine" bumper sticker) which carries it to New York. The cat hits the streets and stops under a store window. A ghostly face begins to speak from the mannequin of a little girl in the window, urging the cat to "Find it before it's too late" but, without the backstory, you have no idea what she refers to, why *this* particular cat, or what this talking ghost is doing in a New York storefront.

Needless to say, audiences were confused. Critics were confused. But the numbers were plain enough: *Cat's Eye* made a poor showing at the box office, and sank under the waves after a couple of weeks.

Unfortunately, audiences missed some exceptional performances, and two clever, well executed adaptations that are the real meat of the film.

The opening sequence of *Cat's Eye* segues into a segment based on the King story "Quitters, Inc." James Woods (*Videodrome*) plays Morrison, a man with a smoking habit who is talked into trying to quit. He seeks the aid of a mysterious company called Quitters, headed by the oily, quietly sinister Mr. Donatti (Alan King). Donatti has refined methods used by his "family" to help people quit smoking. He shows Morrison a glassed-in room where the cat rests on a grid. Donatti pushes a button on a remote-control device and low-voltage electricity charges the grid, making the poor critter do the boogie. Morrison is horrified, but it's too late. He is warned that the first time he backslides, his wife goes into the booth. The second time, his daughter (played by Drew Barrymore in one of her multiple roles in *Cat's Eye*). Donatti tells Morrison there are not many three-time offenders—and he'll be watched. "You may see some of our agents all of the time," he warns,

"you may see all of our agents some of the time. But you'll never see all of our agents all of the time. Good day, Mr. Morrison."

The rest of "Quitters" concerns Morrison's struggle to quit the habit—he does backslide before the end and his wife (Mary D'arcy) gets a turn in the booth to the tune of *96 Tears*. When she learns why, she forgives him—but Morrison is not quite off the hook. You see, Quitters has this weight control program as part of the service, and if you gain too much weight, they cut off your wife's little finger.

The cat escapes the Quitters facility and turns up in Atlantic City for the next segment based on "The Ledge." The cat is on a busy street in Atlantic City, and the ghost (now a little girl in a TV commercial on a store front set) urges the cat to keep going. A high roller named Cressner, played by *Dune*'s Kenneth McMillan, walks out of a casino in time to see the cat make a dash for the pedestrian safety island in the middle of the busy street.

He bets his companions two grand that the cat can make



Drew (*Firestarter*) Barrymore and her feline co-star pose for a *Cat's Eye* publicity shot (left). In "The Ledge," a stunt double for Robert Hays swings through the air above with the greatest of ease.

**"THE building sloped away
like a SMOOTH chalk cliff TO
THE STREET far below . . . If
you fell THAT far, you would
HAVE plenty of TIME TO REALIZE
JUST what WAS happen-
ing . . . you'd HAVE TIME TO
SCREAM a long, long SCREAM.
AND the sound you MADE when
you HIT the PAVEMENT would
be like the sound of an OVER-
RIPE WATERMELON."
—"The Ledge"**

it across, and wins. Cressner takes the cat home as a reward for winning the bet, but his mind is on his young wife, supposedly on her way to New York to meet her tennis pro lover, Norris (Robert Hays). Cressner arranges to have Norris picked up and waits in his penthouse for his revenge. Norris' car is

**"HE CARESSED IT, FONDLED IT.
WHAT WAS THAT old slogan?
So round, so firm, so fully
packed. TRUER WORDS HAD
NEVER BEEN SPOKEN. HE PUT THE
CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH AND
THEN PAUSED, COCKING HIS HEAD.
"HAD THERE BEEN THE
SLIGHTEST NOISE FROM THE
CLOSET?"**

—"QUITTERS, INC."

planted with heroin and Cressner threatens to have him put away forever—unless he wants a chance to get even: if he walks around Cressner's building on the five-inch ledge that runs just under his penthouse, he can have the wife, his life and \$10,000. "C'mon," urges Cressner, "this'll be fun."

Norris has no choice—he climbs over the penthouse balcony and begins sidling around the building, buffeted by high winds, antagonized and baited by Cressner, and

beleaguered by a territorial pigeon.

Somehow, with the cat's moral support, Norris makes it around the building and returns to find that Cressner has made good on his bet. Norris' car is clean, there's a sackful of money, and there's Marcia Cressner—though everything is missing below her neck. Norris is outraged and forces Cressner to take a bet; the same bet Cressner offered Norris.

"You're right, Mr. Cressner," Norris says, training a gun on Cressner as he steps out onto the ledge, "This is a lot of fun." Naturally, Cressner doesn't make it around the first corner. He lands 20 stories below, very near the cat, who has escaped from his penthouse.

In the final segment, the cat has made its way to North Carolina, and Teague gives us sound effects and POV shots to indicate a very small creature sneaking up on the home of Hugh and Sally Ann (James Naughton and Candy Clark) and their eight-year-old daughter, played again by Drew Barrymore. (All the characters in *Cat's Eye* have either first names or last names; but not both names. Barrymore's character has no name; she is simply referred to as Our Girl in the credits). The cat follows the creature into the house and upstairs where, we assume, it disappears into a wall.

Our Girl is delighted to have a cat in the house and begs Mom to keep it. Mom relents, until one night when Our Girl's little Budgie is murdered by the troll. Mom blames the cat and sneaks it off to the pound, leaving Our Girl defenseless that night when the troll comes to steal her breath. But the cat escapes, bee-lines for the house and arrives in the nick of time.

The troll fights fiercely but ends up shredded by a room fan. Hey, hey!

Teague was able to pull exceptional performances out of his cast: Alan King proved to be a gifted actor and James Woods—more noted for sinister roles—turns in a fine comic performance. McMillan was utterly convincing as the lunatic Cressner and Hays makes everyone sweat as he goes around a make-believe building.

The year since *Firestarter* saw a much more mature performance from Drew Barrymore, and (as *The New York Times* critic Vincent Canby enthused) the cat is superb. A tip of the hat has to go to Teague and handler Karl Miller for making the cat work brilliantly.

If you are a King fan at all, *Cat's Eye* is a feast of self-referential nudges and winks that Teague and King sprinkled from beginning to end, as well as tidbits of King's brand of gross-out black humor: Brand X, as he calls it. A few you may have noticed, such as Cujo and Christine in the opening sequence. Others you may have missed include:

—James Woods watching the *Dead Zone* on television,



remarking, "Who writes this stuff, anyway?"

—Ken McMillan telling Rob Hays he'll get "The girl, the gold watch, and everything," referring to a 1980 TV movie in which Hays starred.

—Candy Clark reading *Pet Sematary* in bed (everybody reads King novels in this picture, though not always in bed—this was PG-13 after all).

And so on. Like *Creepshow*, the stories in *Cat's Eye* make no attempt to moralize to the audience or chastise the characters—everybody seems to get what they deserve for 90 minutes, things turn out OK in the end with a lot of fun and a few scares in the middle—it's what King calls a "moron movie," the quarter-pounder with fries of entertainment.

Teague was not a King fan until he read *Cujo* as part of his preparation for that film. He developed "a great relationship" with the writer during production and feels it may have influenced King to suggest him for *Cat's Eye*.

"It has gotten to the point," laments Teague, who also helmed *Alligator*, "if there's an animal in the title, I end up with the script."

The director had been casting around for a script for almost a year when he was contacted by De Laurentiis for a second King project.

"I was reeling from the disappointment of having had to turn down *Clan of the Cave Bear*. I had declined because Universal, the studio that was originally going to produce it, wanted to do both books simultaneously—*Clan* and *Valley of the Horses*. I didn't think it was possible to make a good film out of *Valley* and I thought the production problems in trying to make two films would have been impossible.

"Consequently, they went and hired another director. But as they went into production, I guess they realized the validity of what I had foreseen and ultimately dropped *Valley* in favor of *Clan of the Cave Bear*.

"Well, it was like walking around the corner and seeing your old girl friend with her new boy friend—arghh, right in the heart like a dagger. There I was, having learned another great lesson in life, which is to have a little faith and a little less fear and to trust my basic instincts.

"That's when Dino called."

Teague went in for a meeting with the producer and "almost as an afterthought, Dino mentioned that Stephen was writing a script and would I be interested in reading it."

Two weeks later, the screenplay arrived in the mail.

"I read it and enjoyed the hell out of it," Teague says. "I laughed out loud about 10 times while I was reading it. I think Stephen is an extraordinary writer. He has flashes of brilliance. He recycles his characters, which I think is some of the fun of his books, and he was having fun with the script in the same way."

Teague had a nine-week schedule to complete the project at the De Laurentiis facility in North Carolina. The director was faced with two problems: a difficult, episodic format and a screenplay that called for three things every filmmaker is advised to avoid: children, animals, and special effects. Teague had the experience to handle the last three, but acknowledged the problem of the film's structure, compounded by the missing prologue.

"I think one of the problems of an episodic picture, like *Twilight Zone: The Movie* or *Creepshow*, is no matter how good the sequences are, it is difficult to make the transition from one to the next," he says. "In fact, the better they are, the more difficult it is. You have a dramatic 'payoff' in each sequence that leaves the audience both satisfied and depleted, then suddenly, there's a whole new bunch of characters you have to get to know.

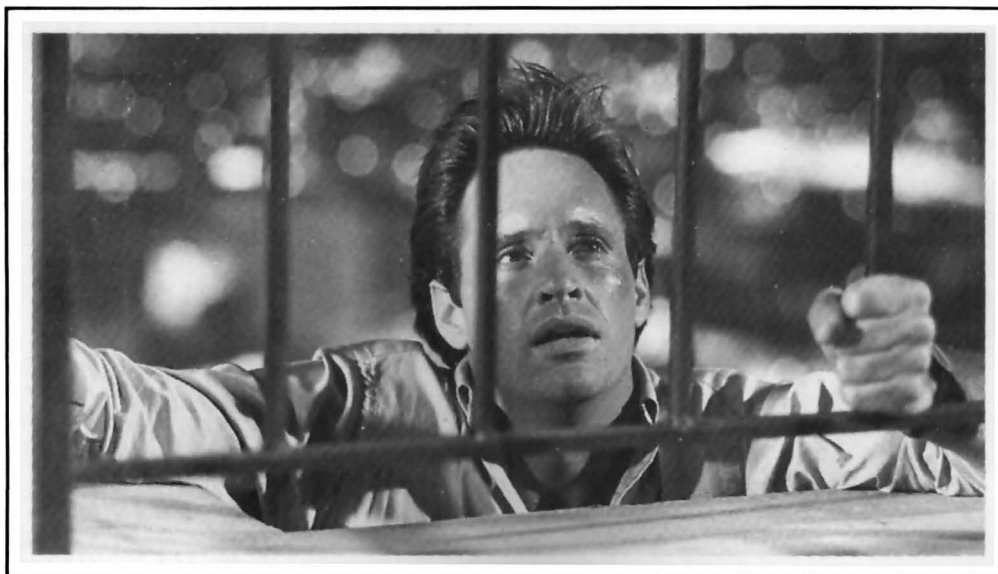
"That's difficult. The audience has been patient and you're asking them to be patient again. In this film, the problem of



**"IS THIS MORE FUN THAN A
HUMAN BEING SHOULD BE
ALLOWED TO HAVE, OR WHAT?"
—CAT'S EYE**



Our Girl confronts her disbelieving parents (Candy Clark and James Naughton, above) in the final segment of *Cat's Eye*, the King anthology that went bust at the box office. In a step above her *Firestarter* stint, Drew Barrymore adequately played multiple roles in *Cat's Eye*. Opposite page: "Quitters, Inc." appealed to anti-smoking coalitions everywhere.



the cat was the real story, the continuing thread that weaves throughout the other stories, so your attention is immediately transferred to a familiar character with a problem, and your audience is willing to be patient again while they discover what the new plot is. It's a risky device and Stephen made it work in the screenplay.

"Cat's Eye had much more in its favor," Teague continues. "In *Twilight Zone*, for instance, there were four completely different stories, written by different writers, directed by different directors. Each story was dissimilar in style and content and there was no connection at all that was successful to any degree. But in *Cat's Eye*, there was only a qualitative difference; they took place in the same time period, the same 'universe.' They're written by the same man, directed by one director with a similarity of tone and style for each segment. I think the script overcame any perceived difficulty with the format."

The other problematic aspect of *Cat's Eye* was its complexity. "An episodic or anthology-type film is infinitely more complicated because you're dealing with four separate stories, in this case, 'The Ledge,' 'Quitters,' the troll story and the linking segments," Teague says. "In 'The Ledge,' for instance, the entire scene outside the building was shot on soundstages and involved miniatures, blue screen work, hanging miniatures and transparencies. That all had to be planned and storyboarded, the sets constructed and the shots staged in advanced. Doing a third of a movie is not a third of the work involved in the whole movie; it involves almost as much planning as the whole. Doing this kind of film is extremely laborious and we didn't have a lengthy shooting schedule to work with."

Modelmaker Emilio Ruiz supervised the sets for "The Ledge," creating flats and forced perspective masonite structures to simulate downtown Atlantic City. Cressner's penthouse facade was constructed with about 280 feet of seven-and-a-half-inch-wide ledge. Night shots of the real Atlantic City were rear-projected as a backdrop and the set was filled out with foreground models and miniatures. Down perspective shots were on a miniature street and cars, which were wired with itty bitty headlights and cable-moved for verisimilitude. The complicated set took 25 men four weeks to build.

While the "Ledge" set occupied one soundstage, another crew took five weeks to construct a large scale model of Our Girl's bedroom on a nearby stage. The bed was large enough, at 40 feet, to make it into *The Guinness Book of World Records*. Carlo Rambaldi designed the feature creature and, although the fully articulated model could handle most of the script's requirements, producer Martha Schumacher and Teague opted for the large-scale set and a little person dressed

as a troll to obtain a wider range of action in the troll sequence.

"We did make one tactical error, though," recalls Teague. "When the crew built the chair and other furniture, instead of building it out of balsa or foam or some other light material, they built the furniture out of solid hardwood."

An educational beat: The inverse cube law states that a chair made six times larger does *not* weigh six times as much—it weighs four times six times as much, the weight increasing geometrically with the mass cubed.

"I'll tell ya," Teague continues, "they were heavy mothers. If I had to move the thing, it took a forklift and 20 guys."

Problems of this nature aside, Teague reported that the rest of the filming went smoothly and was completed on time and on budget. The rest of Teague's technical crew included Jack Cardiff as director of photography. Cardiff's distinguished career includes classics such as *The African Queen* and *The Red Shoes*. De Laurentiis was able to secure Cardiff for *Conan the Destroyer* prior to his assignment on *Cat's Eye*. Other De Laurentiis alumni included production designer Giorgio Postiglione, stunt coordinator Glenn Randall, special effects coordinator Jeff Jarvis and art director Jeffrey Ginn, all of whom contributed to *Firestarter*.

Though most of the effects were on camera—a technique that Teague employed on both *Alligator* and *Cujo* and prefers—some additional opticals were provided by Van Der Veer, an L.A. based company that De Laurentiis also used for *Dune*. Glenn Randall undertook most of the second unit direction and *Cujo*'s Karl Miller and staff handled the several cats

that were required to accomplish what appeared on screen.

After *Cat's Eye*'s release, the

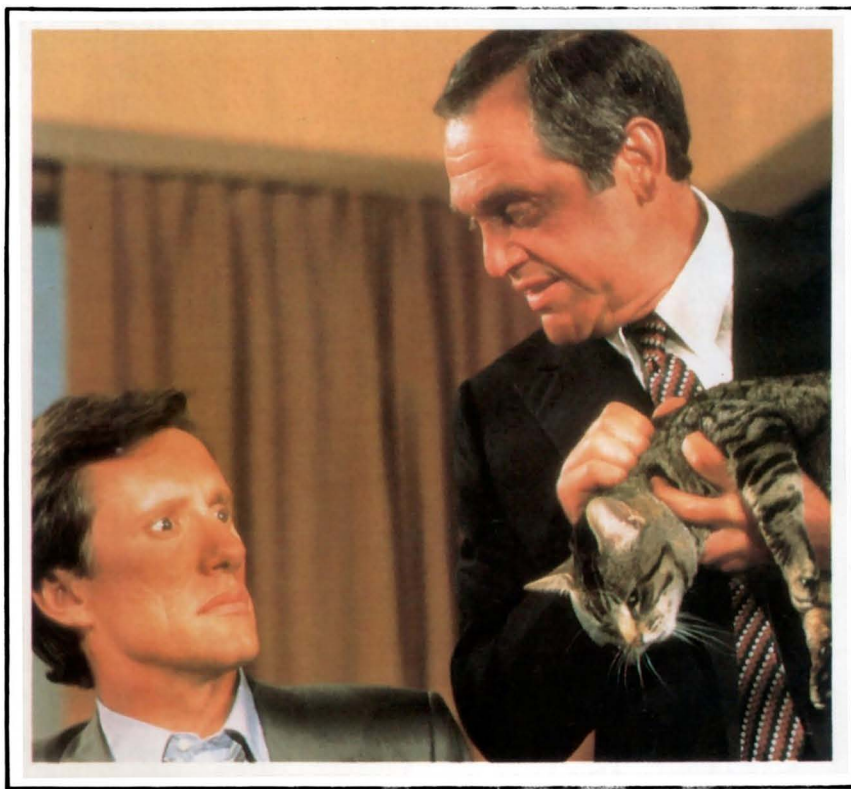
thing that most concerned Teague was the accusation of animal cruelty. Though Teague's reputation is first and foremost as a director with the patience and experience to work with animals, there were some grumblings about the cat being "electrified" and harassed to create a believable performance. Teague is emphatic that that was not the case:

"I've had animal trainers and representatives from the ASPCA on the sets of *Cat's Eye*, *Cujo* and every film I've ever done with animals," Teague says. "I'm particularly sensitive to any objections that people may have about harming animals and scenes in my films in which animals appear to get hurt. Both *Cujo* and *Cat's Eye* used camera trickery and special effects—no animals were ever harmed. But realism becomes your enemy when you're dealing with animals. . . . because people aren't willing to suspend their disbelief that much."

However, enough was enough for the director. He explains, "I'm not going to do any more movies with animals."

"HERE, KITTY, KITTY, KITTY . . ."

—CAT'S EYE



After two silly *Airplane!* movies, Cat's Eye found actor Robert Hays still flying high and crawling along "The Ledge." The Cat's Eye FX people (top left) meticulously constructed oversized sets for the troll to frolic in. Carlo Rambaldi's whimsical, but deadly, troll makes a grand entrance, stage left (i.e. bottom right).



STEPHEN KING'S **SILVER BULLET**

Before we shamble into *Silver Bullet* and take a look-see at Stephen King's treatment of one of horror's standbys, the werewolf, let's talk for a minute about archetypes.

An "archetype," in the storytelling vernacular, has come to mean a character that incorporates universally recognized characteristics, or plays on universally understood fears. In short, a model. Archetypal characters are those such as Tarzan, Sherlock Holmes, Superman, Hamlet, Mickey Mouse, and more recently, Luke Skywalker, Mr. Spock and Indiana Jones. The last three are based on currently anachronistic ancestors, David of Judaea, Pentheus, and Odysseus, underscoring the fact that character-types that have recurred in storytelling since man first huddled in caves trying to verbalize (and dramatize) the important events in his life. Of course, you can't have heroes without villains: Mephistopheles, Caligula, Captain Ahab, Ming the Merciless, Darth Vader—you get the idea; dark-eyed, furrow-browed, mustachioed or helmeted bad guys.

Horror, too, has its archetypes; the grunting, demonic, mindless apparitions sharing the cave origins of the storytellers. Myths of vampires date from ancient Greece, likewise poltergeists and other spirits. Foul-tempered imps are as old as civilization. But there are modern archetypes, dating from the mid-nineteenth century. Mary Shelley created an archetype with Victor Frankenstein's Monster. It has endured more than a thousand filmed variations. Ditto Bram Stoker's Count Dracula. The discovery of the tomb of the pharaoh Tutankhamen spawned *The Mummy*, and European folklore of the Dark Ages led directly to our contemporary revisionist's werewolf, that hairy, lip-smacking, fanged Jekyll and Hyde (to drop another archetype), whose biological clock coincides with the full moon.

Lon Chaney's portrayal in 1941's *The Wolf Man* provides virtually all the cinematic common wisdom about werewolves.

They change at the full moon, werewolves can "infect" their victims, they have supernatural strength and are full of murderous cunning. There is only one way to kill a werewolf—a silver bullet before the end of the last reel. Hence King's title, which we discover is a double-layered pun.

King explains the origins of his werewolf story in his book *Silver Bullet* (Signet, 1985): "*Silver Bullet* is probably the only movie ever made that began as a calendar proposal. The proposal was made to me in the lobby of a hotel in Providence,

Rhode Island, during the World Fantasy Convention in 1979, by a young man from Michigan named Christopher Zavisla... [he] had an interesting concept. He thought maybe I could conceive a story which would run in 12 monthly installments of vignette length; each of these installments would be accompanied by a Berni Wrightson painting... That was a new one, at least to me. I started to play with it a little, to rock and roll with it a little, to see if there was anything there, and if there was, if I could make it work."

King did make it work, developing 12 little vignettes of horror centering around the appearance of a werewolf in the little burg of Tarker's Mill. King sent the book to Dino De Laurentiis for his consideration, and the producer acquired the property. De

Laurentiis urged King to draft a screenplay.

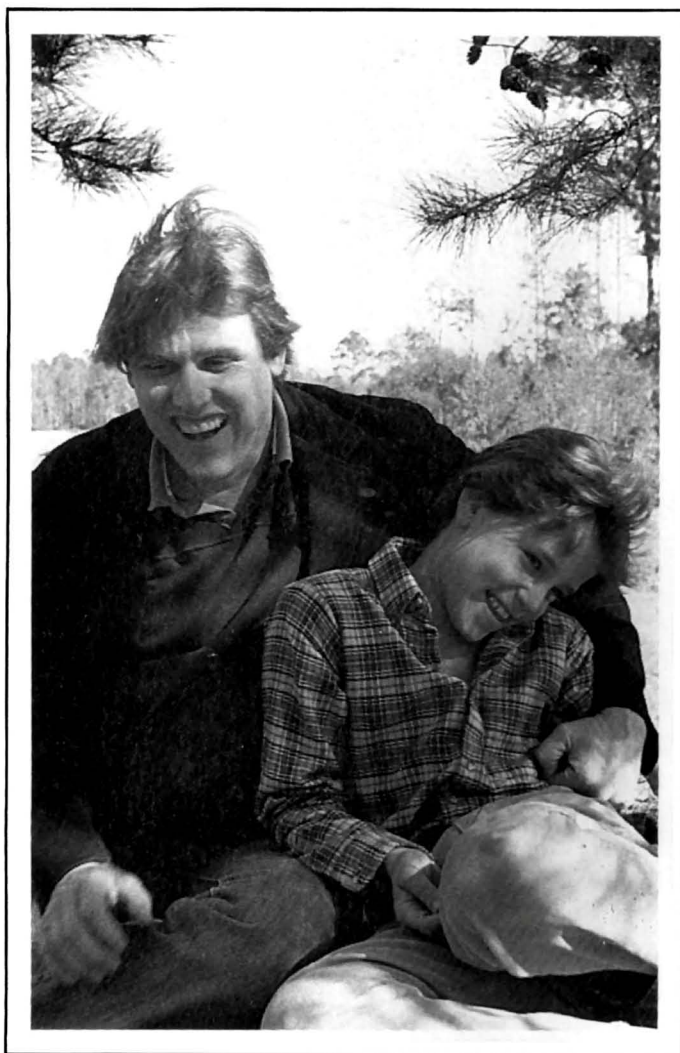
King's screenplay added to the werewolf "oeuvre" in a unique way. This werewolf talks and has a rather bizarre sense of humor. His first murder victim is a night railroad switchman, who hums a jingle for "Rheingold beer" as he works late one evening, until the werewolf decapitates him in one powerful swipe. The creature grabs the switchman's bottle, takes a swig, and throatily mimics his victim—

"My beer is Rheingold the dry beer..."

Think of Rheingold whenever you buy beer... —as he lopes away from the corpse, swinging a beer bottle from one furry paw.







E.T.'s Carlo Rambaldi supervised the film's creature design. Three months and several rejections later, Dino De Laurentis and director Daniel Attias settled for the short-snouted versions on screen. Mike McCracken, another makeup FX vet, provided scores of *Silver Bullet* werewolves. Thirty extras—including the hairy folks pictured on these pages—were meticulously outfitted for the nightmarish congregation scene. When not coping with the werewolf horrors, Gary Busey and Corey Haim enjoyed the location atmosphere.

King has introduced a monstrous entity: not only supernaturally endowed, but wickedly self-aware at all times, whether in his human guise or in his various lupine forms.

For some reason, King's delightful twist on the run-of-the-mill werewolf didn't find its way into the movie. The production did have its problems and it was rumored that King and first-time director Daniel Attias had some differences over the script. What appeared in the final cut was a third-generation version of Chaney's tormented creature, kind of big and hairy and unimaginative. Designer Carlo Rambaldi's on-screen wolf transformations were reminiscent of the changes executed elsewhere by effects artists Rick Baker and Rob Bottin. In short, nothing really new, other than the suggestion that: "In the made-up stories, the guy who's the werewolf only changes when the Moon is full. But maybe he's really that way almost all the time, only as the Moon gets fuller, the guy gets wolfier," as the young heroine comments to her Uncle Red.

Interestingly enough, the film depends on the audience's familiarity with the werewolf myth. There are no explanations offered over how it happens or who it happens to, there are no whys or wherefores: the wolf has come to Tarker's Mills, and it is killing people.

Although *Silver Bullet* was Daniel Attias' first feature, the young director shows a sure hand and a sense of style. He worked for both Francis Ford Coppola and Steven Spielberg before hooking up with Dino De Laurentiis as an assistant director on *Firestarter*.

He opens *Silver Bullet* with a brutal slaying; a lot of POV's and quick cuts establish a nice sinister mood, then he cuts to a pastoral setting of a town meeting on the village green.

In eight minutes, all the central characters have been introduced: the werewolf, the Coslaw family—Nan (Robin Groves), Bob (Leon Russom), daughter Jane (Megan Follows), their crippled son Marty (Corey Haim). The

Reverend Lowe (Everett McGill) and Sheriff Joe Haller (Terry O'Quinn). The stage has been set with economy.

It is not until that night that the town is certain someone is murdering the citizens. Stella Randolph (Wendy Walker) is savagely killed in her second-story bedroom. The sheriff and townspeople are disturbed, but the murder remains unsolved, and more a topic for cracker-barrel conversation than serious alarm.

Marty, meanwhile, is a source of disruption in his family. His older sister Jane resents the attention he gets, his mother Nan resents the burden he places on her, and his Uncle Red, exceptionally well portrayed by Gary Busey, tries to make everyone aware that Marty is a regular boy, although Uncle Red has a little trouble of his own keeping to keep his nose out of the bottle. Marty is Uncle Red's favorite and he builds a special motorized, 50 mph wheelchair for his nephew which is promptly dubbed the Silver Bullet.

The movie becomes fairly formulized at this point. The werewolf picks off victims one by one, and the town shuts its doors in fear. Except one night Marty ventures out on the Silver Bullet to shoot off some fireworks, courtesy of Uncle Red. He finds the werewolf waiting. Quickly, Marty lights and

"NO MATTER WHAT I SAY . . .

DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR."

**—LARRY TALBOT,
THE WOLF MAN**



launches a rainbow rocket, blinding the creature's left eye, which gives him time to escape. Marty confides in his sister about the incident and now their path is clear—who in town has a freshly-missing eye? Who else but Reverend Lowe? Lately haunted by nightmares featuring his congregation—all needing a shave and a manicure and howling at the moon.

**"I'M TOO OLD TO RUN AROUND
PLAYING THE HARDY BOYS MEET
REVEREND WEREWOLF. . ."**
—SILVER BULLET

The children beg Uncle Red to help, but he remains unconvinced that there is a werewolf until Marty has a narrow escape from the *human* Reverend Lowe. Finally, Red becomes a believer and tells the sheriff, who that night decides to pay a visit to the good Reverend. (If everybody went out during the day, it would be smarter, but not as scary.) The sheriff gets shredded and Marty is next on the list.

Jane and Marty ask Uncle Red to have a silver bullet made. He then sends their folks off to New York on a pretext. Together they wait for the next full moon, on Halloween night.

The werewolf arrives as predicted and during the tense climax, Marty manages to put an end to its siege of terror.

Silver Bullet reunited D.E.G.'s Martha Schumacher with director Daniel Attias and creature designer Carlo Rambaldi, who began his association with De Laurentiis on *Barbarella*, the 1968 Jane Fonda vehicle.

Silver Bullet was the fourth King film produced by De Laurentiis (*Dead Zone*, *Firestarter*, and *Cat's Eye* are the others), and as Schumacher remarks: "We had gathered a list of names we thought might be good potential directors for the film, but as soon as we met Dan, there was no question we had our director. He had sensational ideas, he has an excellent reputation, and he was very confident... three important traits."

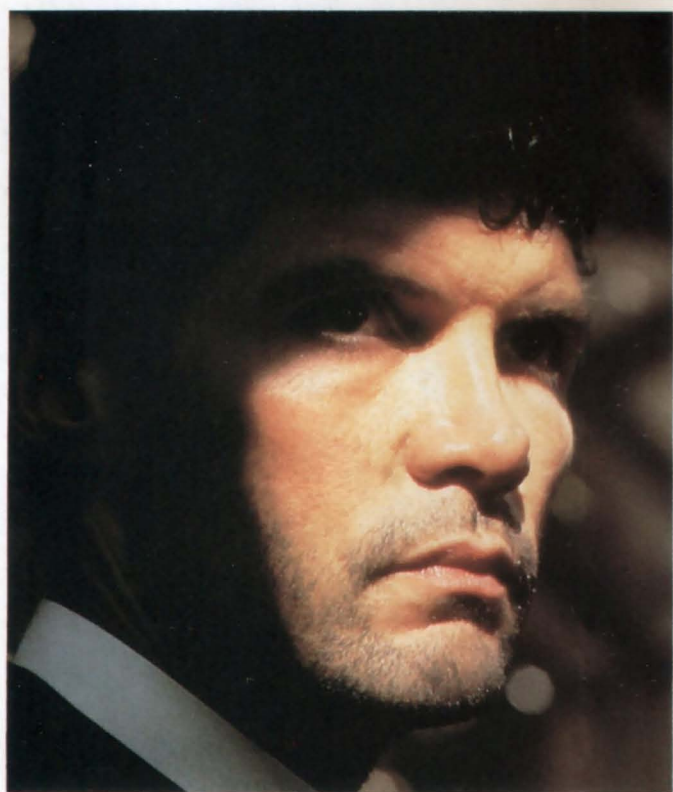
Script in hand, Schumacher offered the picture to Attias, who was a bit nonplussed at the opportunity. "Truthfully, I'm not quite clear on the exact details of how I was chosen to direct this film," Attias says, "except that on a Friday afternoon, I received a call from my agent, and by Monday, I had my first picture as a director. It happened very quickly."

Attias spent three months in pre-production and another eight weeks filming seven million dollars worth of moonlit mayhem. A big chunk of the budget went to special makeup effects. Attias found himself sharing the spotlight on his first film with a group of De Laurentiis veteran stunt and makeup supervisors.

King's script called for the werewolf on camera. Long shots, medium close and extreme close shots required a full body suit for Everett McGill, a number of heads with varying degrees of articulation, and one super-deluxe head with 12 cable controls to curl a lip in a sneer, raise an eyebrow, and bare a fang or two. Although Rambaldi had three months to design the heads and suit, much time was lost trying to accommodate King's concept of a "werewolf with a difference."

Ape-like and dog-like heads were made until De Laurentiis settled on a satisfactory head, although it left Rambaldi with only five weeks to complete the work. (To give an example of the amount of time elaborate makeup effects can consume, when makeup artist Rick Baker was approached to do chimp suits for *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan*, he told the filmmakers he would need two years to plan and execute the suits.)





Five weeks, even with the assistance of makeup artists Michael McCracken, Sr. and Joe Mercurio, did not allow the team to create anything breathtaking. This difficulty may have prompted Attias to limit the werewolf shots to quick, shadowy cuts—an arm here, a paw there, a fang and eyeball elsewhere—rather than allowing the audience a good, long look at a man in a werewolf suit, which is what he had to work with.

The filmmakers did let out the stops for Reverend Lowe's dream sequence, dressing almost 30 actors in a variety of wolf gear. The performers were grouped into A, B, or C classes, depending on articulation and placement, for a group howl culminating in a congregation of wolves at a church service. Transformation scenes were accomplished with the addition or subtraction of appliances augmented by facial movements controlled by air bladders underlying the latex and foam pieces. This device has become *de rigeur* makeup effect since their use in *The Howling* and *An American Werewolf in London*.

The North Carolina town of Burgaw served as the quiet burg of Tarker's Mills, Maine, with location and interior shots equally divided.

Attias cast two relatively unknown young actors in the principal leads, along with Everett McGill (*Quest for Fire*) as the ominous Reverend Lowe, and Academy Award winner Gary Busey in a role that let him walk away with the picture.

The major flaw in *Silver Bullet* is its subject: although both Attias and King strove to accentuate the relationships in the story, the characters and the featured monster suffer from the sort of cinematic shorthand that relies on stereotypes. The sheriff is a stern-jawed, decent guy trying to keep his town together; the bad guy priest is the repressed, sinister type found in a dozen "B" horror flicks; all the men of Tarker's Mills are

not-too-bright, beer-guzzling, unshaven, ill-tempered, and white; the women scream a lot, but don't do much otherwise. The surprises in this film occur because you don't know which corner the wolf is coming from—but you

"I know who you are; I know what you are. Why don't you kill yourself?"

—SILVER BULLET

know from the git-go how it will end. It follows a formula established in the '30s, and it's as if the filmmakers hope that we've been watching all those werewolf movies so they can dispense with tedious explanations. However, nothing is more tedious in a horror movie than the lack of suspense which occurs when you can figure exactly what's going to happen without bothering to watch.

King's script offered some new bite to an old story; unfortunately for *Silver Bullet*, somebody decided to stick with the old saws.

Opposite top: Lunchtime on location for *Silver Bullet*. Getting a hamburger through the masks was a real problem. Everett McGill (opposite center) has a dual role as the menacing Reverend Lowe and the lumbering creature who's blinded by fireworks. Sharp detective work leads the kids to conclude that the Reverend has been moonlighting. They enlist the aid of Uncle Marty (Gary Busey), the man who made the *Silver Bullet*, to investigate the evil.



MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE

In the promotional trailer for this not-last-but-latest adaptation, Stephen King, cloaked in shadow, steps forward into the green-filtered baby spot as he says, "Y'know, a lot of people have made movies out of my stories . . . but I thought it was time I took a crack at doing Stephen King . . . After all, if you want it done right, you have to do it yourself."

Allowing for a bit of hyperbole, that's why Stephen King ended up screenwriting and directing one of his own short story adaptations.

King was reluctant. Dino De Laurentiis had acquired the property—a short story called "Trucks" from the 1978 collection *Night Shift*—and contacted the writer to produce yet another screenplay. King begged off (as he had for *Cats' Eye* and *Silver Bullet*, though he says he was "hypnotized" into doing them), explaining that his busy schedule didn't allow him time. De Laurentiis assigned another writer to produce a treatment which was forwarded to King. Neither of them liked it. King was still not inclined to tackle the screenplay but, at the producer's urging, began to write down some ideas that had been kicking around in his head—wrote them down and wrote them down until he had written the screenplay.

De Laurentiis asked him to direct. King declined. De Laurentiis insisted. King accepted, on the condition that if at any point in the project De Laurentiis felt what was being shot was no good, he would tell King and replace him.

King approached the project with no pretensions:

"I went in with the idea that I was going to make a moron movie. . . ."

A moron movie?

"Yeah . . . they're the best kind of movies there are as far as I'm concerned." the author says. "*Back to the Future* is a

moron movie, *Rambo* is a moron movie, I loved 'em both. I went in there and I made a picture and there are a lot of people shooting at each other and there's some passable characterization, but I was more interested in pace than I was in character. I wanted to make an entertainment."

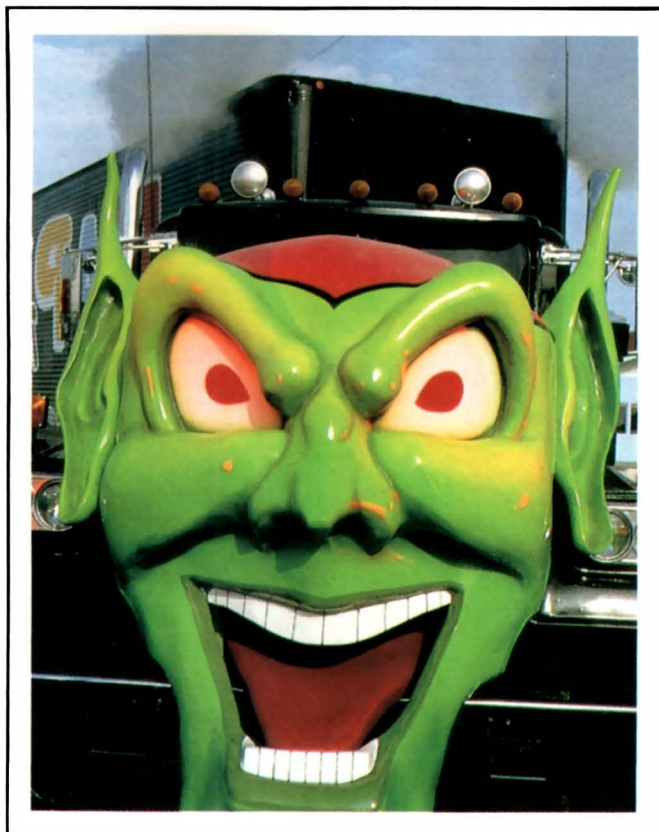
"Trucks" was typical King fare (the phrase "King fare" makes his work sound like something you pick out from a menu, but

there is a consistency of style and content that even King depreciatingly describes as "the Big Mac and fries of literature"): the story is an almost tongue-in-cheek exercise in "what if?" What if all the Peterbilt and Reos and Kenworths and Mack diesel semis took things into their own . . . hands doesn't seem the right word here, but you get the idea. What if they rebelled, usurped their drivers and started to threaten the lives of the humans who made them? King's human characters, a representative collection of flotsam from our nation's highways, are trapped in a—what else?—truck stop, certainly appropriate for the irony inherent in the situation. His no-win scenario ends as the survivors take turns filling the tanks of a line of trucks, a line which stretches back onto the freeway and disappears at the horizon.

King's story was a "what if?" with no "therefore"—the characters essentially sec-

ondary to the scenario, what King calls a "situational" tale: "I write about what happens when a bunch of people are in a situation where everything is inexplicable," he says.

To succeed on screen, King's first job as a screenwriter was to develop complete characters with whom the audience could identify, then develop a storyline that allows a solid ending rather than the no-win, no-way-out anti-climax of the original story.



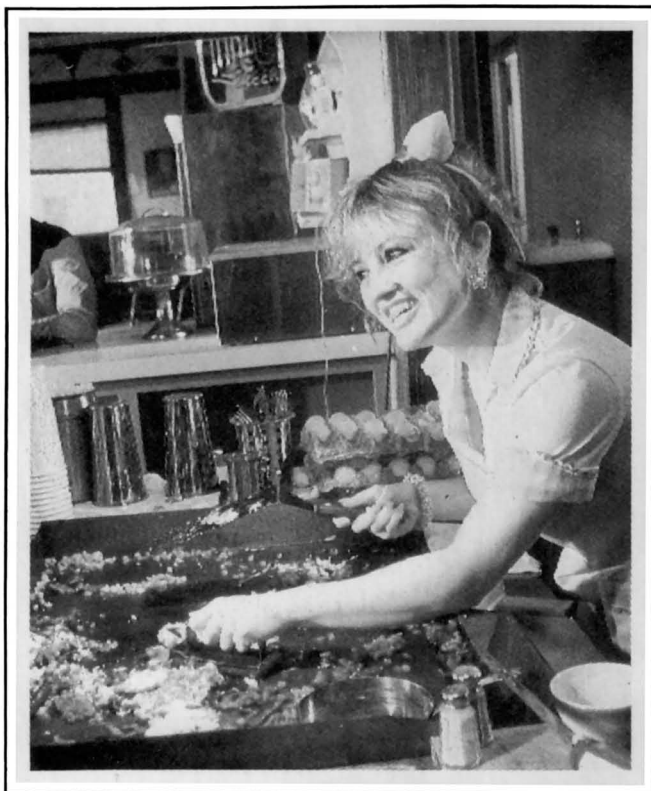


Top: A *Maximum Overdrive* co-star gasses up the deadly Green Goblin truck, leader of the terror brigade. Bottom: *Maximum Overdrive* allowed Stephen King to play director for the first time. His stars—including Emilio Estevez and Pat Hingle—look on in awe.



**"HE SLAMMED OUT THE DOOR
AND THEN HE WAS SPRINTING
ACROSS THE GRAVEL TOWARD THE
DRAINAGE DITCH ON THE LEFT.
TWO OF THE TRUCKS LUNGED
AFTER HIM, SMOKESTACKS BLOW-
ING DIESEL EXHAUST DARK BROWN
AGAINST THE SKY, HUGE REAR
WHEELS MACHING-GUNNING GRAVEL
UP IN SPRAYS."**

—"Trucks"



The film centers on the Dixie Boy Truck Stop—one of those fly-specked, greasy, two-bit roadside stands that seem to have clones from New York to Los Angeles, with the same sort of customers always perched on a counter stool or tucked on one side of a formica-topped table. Behind the counter is parolee Bill Robinson (Emilio Estevez). He flips burgers and slings hash for the Dixie Boy's owner, played by Pat Hingle. The gum-chewing, blowsy waitress, kind of a sweet version of Flo from the TV series *Alice*, is played by Ellen McDuff.

As the Earth passes through the tail of a comet, little things start to go wrong in town, a wind-up toy car attacks a dog; pop machines, toasters, and coffee pots all over the community begin an insurrection; automatic tellers and electronic billboards start to tell people what they really think. The machines turn to outright revolt as King cuts to the chase. People in cars are inexplicably attacked out on the interstate. Newlyweds Kurt and Connie (John Short and Yardley Smith) narrowly escape demolition on the highway and hightail it into the Dixie Boy for sanctuary.

Meanwhile, inside the Dixie Boy, an electronic carver gets out of control, the juke box goes bananas and, before anyone

realizes something is really wrong, they look out to see the driveway filled with huge trucks, lots of trucks—and no drivers.

The big semis start an Indian circle around the dinner, picking off the brave (i.e. incredibly foolish) souls as they try to escape from the building.

The circling semi's are joined by the King Pin—a big "Happy Toyz" truck and trailer sporting an eight foot, leering Green Goblin head on the front end, which lends an air of sentience to the

machinery. The Happy Toyz truck seems to understand that he (it?) and his (its?) companion's immediate problem is running out of gas.

A front loader chugs up to the front of the Dixie Boy, waving the big blade menacingly in an attempt to intimidate the prisoners into being the vehicles' gas pump slaves. This final indignity forces Bill into action. Bill does a little commando raid on a neighborhood arsenal, seizing a rocket launcher and some ammo, determined to fight his way free.

The climax is a confrontation between the Goblin and Bill's small band of survivors—can a well-placed rocket end the short (but promising) leadership of the Goblin?

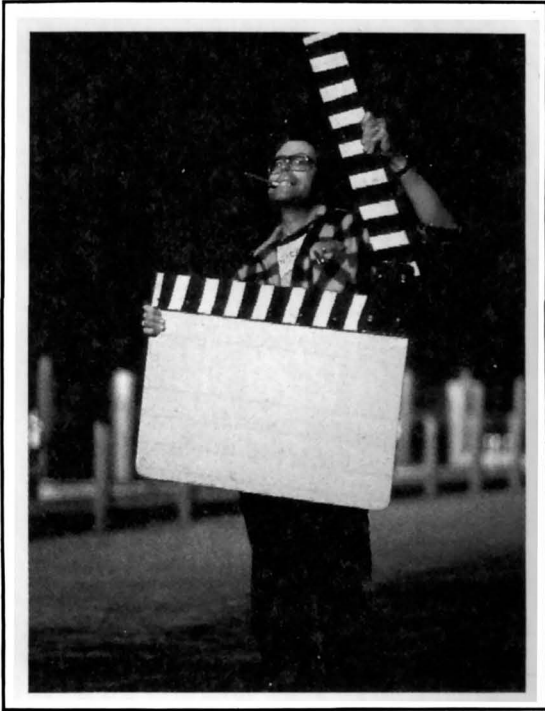
Hell yes, though the battle results in the demolition of most of the trucks and all of the Dixie Boy Truck Stop.

Bill and the rag-tag survivors set out on foot, and off the pavement to be sure, in a world where man may get his comeuppance at the hand...er, wheel...of his own creation—maybe to make room for somebody else.

Of directing, King confesses: "I wish someone had told me how little I knew and how grueling it was going to be. I didn't know how little I knew about the mechanics and the politics of filmmaking. People walk around the director with this 'don't wake the baby' attitude. Nobody wants to tell you this, that, or the other thing if it's bad news.

"I went in assuming if somebody's says, 'We're going to give you this, or this is what's going to happen,' then it is going to happen, because, when I promise somebody something, it happens.

Opposite page: Even the watermelons will have their day—thanks to Stephen King—director! Some critics still say that Stephen King movies are larger than life. Below right: Waitress Wanda June smiles before the horror begins. How can King (bottom) trust this *Maximum Overdrive* steamroller?





Trucks take out their frustrations on the human race in *Maximum Overdrive*, Stephen King's latest collaboration with movie mogul Dino De Laurentiis. Emilio Estevez enjoyed working with first-time director King. *Maximum Overdrive*—in all its explosive glory—was filmed in North Carolina.

"But that isn't always the way it works in the movies."

King began pre-production working for a short while with a storyboard artist to get an idea how certain things could be done. Unit publicist Mike Klastorin relates, "Stephen is a person who has worked alone most of his life; he supervises himself and dictates his own working standards and routines. But, as a director, he was forced into a situation where he needed the help of all these other people—and he was never afraid or ashamed to ask for it. He just dived in—the most amazing thing to me was, here we were doing a film for 12, 13, 14 hours a day, and then Stephen would go home and write!"

Filming began July 14, 1985, near (once again) Wilmington, North Carolina. At a location about 10 miles outside of town at the edge of a highway, the company constructed the Dixie Boy as a facsimile of a working truck stop. It was convincing enough that more than one trucker stopped in for some java. Eventually, the production was forced to place an announcement in the local papers advising residents that the Dixie Boy was a prop. Of the \$10 million allotted for *Maximum Overdrive*, most was spent on location shooting, the Dixie Boy set, and the hardware—big diesel semi-trailer tractors, vans, frontloaders, a bus or two, and assorted other vehicles.

"I argued very hard to get \$100,000 for a truck 'hospital' fund," says King. "They were taking such a beating. I never got it though, and I think it hurt us a little bit in the end. I had to make some compromises there."

Trucks were run into cars, into buildings, into culverts, and into each other. They were bashed, overturned, burned and blown up. One sequence called for a Miller beer truck to explode, sending gross after gross of cases flying over the countryside. Trouble was, full cans of beer don't scatter nearly as well as empties. Though Miller was happy to provide product in exchange for on-screen promotion, the cans were all full. Thousands of them. Klastorin reports, "Crew members were encouraged to take beer home and bring back the cans. But there was too much beer, even for a film crew." The rest were emptied by hand, resulting in a very satisfying shower of aluminum upon impact.

"I got to blow up a lot of things. I liked that," King explains.

Before principal photography wrapped on October 2, King got an intense "how-to" course in filmmaking.

"I had to make my share of compromises, but I think that if anything astonished me, it was how much more I could get than I thought I could get," King explains. "Do you under-

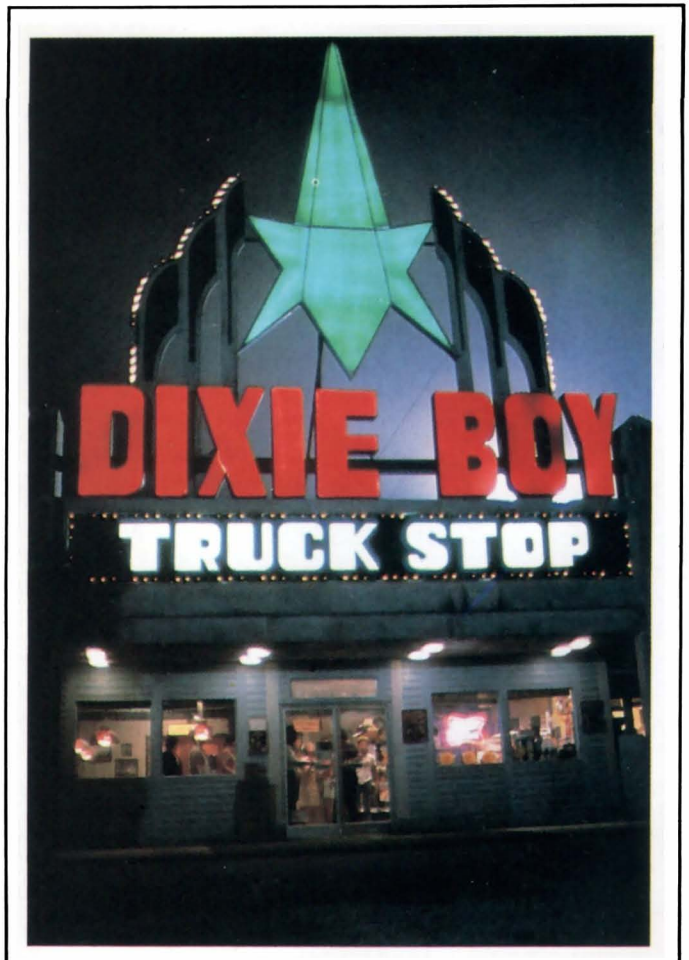
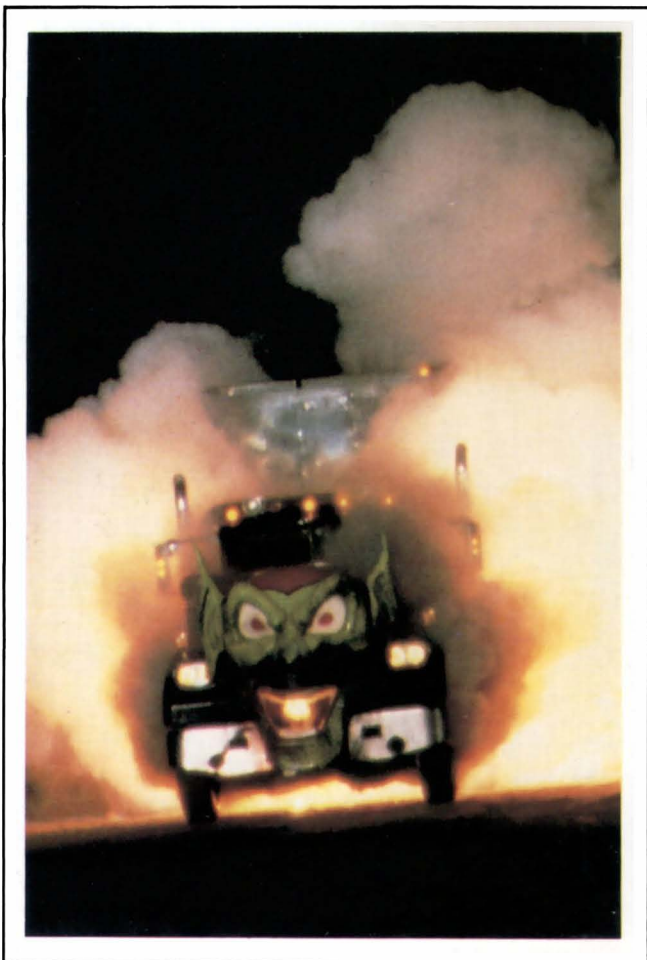
stand what I mean? I got more from my actors than I thought I could get from them. I got more from special effects than I thought I could get from them; from film editing, from the camera department, everything. I guess I didn't realize how good they were, and how clearly they

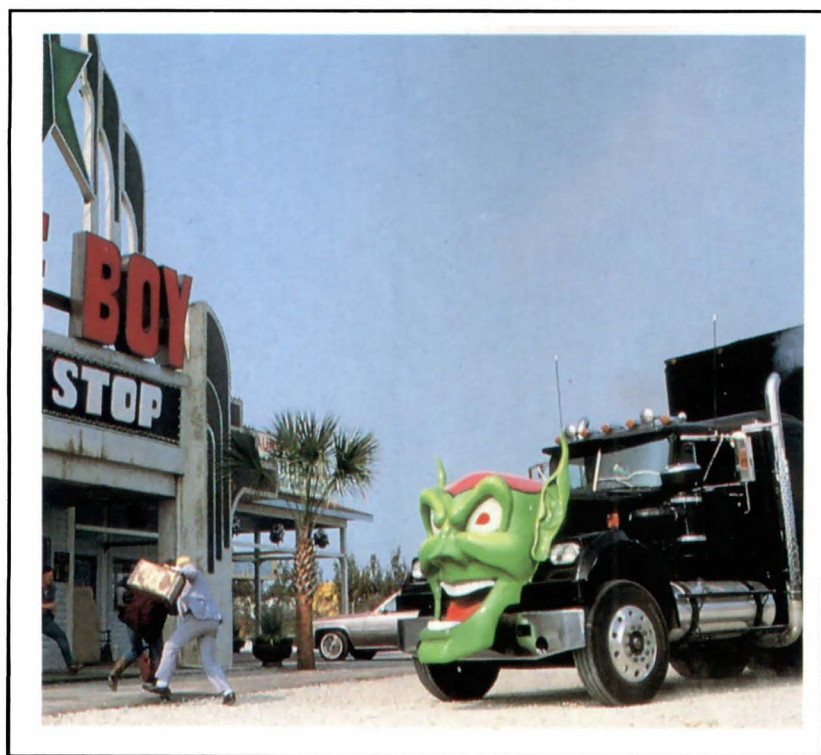
thought."

King also acted as second unit director—picking up shots that didn't require the actors' presence. One of his first lessons came from cinematographer Armand Nannuzzi and his camera



**"BACK TO THE CAVES.
DRAWING PICTURES IN CHAR-
COAL. THIS IS THE MOON GOD.
THIS IS A TREE. THIS A MACK
SEMI OVERWHELMING A HUNTER."
—"Trucks"**





King makes a cameo appearance in *Maximum Overdrive* and experiences some troubles with a computerized bank teller machine (top). The FX people constructed their very own truck stop for the movie. Low pay and cheap tips aren't the only things that plague waitress Wanda June (above right). The machines have plans—and they don't necessarily include human beings. Opposite page: It's not a dog's world anymore either. Nevertheless, Emilio Estevez and friends try to come up with a new line of strategy.

operator, whom King had requested after seeing their work on *Silver Bullet*.

"We were shooting, I had no second unit crew, and we shot a lot of the second unit stuff first," King relates. "So, we were filming a truck, a dump truck, and the action it was supposed to take was the clutch pedal was supposed to go in, the gear shift was supposed to move by itself, and the gas pedal was supposed to go down. These were three separate shots, and I had a special effects guy running wires underneath to make these things happen. And the clutch pedal was fine, it went down and it went out, and the brake pedal was fine, and the gas pedal was fine, but we couldn't get the transmission. The light was wrong. We kept getting reflections of these lights on the inside of the windshield. Keep in mind this is on my *third* day of shooting.

"So, I said, 'This is no problem, we'll go around and shoot it from the other side.' And everybody just stopped and looked at me like I had made a real loud fart at a party. Here's this guy with this great big ripe booger hanging out of his nose; who is going to tell him it's there? So, finally, they all grouped together in a little huddle, and I knew I had made some kind of mistake. Finally, the camera operator said, 'I speak to you?' and I said, 'Sure,' and he said, very rapidly, 'You can't do this.' I said, 'Why not?' and he said, 'Is across the axis.' So, I said, 'What axis?' and he just gave me this blank look, and I thought, uh-oh. I had a model, and he took me in and used the little lead figures I had been using for blocking to show me that you can't go around and shoot from the other side in that sort of a situation, because the audience becomes disoriented in space. I never really understood it, but by the third week, I stopped even trying to go across. I understood *where* it was, but I didn't understand *why*, until about three-quarters of the way through the shoot, when out of desperation, the film editor cut in some of that 'across the axis' footage in a love scene, then I immediately saw what it was and grasped it."

Despite some stumbles and the awkwardness of his new role, King summarized his experience succinctly: "I had a good crew, and we worked really hard, and we came in under budget, ahead of schedule, and I'm happy with the picture. I think I was all right when I trusted my instincts."

Klastorin adds: "It was a big learning experience for Stephen—and he was very open. Basically, anybody could come up to him and say, 'How about doing this?' or, 'I don't really like that,' and he would listen—they would not be dismissed. And when I say anybody, I mean *anybody* on the crew."

Though he's quite firm about *not* wanting to direct again any time soon, King admits this first outing didn't entirely eliminate the urge to direct.

"My curiosity isn't satisfied yet," he says. "I did the job; now I'm in a position to satisfy my curiosity, and I'll see what happens. For exam-

ples. For example, the first time you get laid, you don't get *want* to get laid, you get laid so that you can say to yourself, well, I don't have to go through that again. That is to say, that part of it's over. Then, you say to yourself at some point, I would like to get laid again because that was fun, or because now I think I could do it better. And that's certainly true of the movie. If I did it again, I would know what to do. And I met many people who worked really hard for me. I would know who to ask."



**"JESUS is coming, and is He
pissed . . ."**
—**MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE**

STAND By ME

Although Stephen King had successfully courted the reading public since 1976, the romance hit the skids in 1981. The novel *Cujo* had been released—a good effort if not his strongest work—to the resounding criticism of, “Well, fine, yes it’s scary, but can’t this guy write anything that’s not horror?”

Of course he can. Does. Has. This kind of criticism is at a moronic level only exceeded by the man who asked Pablo Picasso why he couldn’t paint anything that looked real. Picasso replied: “I can. But then it would not be Picasso.”

King’s natural form of expression is the macabre—as he remarks, “Sooner or later, my mind always seems to turn back in that direction, God knows why.” Nonetheless, after *Cujo*, King’s next book was a collection of novellas titled *Different Seasons*, which were, in King’s words, “just sort of ordinary stories.” Literary critics took credit for the release and were ready to pounce on King’s change of venue; nothing seems to delight them more than chiding an author out of a chosen form into an area where he may flounder. They circle like buzzards, prodding the doomed writer on a course deeper into unfamiliar territory—where they can peck at his corpse in leisure.

The novellas were works that King had written over a period of 10 years, never submitting them for publication due to their ungainly length, until he suggested to his editor Alan Williams that they be collected and published in lieu of the next novel. “Each one of these longish stories was written immediately after completing a novel,” King remarked in *Different Seasons’* afterword. “It’s as if I’ve always finished the big job with just enough gas left in the tank to blow off one good-sized novella.” No one knows if King was holding his breath in anticipation of critical backlash after *Different Seasons’* release, but he needn’t have worried. The word came back: “Yeah, the guy can write stuff that’s not scary. And, you know, he writes good!”

The buzzards circle off for easier prey. . .

Of the four stories in *Different Seasons*—“Rita Hayworth and the Shawshank Redemption,” “The Body,” “Apt Pupil” and

“The Breathing Method”—“The Body” seemed clearly to be the first glimpse at some biographical material. The story remained unoptioned until late in 1983, when screenwriters Bruce Evans and Ray Gideon contacted King’s agent Kirby McCauley about the property’s availability. McCauley seemed uncharacteristically coy—the story was available, but, no, Stephen did not want to sell it, he had promised it elsewhere—leading the writers to conclude that there was something about the story too close to home for King to let just anyone have it, regardless of the price.

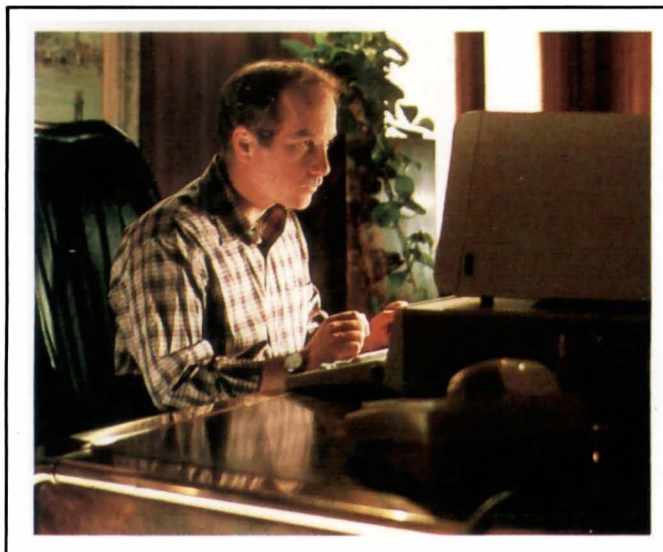
Evans and Gideon were fans of the author and had no intention of doing anything

other than treating the story with great respect, but they had two problems. One was meeting McCauley’s price (around \$100,000 for the rights), the second, convincing King to let them do it. King may have been unwilling to let another of his “children” out in the jungle of filmmaking to have its little arms and legs chopped off.

Evans and Gideon were persistent. Eventually, with the persuasive help of director Adrian Lyne, who wanted to take the project to Embassy Pictures where he had a development deal, the three of them “beat Kirby into a

corner for nine months” according to Evans, until a satisfactory arrangement was made.

There was undoubtedly some hesitation on King’s part, for “The Body” seems to be a glimpse at his past—not the past of a fictional character, where the truth can be buried in the onion layers of a hundred other truths, to create the past of someone who never existed. The truth here seems to be just under the surface, a face floating up from underwater to rest just below the waves, only slightly obscured. Other than a 1982 interview in *Playboy* magazine, in which King touched briefly on his upbringing and familial relationships, he has been particularly discreet about his family. In fact, he has been downright close-mouthed. In “The Body,” we get more than a glimpse, we get to scrutinize a life—in a story taking place over two days.





Opposite page: The adult Gordie: the man who would be King? Above: *The Body* boys (Will Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell and Corey Feldman) go on their fateful search. Meanwhile (right), a trio of older punks want to know where the corpse came from.





The Body" is stories within stories, framed by the tale of four boys, teetering on the edge of puberty, who go off in search of the body of a boy their own age rumored killed by a train a few miles out of town. One of the boys, Gordie, is the narrator. The story begins in the now, a reminiscence of the adult Gordie's childhood adventure. Internal to the story, as the narrator weaves the past into the present and back again, are excerpts from *Stud City*, a novel the 12-year-old Gordie will write and the adult Gordie recalls. The 12-year-old Gordie tells stories to his companions in that past time—some of which appear as dialogue, some of which appear transmorgified in the passages excerpted from *Stud City*—which is, of course, part of "The Body," which is, in turn, part of *Different Seasons*.

At times, the story seems more like a hall of mirrors in which King is reflected 100-fold on 10 panes of glass—an elusive and maddening reflection of the truth. But, as King remarks, "A lot of 'The Body' is true—but most of it is lies. As a writer, you tell things the way they should have turned out—not the way they did."

"The Body" is King's coming-of-age story; a path well worn by generations of writers—and generations of filmmakers.

The story's sensibility and complexity make it particularly difficult to adapt to the screen. After a few personnel changes, the job eventually fell into the hands of director Rob Reiner, whose previous effort, *The Sure Thing*, was well received critically, but failed to entice moviegoers away from competition like *Rambo*.

If Reiner was just getting his legs as a director during *The Sure Thing* (only his second film; his first was the pseudo-"rockumentary" *This is Spinal Tap*), he hit his stride with *The Body*: it is a film best capturing what has eluded virtually every other King adaptation.

Simply put, it is *King*, on screen, carefully choreographed and lovingly translated, containing all the rare, quirky wisdom that informs King's characterizations. This may seem like enough adjectives to make even a publicist blush, but after a long dry stretch of near misses and some definite clunkers, *The Body*—retitled and released as *Stand By Me*—is an oasis.

As the film opens, a driver pulls to the side of the road and becomes nostalgic upon visiting his boyhood town. We travel back with him to the year 1960, at the height of a Bradbury summer in Castle Rock, Maine, where we intrude inside a treehouse. Three boys are playing cards, smoking, spitting and swearing—generally behaving as boys do when left to themselves. One member is missing and soon appears—buffoonish, overweight Vern, ridiculed by everyone but accepted, at least

included, by Teddy, Chris and Gordie.

Vern has overheard his (loathed and envied) older brother telling a friend about the body they saw of a boy thought lost from a neighboring town. The older brother has sworn the friend to secrecy—but Vern makes a beeline for the club-house. "Let's us find it. We'll be in the papers."

In a 12-year-olds' search for glory, they set off, lying for one another to cover what will be an overnight adventure.

Four more disparate boys you never saw. Gordie—our narrator—is reflective, with an adult sensibility and a gift for storytelling. You know that everything he sees and does is stored, smoothed and examined, and returned.

Chris, the oldest, shows some of the scars of a rough home life. He is street savvy and suspicious, alienated—though more than any of them, he needs approval and acceptance.

Vern is . . . well . . . Vern is average, predictable. Why are we so sure he'll grow up to sell insurance? He's anonymous.

And Teddy. Teddy is the boy (everybody knows one) whose shirts always come untucked, whose glasses are taped with white adhesive at the nose bridge or the corner, whose careless belly hangs over too tight pants, and will do anything—anything—to prove he's fearless. These boys are archetypes of every Chris, Vern and Teddy you ever knew, and you love them for it, achingly.

The adventures of the four that day and the next are a *Boy's Own* tale of in jokes, local myth—a narrow miss with the sinister caretaker at the local junkyard and the ominous "Chopper," his bloodthirsty four-legged charge—a little danger and a lot of self-revelation and growing up. There is the double dare that causes a narrow escape on the train tracks, an episode of night fears forcing close-mouthed Chris into a difficult confession, a swim in a pond that leaves the boys covered with leeches—a whole summer vacation's worth of incidents crammed into a two-day jaunt.

There's a certain sense that the boys know this is *it*—the last time, the last summer they will be as close to one another and as close to life. The film story is a metaphor for the elusive passage from untroubled innocence to an adult awareness of mortality. The boys *do* find the body, and discover a finality in death that is hinted at from the start—and as they cross over, the film crystallizes the moment.

Reiner confesses that, prior to reading the script for *The Body*, he wasn't a King fan: "I knew of him, and he's obviously the most successful writer in America. I saw *Carrie* and I thought that was a pretty interesting movie, but I've never been a horror fan. I thought that was all he did."



Reiner's partner and close friend Andy Schienman gave the Gideon/Evans script to Reiner solely to solicit his opinion. (At the time, Schienman was committed to Adrian Lyne, a hot director after the success of *Flashdance*, and already signed up for a MGM's steamy *9 1/2 Weeks*.) "Andy gave the script to me as a friend," Reiner recalls, "and asked what I thought of it. I read it and thought 'God, this is a Stephen King story?' Then, I went and read the short story it was based on and I thought, 'Wow, what an incredibly talented, gifted writer this is.' "

Reiner reportedly told Schienman that if Lyne was unable to free himself from other commitments, Reiner wanted to take over the reins.

Ultimately, Lyne did get hung up filming *9 1/2 Weeks* and Reiner stepped in. Because he had been initially consulted to help with some "rough spots" in the Schienman/Gideon/Evans script, the next step was a rewrite. "The four of us sat in a room and worked for three months developing the script we actually shot." Screenwriter Bruce Evans recalls the rewriting a little more sharply: "The rewrite sessions were very stormy, as they should be. It's like somebody once said, 'Polite story sessions make polite movies.' They were not polite, they were screaming sessions. But, then, we made a hell of a movie together."

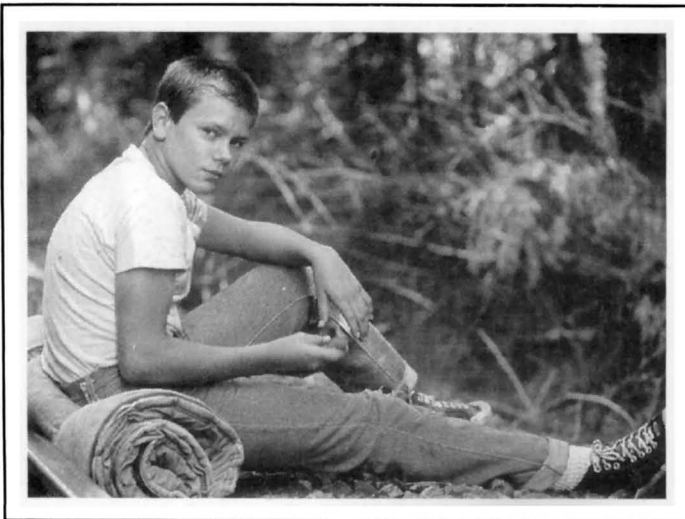
"I decided to make Gordie the film's focus," Reiner recalls, noting the difficulty of translating the multi-layered, internal story into pictures. "It's mostly Gordie's story, even though it is the story of the adventures of four boys. What intrigued me about it when I read the short story was the literacy of the piece, the intelligence—but I had no real idea of what the *film* was going to be about. I took the job not knowing what I was going to do with it.

"You know, I had migraines trying to figure it out. Then, it hit me," Reiner continues. "I started questioning why Stephen King wrote this piece—it's so obviously autobiographical. What led him to write this particular piece? So *that* became the focus—in essence, what led Stephen King to become a writer? I hit on the idea of the father not understanding him, and how his best friend was able to corroborate him . . . those things

**"I WAS 12 GOING ON 13 WHEN
FIRST SAW A DEAD HUMAN BEING.
IT HAPPENED IN 1960, A LONG
TIME AGO . . . ALTHOUGH SOME-
TIMES IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT
LONG TO ME. ESPECIALLY ON THE
NIGHTS I WAKE UP FROM DREAMS
WHERE THE HAIL FALLS INTO HIS
OPEN EYES."**

—"The Body"

Chris comforts Gordie (opposite page) while the type who always make life miserable for sensitive intellectuals sneers (above).



Left: River Phoenix plays Chris. His adventures, like many King stories, are set in Castle Rock, Maine. Director Rob Reiner (below) says that author King was choked up after viewing his version of "The Body." Reiner and his casting agents went through scores of young actors before settling on this talented foursome (opposite page).

started coming out. . . and I had the focus."

Another aspect which created some difficulties for the filmmakers was the four young leads. *Stand By Me* is an unusual story in that the adults populating the town, as well as the parents governing the boys' lives, are almost invisible. Their presence is felt as the boys refer to them, but—as in Disney's *Lady and the Tramp* where you see little of "Jim Dear" and "Darling" except their kneecaps—they are simply not palpable. Reiner's adults are cameos, caricatures; the movie rests entirely on the demanding roles of the four boys.

Reiner didn't have any particular young actors in mind when he set about casting the roles of Gordie, Chris, Vern and Teddy. "Basically, we were casting four 12-year-old boys, and there's not a lot of 12-year-olds who are famous. We saw them, the actors, individually in auditions, and then we brought them in in pairs, then fours, then looked at them on videotape."

Ultimately, Reiner selected Will Wheaton to play Gordie, Corey Feldman (*Gremlins*, *Goonies*) as Teddy. Jerry O'Connell was cast as Vern and River Phoenix (*Explorers*) as Chris.

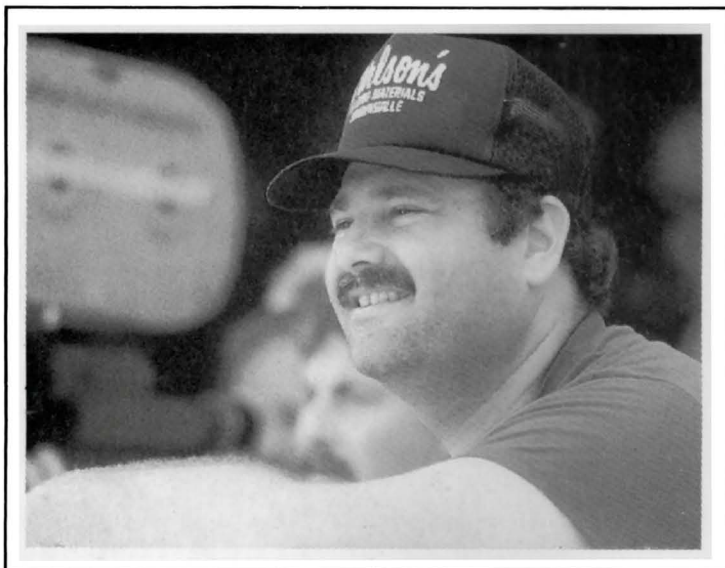
"The only one we decided on right away was River—that's his given name. He comes from a very unusual family, a terrific bunch of people who have named their five kids River, Leaf, Rainbow, Liberty and Summer," Reiner says. "When River read, we were all knocked out. He's an extraordinary talent and I think he's going to be a star. Really, all the kids are exceptional talents."

After all casting decisions had been made, locations scouted and two months of pre-production allotted to plan the schedule of 60 days principal photography, the production crew headed north from Los Angeles to location. Of the 120 minutes footage of *Stand By Me*, almost 100 minutes is outdoors, an unusual

turnabout in contemporary Hollywood where almost anything can be made indoors—and is.

King's story is set in the mythical Castle Rock, Maine, a community akin to H.P. Lovecraft's Arkham and Ray Bradbury's Green Town which appears or is referred to many times in the body of his work. Castle Rock is the community where the Cambers' dog Cujo went rabid one summer, the next town over from Cumberland and 'Salem's Lot, near Sheriff Bannerman's territory where Johnny Smith helped solve a couple of murders. In order to achieve the small town,

Bradburyesque feeling of Castle Rock in the King story, Reiner chose locations outlying Eugene, Oregon—towns like Brownsville and Cottage Grove. The production company then traveled south to Burnie, California, about an hour outside Redding, for the trestle sequence that is one of the more eventful scenes in the film. The boys have been following the tracks on their hike and have to hazard a dash over the trestle. If a train should come while they are midway. . . well. . .



"AND THEN CHRIS WAS BELOW US AND TO THE RIGHT, AND TEDDY WAS BEHIND HIM, HIS GLASSES FLASHING BACK ARCS OF SUNLIGHT, AND THEY WERE BOTH MOUTHING A SINGLE WORD AND THE WORD WAS *jump!* BUT THE TRAIN HAD SUCKED ALL THE BLOOD OUT OF THE WORD, LEAVING ONLY ITS SHAPE IN THEIR MOUTHS. THE TRESTLE BEGAN TO SHAKE AS THE TRAIN CHARGED ACROSS IT. WE JUMPED."

—"The Body"



Gideon adds, "I don't see his reputation as a negative. You have to take the approach of telling the public—'You think you know Stephen King? You think you know Rob Reiner? Well, you don't know shit.'"

Evans agrees. "The trick is to convince the core group of Stephen King lovers that this is good Stephen King."

Evidently all concerned were locked into the notion the movie needed Stephen King's name to get anywhere. And rightly so. *Stand By Me* is what is known in Hollywood as a "soft" story—non-violent, non-sexual, no big name stars, no big buck effects and not much going on. It sounds almost like a formula for disaster in the '80s film environment of megadough extravaganzas. However, the producers banked on the notion that King's heart-tugging, bittersweet, coming-of-age story would strike a resonant chord with filmgoers of all ages—and that they would bring their friends to share what has become a rare experience in theaters—the universal appeal of a good story well told.

At nearby Lake Britain, an old wooden trestle exists, looking as if it were plucked directly from King's imagination and straddled conveniently over a river, spanning 150 yards of chasm with 90 feet of airspace below.

Reiner found the whole experience a little hairy: "We had the cameras and the crew up on these cliffs—strapped in. If the kids had to be out on the trestles, we used safety lines, though most of the wide shots feature doubles—particularly when the train starts rumbling down the trestle."

"It got very scary at times because, for the whole nine days we worked at that location, the wind would kick up about 3:00 p.m. and you felt like you were going to get blown off the cliff—this white dirt would start flying around your head. It was really scary. . . . I mean, I'm not good with heights. . . ." fearless director Reiner trails off with instant and terrifying recall.

The rest of the shooting schedule was fairly uneventful. The film was completed on time, and within the \$7.5 million budget, fairly low by recent standards.

Reiner's real apprehension didn't concern the filming—he seemed more worried about doing justice to a story he loved.

"I only had one conversation with Stephen before we went

off to do the screenplay. I told him what my intentions were and he really didn't want to talk to me all that much."

Reiner was a little uneasy when the film was finally screened for King on the East Coast in February 1986.

"After meeting him, after he saw the film, I understood why he had been so reluctant," Reiner says. "After the screening he appeared very, very moved and really couldn't even talk to us. He said, 'I have to go away.' And he went away for about 15 minutes. Then, he came back and we sat around and talked about it and he told us how much of the story had been his life—and how upsetting it was to him. He told me that, in fact, all three of his buddies had died. His best friend Chris had been killed in a truck hijacking—he was in law school at the time and was driving a truck to make ends meet and the truck was hijacked and he was murdered. There was a trestle—no train ever came on it, but there was a trestle that they used to have to cross, and they used to dare each other and all. . . . He said it was upsetting to sit there and see all these kids he grew up with on screen, brought back to life when—well, you can't ever get them back."

In fact, King loved the movie—but did point out the major difficulty the filmmakers face. "The reason people keep coming back to buy my books is because there is a particular flavor to them—it's something they've come to crave. They don't say to themselves, 'This Stephen King book looks particularly interesting,' they go back and say, 'This is a Stephen King book and I will get that flavor'—the way that someone who likes coffee will go and say 'I want coffee, I want Maxwell House coffee.'"

"And it's the same reason they don't go to the movies; they say, 'Aw, it's just another shitty adaptation of a Stephen King book.'"

Both Reiner and screenwriters Gideon and Evans admit *Stand By Me*'s biggest problem is overcoming King's reputation as a horror writer and the common thinking that no one can make a good movie out of his stories.

"It won't be a problem if the film is handled properly," asserts Reiner. "The marketing people must make people aware of the fact that this is very uncharacteristic of what they have come to know as a Stephen King story."

SALEM'S LOT

Television movies, those awkward bastard children of theatrical features, are what they are most of the time due to spread sheets. A good property can attract x number of dollars in advertising, so x dollars may be spent on the production, a figure substantially less than the projected advertising sales. If all the commercial time is sold at a favorable rate, they keep the doors to the executive washroom open a little longer.

This isn't necessarily a bad thing—a weak property doesn't attract big-budget advertisers. There is an impetus to provide good-quality entertainment (or a reasonable facsimile) that potential advertisers believe will attract more viewers than whatever is on the other channels.

The bottom line, however, the prime motivator behind everything on television is to discourage you, the viewer, from performing the physical act of touching that dial to see what else is on. Once they lose you—that's it. The cumulative power of millions of dollars, hundreds of hours of labor, years of research and development is effectively neutralized by your fingertips.

Does that give you an awesome sense of power, or what? This rationale underscores the unique pressures molding any production; and explains how rare are the occurrences of good storytelling and good cinema. With all the crippling exigencies, it's a wonder the child can walk at all.

Warner Bros. Studios negotiated and bought the film rights for *'Salem's Lot* in 1977, on the heels of *Carrie's* surprising success. Screenwriter Stirling Silliphant (*In the Heat of the Night*) was behind the purchase, and pushed Warners into developing the property as soon as possible. Several screenplays were commissioned; Silliphant wrote one, Larry

Cohen, Bob Getschell and, though he had originally declined, Stephen King were also asked to take a whirl. In the preliminary development, several directors were considered, among them George Romero, William Friedkin and Tobe Hooper, but the whole project stalled when no one came up with a satisfactory adaptation for a two-hour feature.

'Salem's Lot floundered for two years until Richard Kobritz, then an executive in Warners' Television division, lobbied to have the property turned over to his desk. He had the insight

to understand that time was the enemy for the script writers—his first suggestion was to develop *'Salem's Lot* as a mini-series. When he got the go-ahead, Kobritz assigned screenwriter Paul Monash (*Carrie's* producer) to shoehorn the 427-page novel into 210 pages of script.

Monash's script convinced CBS to pick up the project and the producers promised to deliver 3½ hours of *'Salem's Lot* by November 1979, for airdates on the 17th and 24th, consecutive Saturdays. Kobritz witnessed the first shaky steps of his toddler the beginning of that year.

King admits that *'Salem's Lot* owes a great deal to Bram Stoker's horror masterpiece *Dracula*. King notes in *Danse Macabre*, "...after a while, it began to seem to me what I was doing was playing an interesting—to me, at least—game of literary racquet ball: *'Salem's Lot* itself was the ball and *Dracula* was the wall I kept hitting it against, watching to

see how and where it would bounce, so I could hit it again." When the ball finally came to rest, King had produced a novel that left the reader feeling Bram Stoker had come back from the dead and rewritten *Peyton Place*. Though mostly about vampires, *'Salem's Lot* is, in part, a study of small-town



mentality, small-town suspicions, and the ways in which geographical and economic isolation create social inbreeding. King created a metaphor for the small-town phenomenon when, instead of the townsfolk feeding on the neighborhood dramas, they simply feed on the neighbors.

The show that aired in November 1979 took a few short-cuts in King's storyline, but retained the substance and made some noteworthy additions.

David Soul stars as Ben Mears, a young writer returning to his hometown to write

a book about 'Salem's Lot, although we quickly learn his concern is the ominous Marsten House perched atop a hill overlooking the town. The house has an evil history, and because Mears believes it may both attract and create evil, he is particularly curious about the new owners, Richard Throckett Straker (James Mason) and Kurt Barlow (Reggie Nalder). Straker, an urban, impeccable European, has set up their antique business in town. Mr. Barlow is absent, though Straker promises his impending arrival.

Mears takes a room at the local boarding house and begins his reacquaintance with 'Salem's Lot. He meets proprietor Eva Miller and her ex-lover Weasel (re-teaming Marie Windsor and Elisha Cook, Jr. as they were in Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing* 23 years earlier); Constable Parkins Gillespie (Kenneth McMillan); and former English teacher Matt Burke (Lew Ayres). He kindles a romance with Susan Norton (Bonnie Bedelia).

Mears is inexorably drawn to Marsten House where one night he meets Straker and becomes upset by the European's unsettling presence. Mears shakes it off and goes to meet Susan's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Norton, for dinner—to enjoy what will be the last peaceful night of his life.

Straker has given real estate agent Larry Crockett (Fred Willard) instructions for a crate to be delivered to the house. Larry instructs layabout Cully Sawyer to attend to the job, but he asks two locals to take his place. Gravedigger Mike Ryerson and plumber Ned Tebbits have an eerie experience with the crate while, elsewhere, Larry is having an extra-marital experience with Cully Sawyer's wife, Bonnie, while, elsewhere, two young boys are having a fatal experience with the sinister Mr. Straker.

The crate is delivered, Cully catches Larry and Bonnie (terrifying him with a shotgun), and one of the boys, Ralphie Glick, has disappeared. Larry escapes Cully's revenge, but turns up dead.

Straker returns to Marsten House with a small bundle, which he leaves in the basement near the demolished crate. It is the body of Ralphie Glick.

In the next few days, Constable Gillespie suspects Straker of the Glick boy's disappearance, but he has his hands full with a dying town: Danny Glick dies in the hospital after a chilling visit from his dead brother who has become a vampire. Mike Ryerson becomes ill after burying Danny and dies a day later in the home of Matthew Burke. Burke calls Mears to look at the body, and it is Mears who begins to suspect the unbelievable.

By the next night, there are many more believers. Ryerson returns to visit Matt Burke, who fends him off with a crucifix but succumbs to a heart attack. A local boy, Mark Petrie (Lance Kerwin), is visited by the ghoul of Danny Glick but, because Mark is an avid horror fan, he knows who and what Danny has become.

Ben tries to convince Susan's father that all those cases of pernicious anemia are not what they seem. Dr. Norton (Ed Flanders) is unconvinced until bodies start disappearing from the morgue. He and Mears go to watch the corpse of Mrs. Glick—when she rises and attacks, Dr. Norton becomes a believer.

But it seems as if it is too late. 'Salem's Lot is behind closed

**"You'll enjoy Mr.
BARLOW . . . AND he'll enjoy
you."
—'SALEM'S LOT**

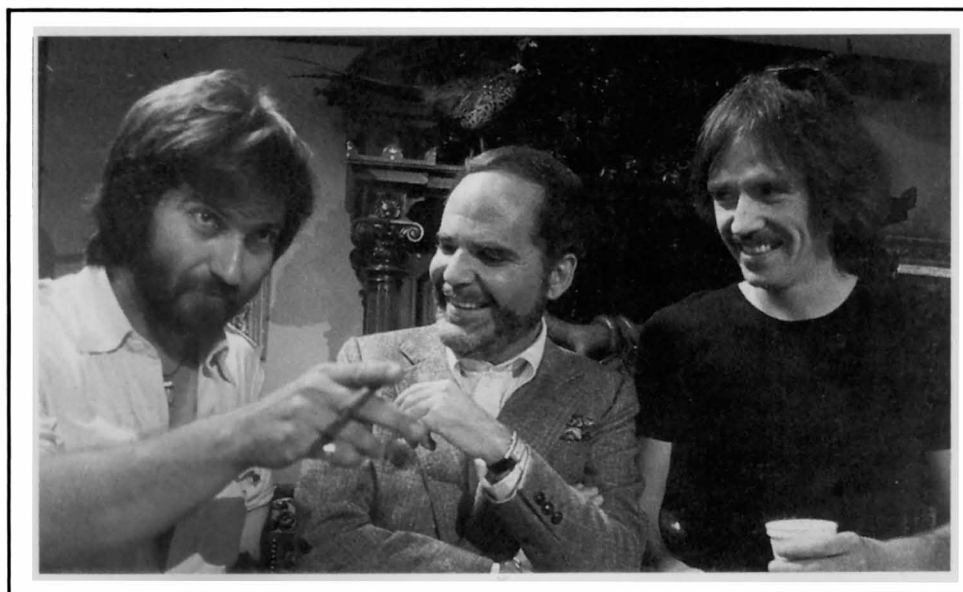


Reggie Nalder plays the monstrous Mr. Barlow. Nalder was producer Richard Kobritz's "wish-list" actor for the role. He proved to be most menacing to Lance Kerwin, the young actor portraying Mark Petrie.



Above: Ben Mears (David Soul) suspects some nasty doings at the Marsten House, a mysterious local landmark now owned by newcomer Straker (James Mason) and his strange, unseen partner Barlow. The Marsten House itself was less—not more—than it seemed. For filming purposes, a full-front and side facade was built over an existing cottage which overlooks Ferndale, California.

On the creepy Marsten House interior set, three men who have brought Stephen King to the screen discuss the eerie events: *'Salem's Lot* director Tobe Hooper, mini-series producer Richard Kobritz and *Christine* helmer John Carpenter. Bottom: James Mason lends suitably evil presence to the film. "I will consider doing anything that's well-written," the late actor remarked, explaining his work in *'Salem's Lot*, "even television."



doors, the streets are empty, the sheriff has left town—and Barlow is on a rampage: he kills Mark Petrie's parents, a priest, Ned Tebbits and who knows who else. Giving Barlow a name is like naming a disease—he is the blue-faced, fanged, grunting horror of a nightmare.

Mears and Dr. Norton are determined to kill Barlow. But so are Susan and Mark Petrie. Mark arrives at the Marsten House first, followed by Susan. Straker surprises them both and takes Susan to meet the Master, tying up Mark for later. Ben and Dr. Norton arrive—Mark has escaped and the three begin their search. Straker is defending the house, though, and kills Norton. Ben is able to kill Straker, but the sun is lowering toward the horizon—Mark and Ben have only moments to try and save Susan and kill Barlow.

In the tense climax, they discover it's too late for Susan, but they have discovered Barlow's coffin and stake him without a moment to spare. He is surrounded by his minions, and Ben must settle for setting fire to the house. The vampire's face is superimposed over the full moon as the town goes up in flames.

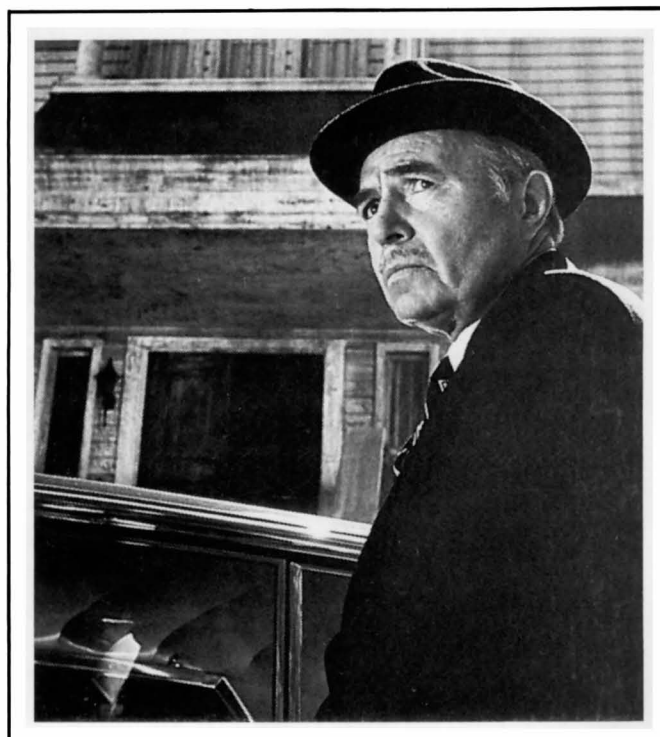
An epilogue relating to the prologue shows Ben and Mark in a small church in Central America. They gather a vial of holy water and enter a stone hut. Susan, now undead, has followed them. Ben Mears tearfully impales her with a stake and warns the boy that there will be others. The notion that this epilogue has left a swell opening for a weekly TV series is just your imagination.

Director Tobe Hooper confesses his career was at a standstill when producer Richard Kobritz called him to talk about *'Salem's Lot*. "Bill Friedkin, who had done *The Exorcist*, was developing it at one time. He was going to produce it and have me direct, but after eight months of trying, it fell out. I was considering doing *The Guyana Tragedy* in Rome, I was that desperate, before Richard called."

Kobritz had been attracted by Hooper's work on *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the \$100,000 cult film that established Hooper's reputation. Kobritz likes to use unknown directors because veterans can have a tendency to worry as much about studio politics as camera angles. Young directors, he feels, focus on the film. He aided John Carpenter's career by bringing him

" 'DEATH,' the boy Mark PETRIE thinks AT ONE POINT IN 'SALEM'S LOT, 'is WHEN THE MONSTERS GET YOU.' And if I HAD TO RESTRICT EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER SAID OR WRITTEN ABOUT THE HORROR GENRE TO ONE STATEMENT . . . it would be THAT ONE."

—DANSE MACABRE





Left: Ken McMillan, as Constable Gillespie, blows town, despite David Soul's protests. McMillan resurfaced in another King film, *Cat's Eye*, six years later. Fred Willard and McMillan were two supporting cast members who brought character to *'Salem's Lot* and along with suave James Mason (opposite page), gave director Tobe Hooper some winning performances.

in on a TV movie, *Somebody's Watching Me*, and wanted to do the same thing on *'Salem's Lot*. "I was looking at several young directors," Kobritz says. "I watched an awful lot of bad movies before I watched Tobe's. He had a great style, he had great talent."

"Richard liked my film style—my film language—and told me the most important thing was to make this look like a movie, not like television. He and I both loved Alfred Hitchcock—we had a lot in common. We sat around and talked film, we liked the same kind of films—I think it's one of the best relationships I've had with a producer," says Hooper.

Kobritz's budget was \$4 million, then a high for a TV mini-series, mid-range for a theatrical feature, though the budget had to stretch over a script that was essentially the length of two features. Hooper had six weeks to prepare for the 37-day shooting schedule—short by any standards. Warners had planned an edited version of *'Salem's Lot* as a theatrical release in Europe, so Hooper was also required to shoot two versions of some of the grislier effects, one to satisfy Network Standards and Practices in New York, and a more graphic version of certain sequences for overseas audiences.

Kobritz and Hooper conferred on casting and production design, and came up with many imaginative alternatives to stretch the budget and condense the story. They had chosen the Northern California town of Ferndale for two weeks of location shooting, but could find no suitable, imposing edifice to double for Marsten House, although they found a suitable hill. Production designer Mort Rabinowitz supervised construction of a superstructure built around an existing house to create the facade of Marsten House, then took over two soundstages at Warners to create the slimy, mouldering interiors. Kobritz had cast James Mason as Straker, and wanted the house to reflect the character's soul—decaying, putrid, and irretrievably evil.

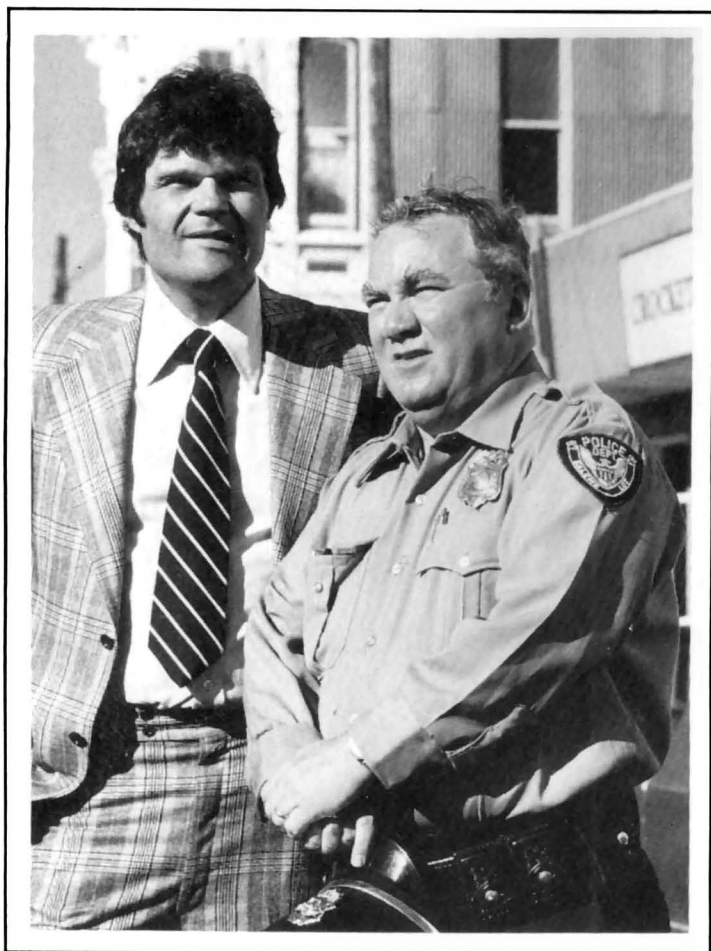
As nasty as Marsten House was, the kicker was the vampire. King's original Mr. Barlow was the tall, handsome (in a pale sort of way), articulate kind of neck-biter audiences have come to associate with Bela Lugosi or Frank Langella; Kobritz and Hooper dredged up an inspired update of the 1922 Max Schreck vampire from F.W. Murnau's *Nosferatu*. Kobritz wanted a *fiend*.

"We wanted him to be monstrous," adds Hooper. "He's not romantic. Barlow is coming to Peyton Place to kill everyone that lives there . . . there's nothing romantic about it. We didn't want him to talk. He's the *personification* of death—what's he going to say?"

Actor Reggie Nalder was fitted with latex appliances and a skull mask to augment his cadaverous features. Kobritz remembered the actor from Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and knew he wanted Nalder if he

was available. Kobritz tried to be diplomatic when he explained that it was Nalder's features he wanted to see, not a rubber mask.

Kobritz's other wish-list actor was Mason, who traveled from



**"WHAT WAS I MOST PROUD OF?
FINISHING IT, I GUESS."**

**—DIRECTOR TOBE HOOPER, ON
THE FILMING OF *'SALEM'S LOT***

his home in Switzerland for the role after a long absence from television. "I will take a job," commented the actor, "when I read a script that I find interesting and especially well-written; that's the key."

Hooper was particularly proud of his solutions to certain effects problems. Hooper had to make his vampires float, but he hated the idea of having to use wires: "Wires show. They always show." Instead, he and effects supervisor Jack Torro suspended the actors from a boom arm that led directly behind the back, out of sight, so the actor could be moved up and in and back without sway or the tell-tale overshooting of marks that is typical of wires.

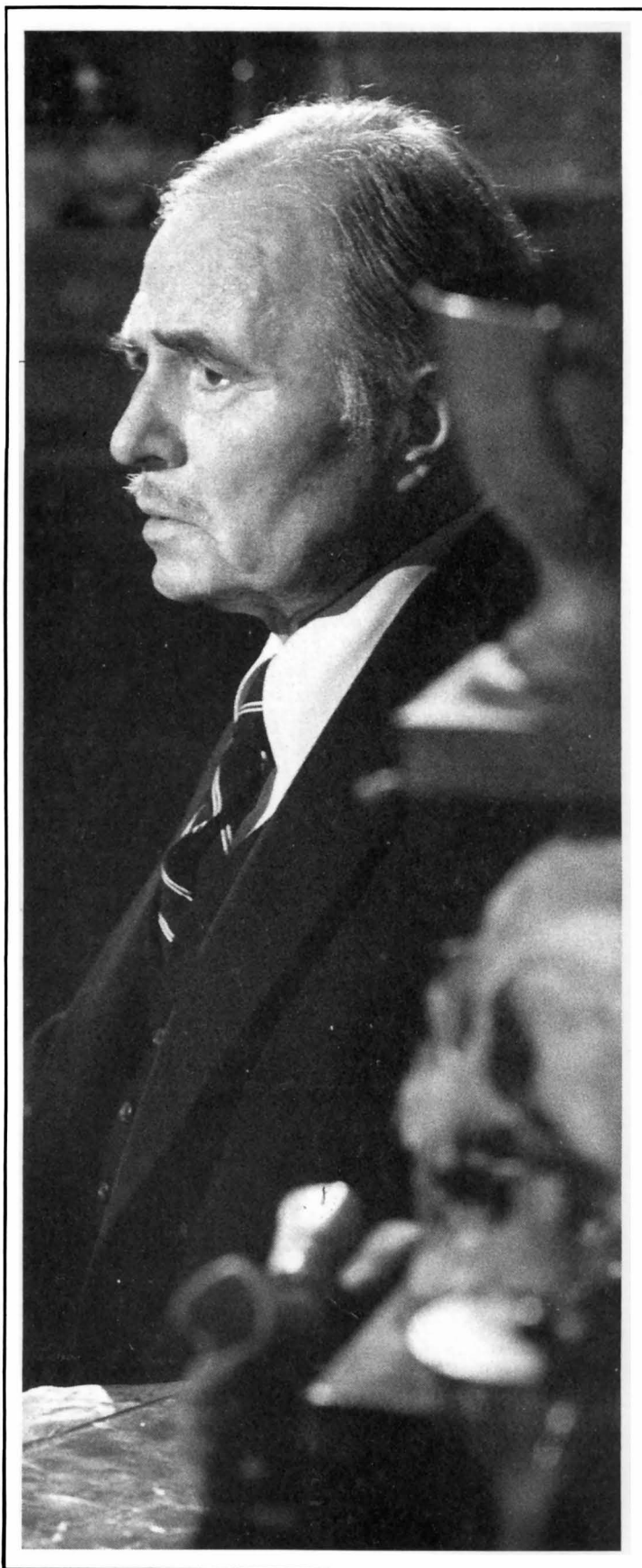
The other on-camera effect that was contrived for *'Salem's Lot* was the vampires' glowing eyes. "I tried to figure out what makes eye hypnotic," Hooper recalls. "Why do you look at eyes? What could attract you to them on television? If I made them glow, you would look, at least to wonder why they were glowing. . . I came up with the idea to put front-projection material into the contact lenses all the vampires wore. It's the same material they use on the front-projection screens; it kicks back 90 percent of the light—we would hold a 100-watt bulb to reflect and you got this true *luminescence* on camera."

According to Hooper, his real challenge was trying to accommodate the visual handcuffs of the Network Standards and Practices Guidelines. "There was a whole list of things that came from Standards and Practices," he says. "Things I could show and things I couldn't, things that I had to figure out how to get around. You can't show a dead body on television with its eyes open. I have no explanation for that.

"And when Fred Willard (Larry Crockett) was supposed to put the shotgun in his mouth—well, we could shoot that for the European release, but Standards and Practices said no way could I show that on television. I finally talked them into having the gun barrel a foot away from Fred's face. It couldn't be six inches or eight inches, it had to be 12. I had to get up there with a ruler and measure the distance.

Despite what Hooper regards as sometimes irrational restrictions, his main object was to apply his expertise in the genre of horror filmmaking; to get that "language" on the small screen. "Brian De Palma actually coined a phrase, 'film grammar,' which refers to the way particular shots are put together by particular directors in order to tell the story," Hooper says. "It's not something you see evidenced very often on television. You build sequences, such as a shot of someone coming through a doorway who looks at a table across the room. On the table, there is a dagger, and as the subject approaches the dagger, the camera dollies back across the long room, with the subject approaching the table. And then cutting to that person's point-of-view, which would be a moving shot traveling toward the table, getting closer and closer to the dagger. . . that's grammar."

Hooper reveals the kind of thoughtful approach that Kobritz wanted. The result was an unexpectedly frightening, genuinely imaginative 3 1/2 hours of made-for-TV movie. (A two-hour version was released on videocassette and cable. Unfortunately, this it dispenses with the epilogue, the backstory, and most of the character development, and is not representative of the television event that so impressed viewers in 1979.)



TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE

Word Processor of the Gods

King's short story about an unusual computer was first published in *Playboy* as "The Word Processor" in 1983. (King has long worked on a Wang word processor and may have conceived the story after inadvertently deleting a night's work.) Recently reprinted with a name change in the collection *Skeleton Crew*, the story concerns a mediocre writer embittered about the life he may have missed with his brother's wife and son, recently killed in an auto accident. His own wife and son are not people he would associate with if they weren't already his family. His nephew Jon leaves a bequest, a slightly altered Wang word processor.

One night, a power surge and a little abracadabra turns his homemade computer into a dimensional door. After some soul-searching and a little experimentation, Richard DELETES his family and ENTERS his dream family, back from wherever the good people go.

The year following publication, King's friend George Romero and several associates created a new division of his Laurel Entertainment Company, called Laurel TV, Inc. Laurel began development of a syndicated series featuring *Tales From The Darkside*. King offered "Word

Processor" to Romero for his first season, and pointed Romero to novelist Michael McDowell as a possible adaptor.

McDowell made the brooding yarn a little lighter in tone, reflected by the rather silly title change, "Word Processor of the Gods." Hagstrom (Bruce Davison) is drawn as a wimpy, hen-pecked English teacher; his wife and son are overdrawn

as some kind of twisted hell on earth. Under the direction of Michael Gornick, Romero's director of photography on four of his films, the performances are broad—no one's too serious about the implications—but overall, it's a nice treatment by both.

The only difficulty with the half-hour adaptation was the budget. *Darkside's* first season was a risky venture for Laurel. The budgets were tight and most episodes were shot in two or three days with little to spend on sets and nothing to spend on locations. It showed, but every bit of the \$1.98 was on screen, and the story was executed with what seemed to be genuine affection for the material.

Darkside struggled through its first two seasons to land a 42-episode renewal for syndication. A quantum leap in the budget and improved stories made *Darkside* one of the most successful made-for-syndication series to date.

Bruce Davison programs Stephen King's "Word Processor of the Gods," a well-received *Tales from the Darkside* episode. It's one course in computers *not* taught in any school.



**"He typed:
MY WIFE'S PHOTOGRAPH HANGS ON
THE WEST WALL OF MY STUDY.
He looked at the words and liked them no
more than he liked the picture itself. He
punched the DELETE button. The words
vanished. . .
He looked up at the wall and saw that his
wife's picture had also vanished."
—"THE WORD PROCESSOR"**



GRAMMA

Early in 1984, CBS had under wraps their plans to resurrect *The Twilight Zone* as a TV series, using the name they had held since the Rod Serling program left the air in 1964. The network hired *Simon and Simon*'s Phil DeGuere and partner James Crocker as executive producers. The two men quickly assembled a staff and began looking for material, with the help of story editor Rockne S. O'Bannon and executive story consultant Alan Brennert.

DeGuere learned of a Stephen King story called "Gramma," which first appeared in *Weirdbook* magazine, and urged CBS to option the property. The story was included in the series bible circulated to potential scriptwriters, but it was difficult to adapt and was not immediately assigned.

Enter writer Harlan Ellison in November 1984. DeGuere and Crocker were impressed with Ellison's ideas for the show during a meeting concerning the rights to Ellison's story, "Shatterday." Soon after, the writer was coaxed into acting as the new *Twilight Zone*'s Creative Consultant.

"Gramma" remained unmolested until midway in the series' production. No one knew how to adapt it. After Ellison read it, he understood the difficulties, but, as he told reporter Tyson Blue, "I don't like adapting other people's work. I have done it in the past, but it presents an additional problem. If I'm adapting my own work, I can be ruthless. I can chop and hack and slash without affecting the basic thrust of the story, but I'm hesitant to do that with someone else's work..."

Ellison had some solutions for the troublesome story and





"Gramma" beckons to little George (Barrett Oliver). Author Harlan Ellison adapted this King short story for the revival of *The Twilight Zone*.

wrote a memo outlining the details, though he began the memo by suggesting, "... of all the Stephen King stories you could've bought, why buy one that *can't* be adapted?"

When Ellison handed in the memo at a story meeting, he says the entire executive staff simply turned in their chairs and pointed at him. "It sorta fell to me... I was the only one that had any coherent plan for adapting it."

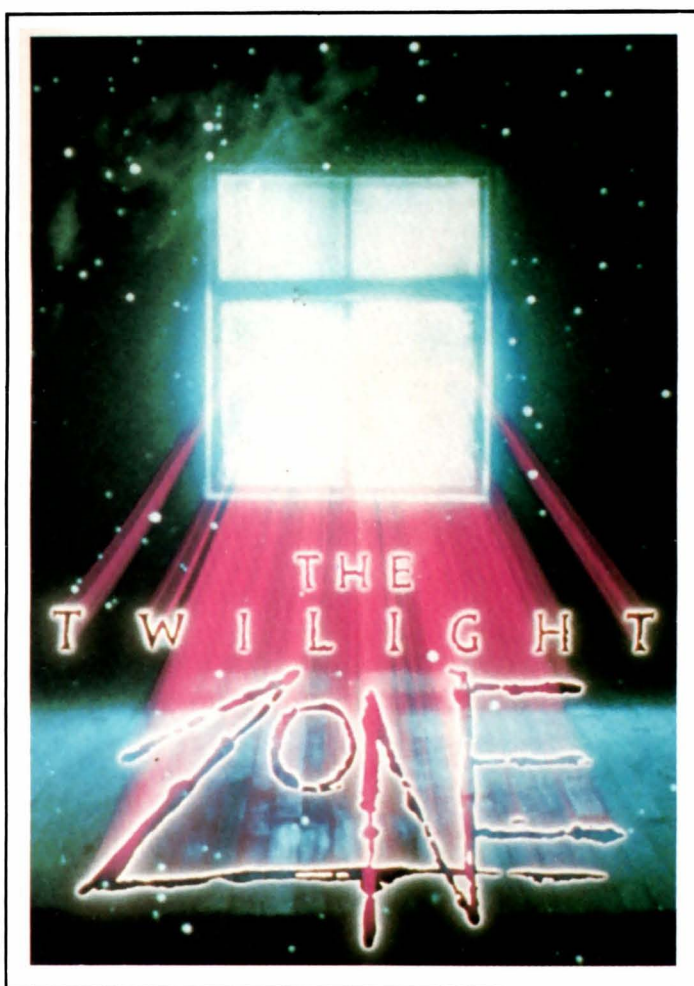
"Gramma" was problematic because it tells the story of a young boy left alone with his bedridden grandmother. The boy is terrified by the evil he senses in her. An internal monologue reveals Gramma's history and the boy's fears, but, externally, nothing really happens—the most the kid has to do is get her some tea, though he is convinced it will mean his soul to take it to her room.

Ellison devised several ways to visualize and augment the story's static, internal nature, the first of which was to have George (Barrett Oliver) watch his *shadow* sucked into grandma's room, signifying her intentions. "It was one of those rare visuals that you come up with once in a million years," commented Ellison. Sound design and voice-over became integral to the tale—the voices of Gramma's offspring punch in the back-story as the boy walks down the hall; the music transforms from a homey opening tune to the menacing, low-wave thudding of a heartbeat by the climax; Gramma asks for tea in "a sepulchral voice, as if from the Pit."

Ellison concluded his script with a chilling image. When mother returns and hugs her son, whose spirit has been taken during her absence, a small spider scuttles out of his mouth. Brrrrr. Needless to say, that item didn't make it past CBS Network Standards and Practices; slitted pupils were the compromise.

Cinematographer Bradford May was called upon to direct after *The Exorcist's* William Friedkin, who was originally slated for the job, had to bow out. Principal photography was scheduled for five days on the CBS soundstages at Studio City and it was a horse race to complete the editing and voice-over for a December 1985 airdate. Some problems with the lighting and Barrett Oliver's voice-over almost forced a reshoot, but Ellison noted that much effort by the editors and sound men overcame the perceived problems. Both Piper Laurie and Ellison contributed some voice-overs.

When the show finally aired, Stephen King placed a congratulatory phone call to Ellison. King was later to remark in an interview that "Gramma" was, "the scariest 19 minutes on television."



"COME HERE, boy," GRAMMA called in a dead buzzing voice. "COME IN HERE—GRAMMA WANTS TO hug you." —"GRAMMA"

NIGHT SHIFT COLLECTION



THE WOMAN IN THE ROOM

There's an interesting history behind this recent videocassette release—in fact, having these two short films available for home viewing is something of a miracle.

In 1982, New York Film University School student Jeff Schiro arranged with Stephen King to film the short story "The Boogey Man" as a student project. King's story—about a distraught father whose children are mysteriously dying—featured lead performer Michael Ried, was shot for about \$20,000, and went on to win an award at the NYU Film Festival. Because it wasn't planned for commercial release, Schiro never actually bought the rights to the story.

Around the same time, two graduate film students, Frank Darabont and Greg Melton, made a similar arrangement with King, secured around \$35,000 in financing, and made a short film of "The Woman in the Room," King's tender story about a son's decision to end his mother's struggle with cancer. The adaptation featured Michael Corneilson as the lawyer, Brian Libby (*Silent Rage*) as a death-row inmate who advises him, and Dee Broxton as the Woman. Darabont obtained some exceptional performances from his actors and made a polished, well written short film that was on the Oscar ballots.

King's name drew some interest in the films once word got around of their existence. Both filmmakers were approached by an entrepreneur named Gerald Ravel and his Native Son International who wanted to combine and release the two films on one videocassette. Ravel began to actively market the two films, sent out press releases and began production and distribution of cassettes without ever having secured the right to do so from either King or his publishers, Doubleday.

Doubleday eventually got wind of the deal, as did King's agent Kirby McCauley, at the same time Ravel approached producers Gary Gray and Steve Lane (*The Howling*) at Granite Productions to distribute the films.



THE BOOGEY MAN

Gary Gray relates, "We suspected something funny. We called McCauley and found out this guy had no right to try and sell us anything. We contacted Doubleday, and made arrangements with them to legally obtain the rights to package and release the two films."

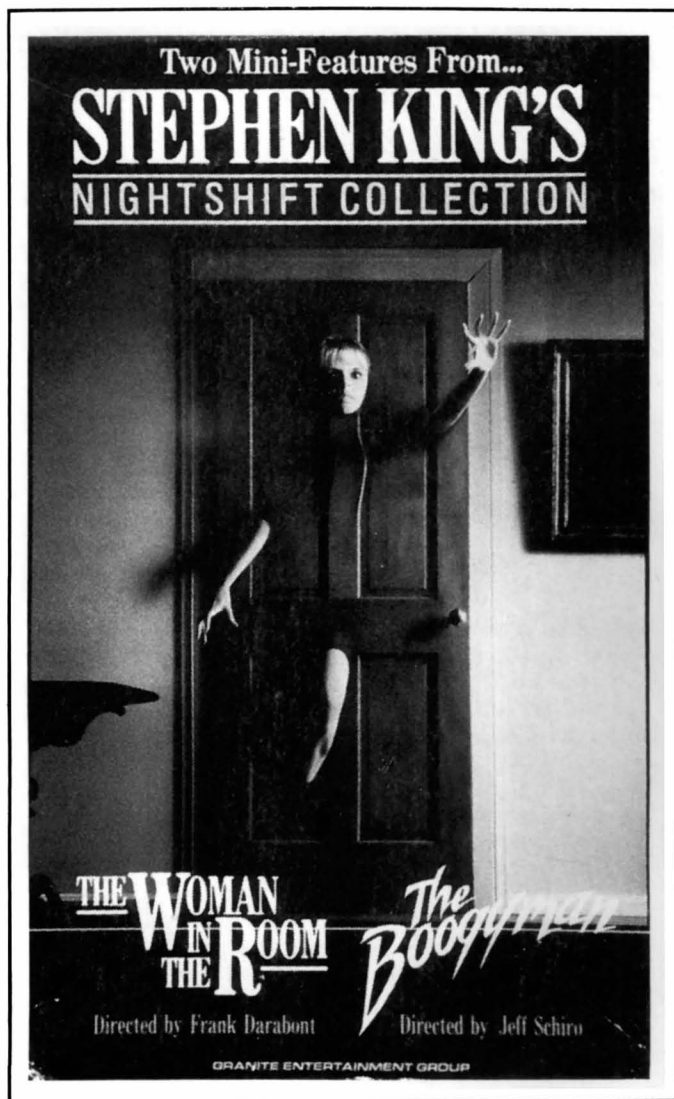
In January 1985, Gray and Lane formed Granite Entertainment Group to develop and market the property. Since some of King's stories have sold for a great deal, financing became a question. They were in no position to pay large fees, but Granite had an alternate proposal: Granite arranged a guaranteed royalty with Doubleday and King, and offered the two young filmmakers a royalty against sales. Granite gave Doubleday and King a good faith fee as well.

Granite contacted artist Mark Matusi to design the

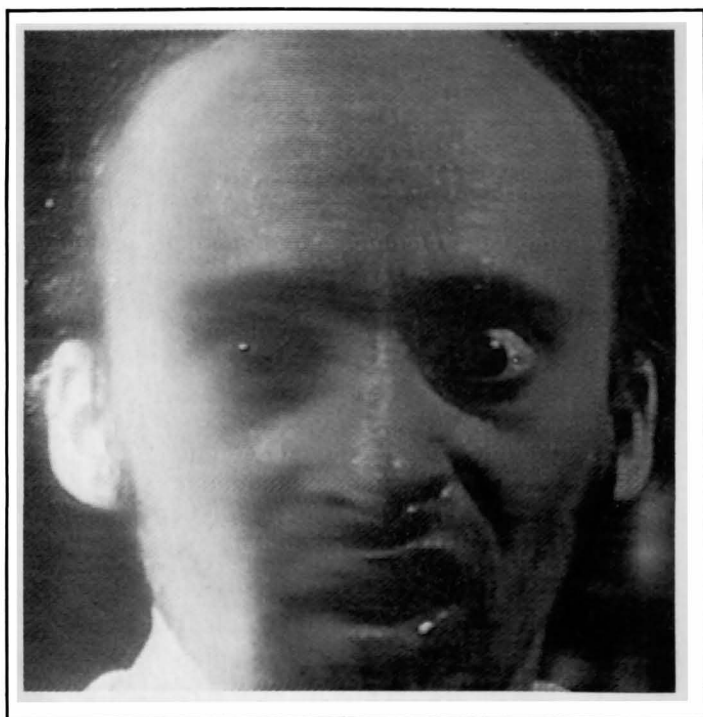
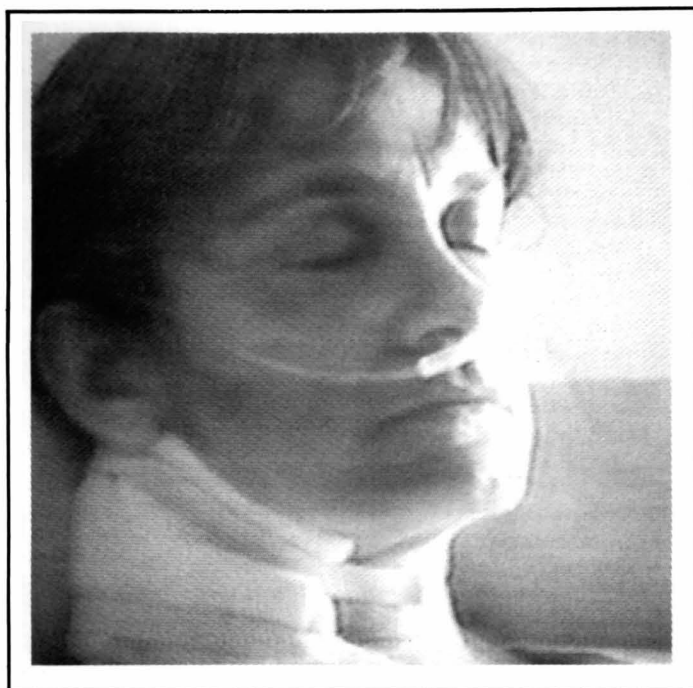
packaging. "We recognized that, without the name Stephen King, these films wouldn't have much of a chance out there. We hired Matusi and spent \$5,000 on the artwork alone, because we knew we had to have a package that people would look at. We wanted to relate a feeling of horror, but not a bloody kind of thing—more a haunting horror." The packaging was attractive, slightly oversized to stand out on the racks and distributed by Granite. The sales quickly recouped the investment.

Gray was happy enough with the success to encourage Darabont to try his hand at another King story, "The Monkey." They have offered to finance him in part because King felt Darabont's *Woman in the Room* was the best short film based on his work. Gray comments, "We're trying to keep King's fans in mind—they want to see him on screen, and Frank was able to do that."

The Boogey Man is definitely the weaker of the two films, but a worthy effort for a student; *The Woman in the Room* is a polished, well performed and exceptionally well handled adaptation of the story. King may have found a good home.



The Woman in the Room is an uncharacteristic Stephen King story, but the video does feature a nightmare sequence. *The Boogey Man*, though, stays in line with most of King's *Night Shift* tales. Dee Broxton plays the terminally ill mother in Frank Darabont's *Woman in the Room* (below). Author King praised this short film. *The Boogey Man*, NYU film student Jeff Schiro's King adaptaion, kept viewers guessing as to whether or not Michael Reid (bottom) was killing his own children.



Why the Children Don't Look Like Their Parents

By HARLAN ELLISON

PART ONE

IN WHICH WE SCUFFLE THROUGH THE EMBERS

There may be some readers for whom the name Harlan Ellison bears less familiarity than that of Stephen King. You could look him up in *Who's Who In America* if you want. But if you can't spare the time, here is something to start with.

Stephen King is a friend of Harlan Ellison. Harlan Ellison is a friend of Stephen King. King wrote an entire chapter in *Dance Macabre* on Harlan Ellison. You could look it up.

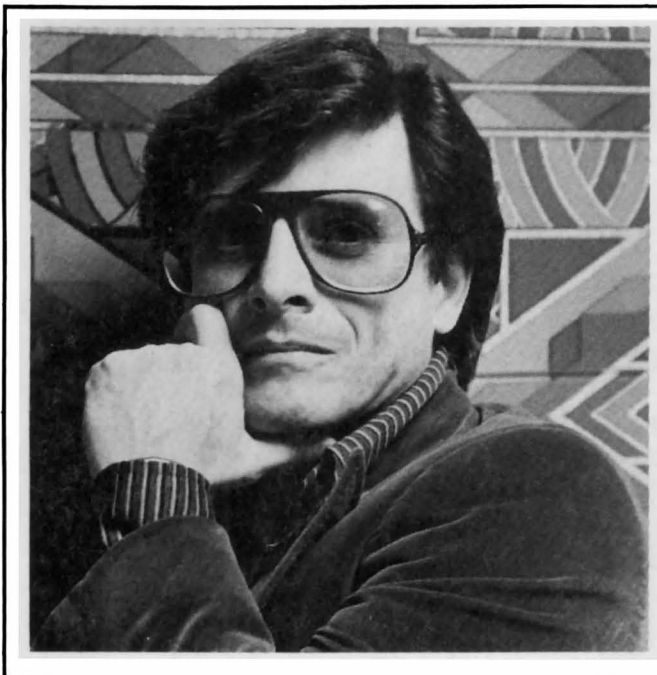
King is taller, but Ellison is cuter. King has a beard (half the year), but Ellison has never had a beard. That and the height helps to identify them when they're out together getting in trouble. Ellison thinks King is a terrific writer and King thinks Ellison is a terrific writer. But King drinks and Ellison doesn't, so take that into consideration.

When Stephen King was interviewed as to his opinion of Harlan Ellison's adaptation of King's story, "Gramma", on the new *Twilight Zone* TV series (for which series Ellison was Creative Consultant for a year till he quit in a fight with the CBS censors), he said in print, "It is the most terrifying 19 minutes ever put on television." You could look it up.

—HE

(Having had a couple of beers with Stephen King, and never once seen Ellison touch the stuff, I can attest the truth of his words. . .)

—JH



producers to put under option his every published word. Hasten the pace, more likely.

If your cousin Roger from Los Angeles, who works for a food catering service that supplies meals to film companies working on location, called to pass along the latest hot bit of in-group showbiz gossip, and he confided, "You know Steve King, that weirdo who writes the scary novels? Well, get this: he worked with Errol Flynn as a secret agent for the Nazis during World War II!" it would not drop the latest King tome one notch on the *Publishers Weekly* bestseller listings. Pop it to the top of the chart, more likely.

Stephen King is a phenomenon *sui generis*. I've been told he is fast approaching (if he hasn't already reached it) the point of being the bestselling American author of all time. In a recent survey taken by some outfit or other—and I've looked long and hard for the item but can't find it so you'll have to trust me on this—it was estimated that two out of every five people observed reading a paperback in air terminals or bus stations or suchlike agorae were snout-deep in a King foma.

There has never been anything like King in the genre of the fantastic. Whether you call what he writes "horror stories" or "dark fantasy" or "imaginative thrillers," Stephen King is the undisputed, hands-down, nonpareil, free-form champ, three falls out of three.

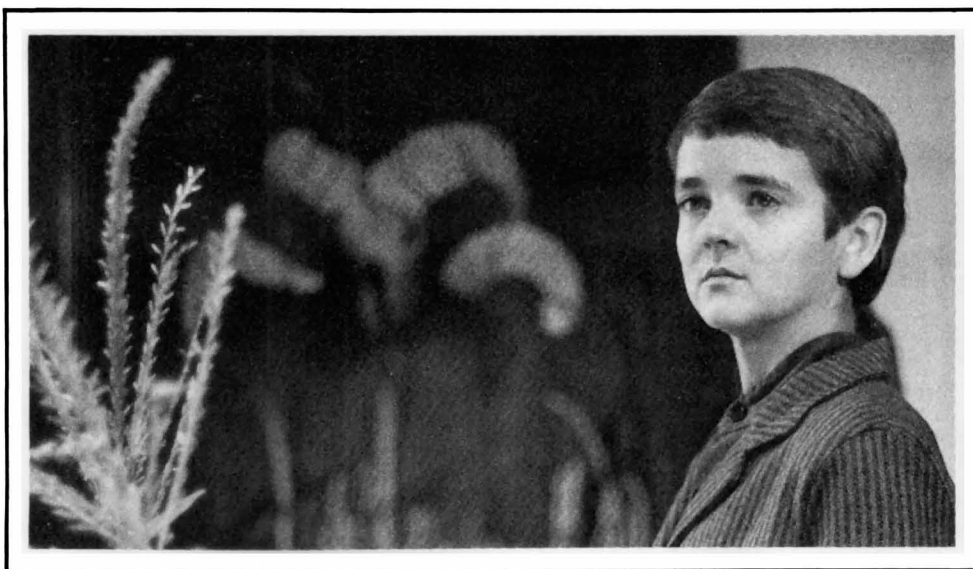
This is a Good Thing.

Not only because King is a better writer than the usual gag of bestseller epigones who gorge the highest reaches of the lists—the Judith Krantzses, Sidney Sheldons, Erich Segals, and V.C. Andrewses of this functionally illiterate world—or because he is, within the parameters of his incurably puckish nature, a "serious" writer, or because he is truly and in the face of a monumental success that would warp the rest of us, a good guy. It is because he is as honest a popular writer as we've been privileged to experience in many a year. He writes a good stick. He never cheats the buyer of a King book. You may or

If tomorrow's early edition of *The New York Times* bore the headline STEPHEN KING NAMED AS THE DE LOREAN DRUG CONNECTION, it would not by one increment lessen the number of Stephen King books sold this week. Goose the total, more likely.

If Tom Brokaw's lead on the NBC news tonight is, "The King of Chiller Writers, Stephen King, was found late this afternoon in the show window of Saks Fifth Avenue, biting the heads off parochial school children and pouring hot lead down their necks," it would not for an instant slow the rush of film

Opposite: Harlan Ellison, author and critic. Ellison terms Stephen King's "Children of the Corn" short story "a minor fable of frightfulness." However, the movie version (right), Ellison observes was "utterly humorless," an example of "bestial tawdriness."



may not feel he brought off a particular job when you get to page last, but you never feel you've been had. He does the one job no writer may ignore at peril of tar and feathers, he delivers.

Sometimes what he delivers is as good as a writer can get in his chosen milieu, as in *Carrie* and *The Shining* and *The Dead Zone* and *The Dark Tower*. Sometimes he's just okay, as in *Cujo* or *Christine*. And once in a while, as in the *Night Shift* and *Different Seasons* collections, he sings way above his range. (And those of us who have been privileged to read the first couple of sections of "The Plant," King's work-in-progress privately printed as annual holiday greeting card, perceive a talent of uncommon dimensions.)

So why is it that films made from Stephen King's stories turn out, for the most part, to be movies that look as if they'd been chiseled out of Silly Putty by escapees from the Home for the Terminally Inept?

This question, surely one of the burning topics of our troubled cosmos, presents itself anew upon viewing *Firestarter* (Universal), Dino DeLaurentiis's latest credential in his struggle to prove to the world that he has all the artistic sensitivity of a piano bench. Based on Steve King's 1980 novel, and a good solid novel it was, this motion picture is (forgive me) a burnt-out case. We're talking scorched earth. Smokey the Bear would need a sedative. Jesus wept. You get the idea.

The plotline is a minor key-change on the basic fantasy concept King used in *Carrie*. Young female with esper abilities as a pyrotic. (Because the people who make these films think human speech is not our natural tongue, they always gussie up simple locations so their prolixity will sound "scientific." Pyrotic was not good enough for the beanbags who made this film, so they keep referring to the firestarter as "a possessor of pyrokinetic abilities." In the Kingdom of the Beanbags, a honey-dipper is a "Defecatory Residue Repository Removal Supervisor for On-Site Effectation.")

The conflict is created by the merciless hunt for the firestarter—eight-year-old Charlene "Charlie" McGee, played by Drew Barrymore of *E.T.* fame—that is carried out by a wholly improbable government agency alternately known as the Department of Scientific Intelligence and "The Shop." Charlie and her daddy, who also has esper abilities, though his seem to shift and alter as the plot demands, are on the run. The Shop

has killed Charlie's mommy, for no particular clear reason, and they want Charlie for their own nefarious purposes, none of which are logically codified; but we can tell from how oily these three-piece-suiters are, that Jack Armstrong would never approve of their program. Charlie and her daddy run, The Shop gnashes its teeth and finally sends George C. Scott as a comic-book hit man after them; and they capture the pair; and they run some special effects tests; and Charlie gets loose; and a lot of people go up in flames; and daddy and the hit man and the head of The Shop all get smoked; and Charlie hitchhikes back to the kindly rustic couple who thought it was cute when she looked at the butter and made it melt.

The screenplay by Stanley Mann, who did not disgrace himself with screen adaptations of *The Collector* and *Eye of the Needle*, here practices a craft that can best be described as creative typing. Or, more in keeping with technology, what he has wrought now explains to me the previously nonsensical phrase "word processing." As practiced by Mr. Mann, this is the processing of words in the Cuisinart School of Homogeneity.

The direction is lugubrious. As windy and psychotic as Mann's scenario may be, it is rendered even more tenebrous by the ponderous, lumbering, pachydermal artlessness of one Mark L. Lester (not the kid-grown-up of *Oliver!*). Mr. Lester's fame, the *curriculum vita*, that secured for him this directional sinecure, rests on a quagmire base of *Truck Stop Women*, *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw* (starring Lynda Carter and Marjoe Gortner, the most fun couple to come along since Tracy and Hepburn, Gable and Lombard, Cheech and Chong), *Stunts* and the awesome *Roller Boogie*. The breath do catch, don't it!

Like the worst of the television hacks, who tell you everything three times—Look, she's going to open the coffin! / She's opening the coffin now! / Good lord, she opened the coffin!—Lester and Mann reflect their master's contempt for the intelligence of filmgoers by endless sophomoric explanations of things we know, not the least being a tedious rundown on what esp is supposed to be.

The acting is shameful. From the cynical use of "name stars" in cameo roles that they might as well have phoned in, to the weary posturing of the leads, this is a drama coach's nightmare. Louise Fletcher sleepwalks through her scenes like something Papa Doc might have resurrected from a Haitian graveyard; Martin Sheen, whose thinnest performances in the past have been marvels of intelligence and passion, has all the range of a Barry Manilow ballad; David Keith with his constantly bleeding nose is merely ridiculous; and Drew Barrymore, in just two years, has become a puffy, petulant, self-conscious "actor," devoid of the ingenuousness that so endeared her in *E.T.*

Harlan Ellison's *Watching* ("Why the Children Don't Look Like Their Parents") originally appeared in two installments in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. Copyright © 1984 by The Kilimanjaro Corporation. These critical essays appear through permission of, and by arrangement with, the Author and the Author's agent, Richard Curtis Associates, Inc.; New York. All rights reserved.



Ellison notes that "nothing much positive can be said" about "*Christine's* cheap tricks" or *Creepshow's* "intentional comic book shallowness." *Carrie*—the first King novel-into-film—is another story.

And what in the world has happened to George C. Scott's previously flawless intuition about which scripts to do? It was bad enough that he consented to appear as the lead in Paul Schrader's loathsome *Hardcore*; but for him willingly to essay the role of John Rainbird, the ponytailed Amerind government assassin, and to perform the part of what must surely be the most detestable character since Divine in *Pink Flamingos* or Jabba the Hutt with a verve that borders on teeth-gnashing, is beyond comprehension. It has been a while since I read the novel, but it is not my recollection that the parallel role in the text possessed the McMartin Pre-School child molester mien Scott presents. It is a jangling, counter-productive, unsavory element that is hideously difficult to sweep from memory. That it is in some squeamish-making way memorable, is not to Scott's credit. It is the corruption of his talent.

Dino De Laurentiis is the Irwin Allen of his generation—coarse, lacking subtlety, making films of vulgar pretentiousness that personify the most venal attitudes of the industry. He ballyhoos the fact that he had won two Oscars, but hardly anyone realizes they were for Fellini's *La Strada* and *Nights of Cabiria* in 1954 and 1957—and let's not fool ourselves, even if the publicity flacks do: those are *Fellini* films, not De Laurentiis films—long before he became the cottage industry responsible for *Death Wish*, the remakes of *King Kong* and *The Hurricane*, the travesty known as *Flash Gordon*, *Amityville II* and *Amityville 3-D*, *Conan the Barbarian* and the embarrassing *King of the Gypsies*.

But Dino De Laurentiis is precisely the sort of intellect most strongly drawn to the works of Stephen King. He is not a lone blade of grass in the desert. He is merely the most visible growth on the King horizon. Stephen King has had nine films made from his words, and there is a formulaic reason why all but one or two of those films have been dross.

Let me try to codify that reason, thus enabling me to blight my friendship with Stephen King.

PART TWO

IN WHICH WE DISCOVER WHY THE CHILDREN DON'T LOOK LIKE THEIR PARENTS

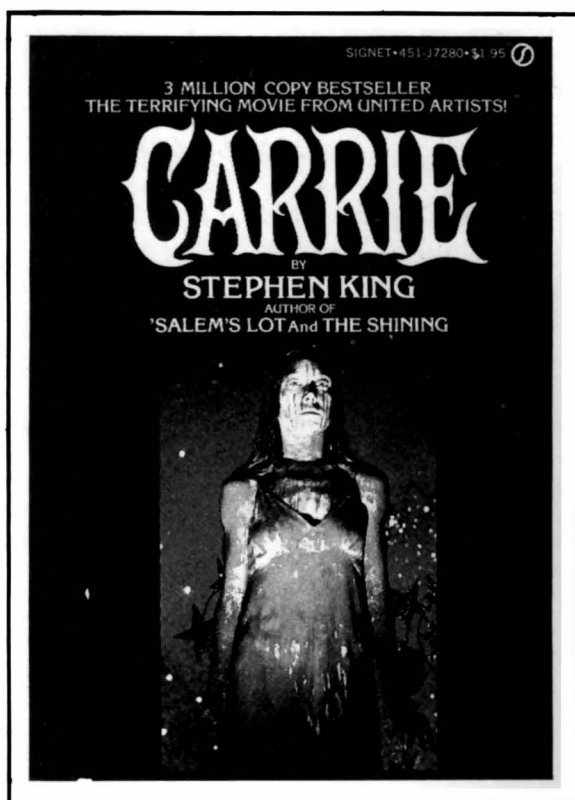
Pinter works, though he shouldn't; and I'll be damned if I can discern why; he just does. Bradbury and Hemingway don't; and I think I can figure out why they don't, which is a clue to why Stephen King doesn't either. *Xenogenesis* seems to be the question this time around, and if you'll go to your Unabridged and look it up, I'll wait right here for you and tell you all about it when you get back.

Time passes. Leaves flying free from a calendar. The seasons change. The reader returns from the Unabridged.

Now that we understand the meaning of the word *Xenogenesis*, let us consider why it is that King's books—as seemingly hot for metamorphosis as any stuff ever written by anyone—usually wind up as deranged as Idi Amin and as cruel as January in Chicago and as unsatisfying as sex with the pantyhose still on: why it is that the children, hideous and crippled offspring, do not resemble their parents.

First, I can just imagine your surprise when I point out that this thing King has been around in the literary consciousness a mere 10 years. It was just exactly an eyeblink decade ago that the schoolteacher from Maine wrote:

Nobody was really surprised when it happened, not really, not at the subconscious level where savage things grow. . . . Showers turning off one by one, girls stepping out, removing pastel bathing caps, toweling spraying deodorant, checking the clock over the door. Bras were hooked, underpants stepped into. . . . Calls and catcalls rebounded with all the snap and flicker of billiard balls after a hard break. . . . Carrie turned off the shower. It died in a drip and a gurgle. . . . It wasn't until she stepped out that they all saw the blood running down her leg.



Second, I'll bet none of you realized what a fluke it was that King took off so abruptly. Well, here's the odd and unpredictable explanation, conveyed because I happened to be there when it happened. (Who else would tell you this stuff, gang?)

Doubleday had purchased *Carrie* for a small advance. It was, in the corporate cosmos, just another mid-list title, a spooky story to be marketed without much foofaraw among the first novels, the "learn to love your brown rice and get svelte thighs in 30 minutes" offerings, the books one finds in the knockoff catalogues nine months later at \$1.49 plus a free shopping bag. But King's editor read that opening sequence in which the telekinetic, Carrie White, gets her first menstrual experience before the eyes of a covey of teenage shrieks, and more than the lightbulb in the locker room exploded. Xeroxes of the manuscript were run off; they were disseminated widely in-house; women editors passed them on to female secretaries, who took them home and gave them to their friends. That first scene bit hard. It was the essence of the secret of Stephen King's phenomenal success: the everyday experience raised to the mythic level by the application of fantasy to a potent cultural trope. It was Jungian archetype goosed with 10 million volts of emotional power. It was the commonly-shared horrible memory of half the population, reinterpreted. It was the flash of recognition, the miracle of that rare instant in which readers dulled by years of reading artful lies felt their skin stretched tight by an encounter with artful truth.

Stephen King, in one apocryphal image, had taken control of his destiny.

I'm not even sure Steve, for all his self-knowledge, has an unvarnished perception of how close he came to remaining a schoolteacher who writes paperback originals as a hobby and to supplement the family income in his spare time when he's not too fagged out from extracurricular duties at the high school.

But just as Ian Fleming became an "overnight success" when John F. Kennedy idly mentioned that the James Bond books—which had been around for years—were his secret passion; just as *Dune* took off in paperback years after its many rejections by publishers and its disappointing sales in hardcover, when Frank Herbert came to be called "the father of Earth

Day" and the novel was included in *The Whole Earth Catalog*; just as Joseph Heller, Joseph Heller's agent, Joseph Heller's publisher and the Eastern Literary Establishment that had trashed *Catch-22* when it was first published, began trumpeting Heller's genius when another literary agent, not Heller's, named Candida Donadio ran around New York jamming the book under people's noses, telling them it was a new American classic; in just that inexplicable, unpredictable, magic way, Doubleday's in-house interest spread. To *Publishers Weekly*, to the desk of Bennett Cerf, to the attention of first readers for the film studios on the Coast, to the sales force mandated to sell that season's line, to the bookstore buyers, and into the cocktail-party chatter of the word-of-mouth crowd. The word spread: this *Carrie* novel is hot.

And the readers were rewarded. It was hot: because King had tapped into the collective unconscious with Carrie White's ordeal. The basic premise was an easy one to swallow, and once down, all that followed was characterization. That is the secret of Stephen King's success in just 10 years, and it is the reason why, in my view, movies based on King novels never resemble the perfectly decent novels that inspired them.

In films written by Harold Pinter as screenplay, or in films based on Pinter plays, it is not uncommon for two people to be sitting squarely in the center of a two-shot speaking as follows:

CORA: (Cockney accent) Would'ja like a nice piece of fried bread for breakfast, Bert?

BERT: (abstracted grunting) Yup. Fried bread'd be nice.

CORA: Yes... fried bread is nice, isn't it?

BERT: Yuh. I like fried bread.

CORA: Well, then, there 'tis. Nice fried bread.

BERT: It's nice fried bread.

CORA: (pleased) Is it nice, then?

BERT: Yuh. Fried bread's nice.

Unless you have heard me do my absolutely hilarious Pinter parody, or have seen every Pinter play and film out of unconstrained admiration for the man's work—as have I—then the foregoing copy cannot possibly read well; nor should it, by all the laws of dramaturgy, play well on-screen. But it does. I cannot decipher the code; but the cadences work like a dray

horse, pulling the plot and character development, the ever-tightening tension and emotional conflict toward the goal of mesmerizing involvement that is Pinter's hallmark.

We have in this use of revived language a sort of superimposed verbal continuum at once alien to our ear and hypnotically inviting. To say more, is to say less. It does work.

But if we use the special written language of Bradbury and Hemingway as examples, we see that such "special speaking" does not travel well. It bruises too easily.

Perhaps it is because of the reverence lavished on the material by the scenarists, who are made achingly aware of the fact that they are dealing with *literature*, that blinds them as they build in the flaws we perceive when the film is thrown up on the screen. Perhaps it is because real people in the real world don't usually speak in a kind of poetic scansion. Perhaps it is because we love the primary materials so much that no amount of adherence to source can satisfy us. But I don't think any of those hypotheses, singly or as a group, pink the core reason why neither Bradbury's nor Hemingway's arresting fictions ever became memorable films. When Rock Hudson or Rod Steiger or Oskar Werner mouth Bradburyisms such as:

"Cora. Wouldn't it be nice to take a Sunday walk the way we used to do, with your silk parasol and your long dress whishing along, and sit on those wire-legged chairs at the soda parlor and smell the drugstore the way they used to smell? Why don't drugstores smell that way any more? And order two sarsaparillas for us, Cora, and then ride out in our 1910 Ford to Hannahan's Pier for a box supper and listen to the brass-band. How about it? . . . If you could make a wish and take a ride on those oak-lined country roads like they had before cars started rushing, would you do it?"

or Gregory Peck or Ava Gardner carry on this sort of conversation from Hemingway:

"Where did we stay in Paris?"

"At the Crillon. You know that."

"Why do I know that?"

"That's where we always stayed."

"No. Not always."

"There and at the Pavillion Henri-Quatre in St. Germain. You said you loved it there."

"Love is a dunghill. And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow."

"If you have to go away, is it absolutely necessary to kill off everything you leave behind? I mean do you have to take away everything? Do you have to kill your horse, and your wife and burn your saddle and your armor?"

what we get is the auditory equivalent of spinach. The actors invariably convey a sense of embarrassment, the dialogue marches from their mouths like Prussian dragoons following Feldmarschall von Bücher's charge at Ligny, and we as audience either wince or giggle at the pomposity of what sounds like posturing.

This "special speaking" is one of the richest elements in Bradbury and Hemingway. It reads as inspired transliteration of the commonplace. But when spoken aloud, by performers whose chief aim is to convey a sense of verisimilitude, it becomes parody. (And that Bradbury and Hemingway have been parodied endlessly, by both high and low talents, only adds to their preeminence. They are *sui generis* for all the gibes.)

The links between King and Bradbury and Hemingway in this respect seem to me to be the explanation why their work does not for good films make. That which links them is this:

Like Harold Pinter and Ernest Hemingway, Ray Bradbury and Stephen King are profoundly allegorical writers.

The four of them seem to be mimetic writers, but they aren't! They seem to be writing simply, uncomplicatedly, but they aren't! As with the dancing of Fred Astaire—which seems so loose and effortless and easy that even the most lumpfooted of us ought to be able to duplicate the moves—until we try it and fall on our faces—what these writers do is to make the creation of High Art seem replicable.

The bare bones of their plots. . . .

A sinister manservant manipulates the life of his employer to

the point where their roles are reversed.

An ex-prizefighter is tracked down and killed by hired guns for an offense which is never codified.

A "fireman," whose job it is to burn books because they are seditious, becomes secretly enamored of the joys of reading.

A young girl with the latent telekinetic ability to start fires comes to maturity and lets loose her power vengefully.

. . . bare bones that have underlain a hundred different stories that differ from these in the most minimally variant ways. The plots count for little. The stories are not wildly inventive. The sequence of events is not skull-cracking. It is the style in which they are written that gives them wing. They are memorable not because of the thin storylines, but because the manner in which they have been written is so compelling that we are drawn into the fictional universe and once there we are bound subjects of the master creator.

Each of these examples draws deeply from the well of myth and archetype. The collective unconscious calls to us and we go willingly where Hemingway and Bradbury and Pinter . . . and King beckon us to follow.

Stephen King's books work as well as they do, because he is writing more of shadow than of substance. He drills into the flow of cerebro-spinal fluid with the dialectical function of a modern American mythos, dealing with archetypal images from the preconscious or conscious that presage crises in our culture even as they become realities.

Like George Lucas, Stephen King has read Campbell's *The Masks of God*, and he knows the power of myth. He knows what makes us tremble. He knows about moonlight reflecting off the fangs. It isn't his plots that press against our chest, it is the impact of his allegory.

But those who bought for film translation 'Salem's Lot, Cujo, Christine, Children of the Corn and Firestarter cannot read. For them, the "special speaking" of King's nightmares, the element that set King's work so far above the general run of chiller fiction, is merely white noise. It is the first thing dropped when work begins on the script, when the scenarist "takes a meeting" to discuss what the producer or the studio wants delivered. What is left is the bare bones plot, the least part of what King has to offer. (Apart from the name *Stephen King*, which is what draws us to the theater.)

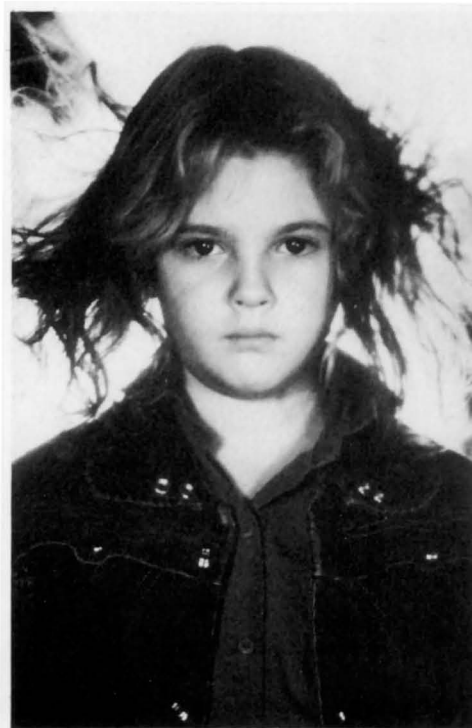
And when the script is in work, the scenarist discovers that there isn't enough at hand to make either a coherent or an artful motion picture. So blood is added. Knives are added. Fangs are added. Special effects grotesqueries are added. But the characters have been dumbed-up, the tone has been lost; the mythic undercurrents have been dammed and the dialectical function has been rendered inoperative. What is left for us is bare bones, blood and cliché.

It is difficult to get Steve King to comment on such artsy-fartsy considerations. Like many another extraordinarily successful artist, he is consciously fearful of the spite and envy his preeminence engenders in critics, other writers, a fickle audience that just sits knitting with Mme. Defarge, waiting for the artist to show the tiniest edge of hubris. Suggest, as I did, to Steve King that *Cujo* is a gawdawful lump of indigestible grue, and he will respond, "I like it. It's just a movie that stands there and keeps punching."

How is the critic, angry at the crippling of each new King novel when it crutches onto the screen, to combat such remarks? By protecting himself in this way—and it is not for the critic to say whether King truly believes these things he says in defense of the butchers who serve up the bloody remnants that were once creditable novels—he unman all rushes to his defense. Yet without such mounting of the barricades in his support, how can the situation be altered?

Take for instance *Children of the Corn* (New World Pictures). Here is a minor fable of frightfulness, a mere 30 pages in King's 1978 collection *Night Shift*; a one-punch short story whose weight rests on that most difficult of all themes to handle, little kids in mortal jeopardy. Barely enough there for a short film, much less a feature-length attempt.

Ellison charges *Cujo* with "mindlessness." He calls *Firestarter* "a burnt-out case."



How good is this adaptation of a King story? *Los Angeles* magazine began its review of *Firestarter* like so: "This latest in a seemingly endless chain of films made from Stephen King novels isn't the worst of the bunch, *Children of the Corn* wins that title hands down." That how bad it is.

Within the first 3½ minutes (by stopwatch) we see four people agonizingly die from poison, one man get his throat cut with a butcher knife, one man get his hand taken off with a meat slicer, a death by pruning hook, a death by sickle, a death by tanning knife. . . . at least nine on-camera slaughters, maybe 11 (the intercuts are fastfastfast), and one woman murdered over the telephone, which we don't see but hear. Stomach go whooops.

Utterly humorless, as ineptly directed as a film school freshman's class project, acted with all the panache of a grope in the backseat of a VW, *Children of the Corn* features the same kind of "dream sequences" proffered as shtick by John Landis in *An American Werewolf in London* Brian De Palma in *Carrie* and *Dressed to Kill*, and by even less talented of the directorial coterie aptly labeled (by Alan Resnais) "the wise guy smart alecks." These and-then-I-woke-up-and-it-had-all-been-a-bad-dream inserts, which in no way advance the plot of the film, are a new dodge by which Fritz Kiersch, *Corn*'s director, and his contemporaries—bloodletters with viewfinders—slip in gratuitous scenes of horror and explicit SFX-enhanced carnage. This had become a trope when adapting King's novels to the screen, a filmic device abhorrent in the extreme not only because it is an abattoir substitute for the artful use of terror, but because it panders to the lowest, vilest tastes of an already debased audience.

It is a bit of cinematic shorthand developed by De Palma specifically for *Carrie* that now occurs with stultifying regularity in virtually all of the later movies from King's books.

I submit this bogus technique is further evidence that, flensed of characterization and allegory, what the makers of these morbid exploitation films are left with does not suffice to create anything resembling the parent novel, however fudged for visual translation. And so fangs are added, eviscerations are added, sprayed blood is added; subtlety is excised, respect for the audience is excised, all restraint vanishes in an hysterical rush to make the empty and boring seem exciting.

Children of the Corn is merely the latest validation of the theory; or as *Cinefantastique* said: "King's mass-market fiction has inspired some momentous cinematic dreck, but *Children of the Corn* is a new low even by schlock standards."

Of the nine films that originated with Stephen King's writings, only three (in my view, of course, but now almost uniformly buttressed by audience and media attention) have any resemblance in quality or content—not necessarily both in the same film—to the parent: *Carrie*, *The Shining* and *The Dead Zone*.

The first, because De Palma had not yet run totally amuck and the allegorical undertones were somewhat preserved by outstanding performances by Sissy Spacek and Piper Laurie.

The second, because it is the vision of Kubrick, always an intriguing way of seeing, even though it is no more King's *The Shining* than Orson Welles's *The Trial* was Kafka's dream.

The third, because David Cronenberg as director is the only one of the field hands in this genre who seems artistically motivated; and because Christopher Walken as the protagonist is one of the quirkiest, most fascinating actors working today, and his portrayal of Johnny Smith is, simply put, mesmerizing.

But of *Cujo*'s mindlessness, *Christine*'s cheap tricks, *Firestarter*'s crudeness, *Salem's Lot*'s television ridiculousness, *Children of the Corn*'s bestial tawdriness and even Steve's own *Creepshow* with its intentional comic book shallowness, nothing much positive can be said. It is the perversion of a solid body of work that serious readers of King, as well as serious movie lovers, must look upon with profound sadness.

We have had come among us in the person of Stephen King a writer of limitless gifts. Perhaps because Stephen himself has taken an attitude of permissiveness toward those who pay him for the right to adopt his offspring, we are left with the choices of enjoying the written work for itself, and the necessity of ignoring everything on film. . . . or of hoping that one day, in a better life, someone with more than a drooling lust of the exploitation dollar attendant on Stephen King's name will perceive the potential cinematic riches *passim* these special fantasies. There *must* be an honest man or woman out there who understands that King's books are about more than fangs and blood.

All it takes is an awareness of allegory, subtext, the parameters of the human condition. . . . and reasonable family resemblance.



CARRIE

THE CAST

Carrie	SISSY SPACEK
Margaret White	PIPER LAURIE
Sue Snell	AMY IRVING
Tommy Ross	WILLIAM KATT
Billy Nolan	JOHN TRAVOLTA
Chris Hargenson	NANCY ALLEN
Miss Collins	BETTY BUCKLEY
Norma Watson	P.J. SOLES
Mr. Fromm	SYDNEY LASSICK
Mr. Morton	STEFAN GIERASH
Mrs. Snell	PRISCILLA POINTER
Freddy	MICHAEL TALBOT
The Beak	DOUG COX
George	HARRY GOLD
Frieda	NOELLE NORTH
Cora	CINDY DALY
Rhonda	DIERDRE BERTHRONG
Ernest	ANSON DOWNES
Kenny	RORY STEVENS
Helen	EDIE MCGLURG
Boy on Bicycle	CAMERON De PALMA

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Directed By	BRIAN De PALMA
Produced By	PAUL MONASH
Screenplay By	LAWRENCE D. COHEN
Based on the Novel By	STEPHEN KING
Edited By	PAUL HIRSCH
Associate Producer	LOUIS STROLLER
Director of Photography	MARIO TOSI
Music	PINO DONAGGIO
Art Directors	WILLIAM KENNY JACK FISK
Costume Designer	ROSANNA NORTON
Stunt Coordinator	RICHARD WEIKER
Casting By	HARRIET B. HELBERG
Special Effects	GREGORY M. AUER
Sets By	"GET SET"
Locations By	CINEMOBILE SYSTEMS
First Assistant Director	DONALD HEITZER
Second Assistant Director	WILLIAM SCOTT

Film Credits

Operator	JOEL KING
First Assistant Cameraman	DUSTY BLAUVELT
Second Assistant Cameraman	JOSEPH COSKO
Makeup	WESLEY DAWN
Hair Stylist	ADELE TAYLOR
Costumer	AGNES LYON
Script Supervisor	HANNA SCHEEL
Transportation	GARY LITTLEFIELD
Production Secretary	PATRICIA HEADE
Auditor	ROBERT SINCLAIR
Secretary to Mr. De Palma	WENDY BARTEL
Assistant Special Effects	KENNETH PEPIOT
Set Decorator	ROBERT GOULD
Prop Master	GARY SEYBERT
Sound Mixer	BERTIL HALLBERG
Boom Man	DAVID RUST
Assistant Editor	MICHAEL KIRCHBERGER
Apprentice Editor	MARIA IANO
Key Grip	EUGENE GRIFFITH
Best Boy Grip	JAMES DYER
Dolly Grip	KENNETH MILLER
Gaffer	JOE PENDER
Best Boy	JEROME POSNER
Sound Editor	DAN SABLE/MAGNOFFEX
Craft Service	ANGELO CORALLIS
Location Scouting	DOW GRIFFITH
Rerecording Supervisor	DICK VORISEK/ TRANS-AUDIO, INC.
Music Supervisor	MICHAEL ARGAGA

The Shining THE CAST

Jack Torrance	JACK NICHOLSON
Wendy Torrance	SHELLEY DUVALL
Danny	DANNY LLOYD
Halloran	SCATMAN CROTHERS
Ullman	BARRY NELSON
Grady	PHILIP STONE
Lloyd	JOE TURKEL
Doctor	ANNE JACKSON
Durkin	TONY BURTON
Young Woman in Bathtub	LIA BELDAM
Old Woman in Bathtub	BILLIE GIBSON
Watson	BARRY DENNEN
Forest Ranger #1	DAVID BAXT
Forest Ranger #2	MANNING REDWOOD
The Grady Girls	LISA BURNS LOUISE BURNS
Nurse	ROBIN PAPPAS
Secretary	ALISON COLERIDGE
Policeman	BURNELL TUCKER
Stewardess	JANA SHELDON
Receptionist	KATE PHELPS
Axe Head (Injured Guest)	NORMAN GAY

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Produced and Directed By	STANLEY KUBRICK
Screenplay By	STANLEY KUBRICK DIANE JOHNSON
Produced in Association with	THE PRODUCER CIRCLE COMPANY ROBERT FRYER MARTIN RICHARDS MARY LEA JOHNSON
Based upon the Novel By	STEPHEN KING
Executive Producer	JAN HARLAN
Photographed By	JOHN ALCOTT
Production Designer	ROY WALKER
Film Editor	RAY LOVEJOY
Music	BELA BARTOK
Music For Strings, Percussion & Celesta Conducted By	HERBERT VON KARAJAN
Recorded By	DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON WENDY CARLOS RACHEL ELKIND GYORGY LIGETI KRZYSZTOF PENDERECKI
Production Manager	DOUGLAS TWIDDY
Assistant Director	BRIAN COOK
Costumes By	MILENA CANONERO
Steadicam Operator	GARRETT BROWN
Helicopter Photography By	MacGILLIVRAY FREEMAN FILMS
Assistant to the Producer	ANDROS EPAMINONDAS
Art Director	LES TOMKINS
Make-Up Artist	TOM SMITH
Personal Assistant to the Director	LEON VITALI

Hairstyles LEONARD
 Camera Operators KELVIN PIKE
 JAMES DEVIS
 Second Unit Photography DOUGLAS MILSOME
 MacGILLIVRAY FREEMAN FILM
 Focus Assistants DOUGLAS MILSOME
 MAURICE ARNOLD
 Camera Assistants PETER ROBINSON
 MARTIN KENZIE
 DANNY SHELDERDINE
 Grip DENNIS LEWIS
 Gaffers LOU BOGUE
 LARRY SMITH
 Sound Editors WYN RYDER
 DINO DI CAMPO
 JACK KNIGHT
 Sound Recordists IVAN SHARROCK
 RICHARD DANIEL
 Dubbing Mixer BILL ROWE
 Assistant Editors GILL SMITH
 GORDON STAINFORTH
 20's Music Advisers BRIAN RUST
 JOHN WADLEY
 Assistant Directors TERRY NEEDHAM
 MICHAEL STEVENSON
 Make-Up Artist BARBARA DALY
 Continuity JUNE RANDALL
 Production Accountant JO GREGORY
 Construction Manager LEN FURY
 Set Dresser TESSA DAVIES
 Property Master PETER HANCOCK
 Decor Artist ROBERT WALKER
 Second Assistant Editors ADAM UNGER
 STEVE PICKARD
 Hotel Consultant TAD MICHEL
 Casting JAMES LIGGAT
 Location Research JAN SCHLUBACH
 KATHARINA KUBRICK
 MURRAY CLOSE
 Production Secretaries PAT PENNELEGION
 MARLENE BUTLAND
 Producer's Secretary MARGARET ADAMS
 Production Assistant EMILIO D'ALESSANDRO
 Colour Grading EDDIE GORDON
 Engineering By NORANK OF ELSTREE
 Wardrobe Supervisors KEN LAWTON
 RON BECK
 Draughtsmen JOHN FENNER
 MICHAEL LAMONT
 MICHAEL BOONE
 Property Buyers EDWARD RODRIGO
 KAREN BROOKES
 Video Operator DAN GRIMMEL
 Boom Operators KEN WESTON
 MICHAEL CHARMAN
 Drapes BARRY WILSON
 Master Plasterer TOM TARRY
 Head Rigger JIM KELLY
 Head Carpenter FRED GUNNING
 Head Painter DEL SMITH
 Property Men BARRY ARNOLD
 PHILIP McDONALD
 PETER SPENCER

Creepshow

THE CAST

Henry Northrup HAL HOLBROOK
 Wilma Northrup ADRIENNE BARBEAU
 Dexter Stanley FRITZ WEAVER
 Richard Vickers LESLIE NIELSEN
 Sylvia Grantham CARRIE NYE
 Upson Pratt E. G. MARSHALL
 Aunt Bedelia VIVECA LINDFORS
 Hank Blaine ED HARRIS
 Harry Wentworth TED DANSON
 Jordy Verrill STEPHEN KING
 Richard Grantham WARNER SHOOK
 Charlie Gereson ROBERT HARPER
 Cass Blaine ELIZABETH REGAN
 Becky Vickers GAYLEN ROSS
 Nathan Grantham JON LORMER
 Mike the Janitor DON KEEFER
 Jordy's Dan & Cameos BINGO O'MALLEY
 Nathan's Corpse JOHN AMPLAS
 White DAVID EARLY
 Mrs. Danvers NANN MOGG
 Billy's Mother IVA JEAN SARACENI

Billy JOE KING
 Tabitha Raymond CHRISTINE FORREST
 Richard Raymond CHUCK ABER
 Host CLETUS ANDERSON
 Maid KATIE KARLOVITZ
 Yarbrow PETER MESSER
 Garbage Man #1 MARTY SCHIFF
 Garbage Man #2 TOM SAVINI

The Dead Zone

THE CAST

Johnny Smith CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
 Sarah Bracknell BROOKE ADAMS
 Sheriff Bannerman TOM SKERRITT
 Dr. Sam Weisak HERBERT LOM
 Roger Stuart ANTHONY ZERBE
 Henrietta Dodd COLLEEN DEWHURST
 Greg Stillson MARTIN SHEEN
 Frank Dodd NICHOLAS CAMPBELL
 Herb Smith SEAN SULLIVAN
 Vera Smith JACKIE BURROUGHS
 sonny Elliman GEZA KOVACS
 Alma Frechette ROBERT WEISS
 Chris Stuart SIMON CRAIG
 Dardis PETER DVORSKY
 Amy JULIE-ANN HEATHWOOD
 Walt BARRY FLATMAN
 Denny #1 RAFFI TCHALIKIAN
 Vice President KEN POGUE
 Five Star General GORDON JOCELYN
 Secretary of State TE BILL COPELAND
 Therapist JACK MESSINGER
 Nurse CHAPPEL JAFFE
 Natalie CINDY HINES
 Weisak's Mother HELENE UDY
 Teenage Boy With Camera RAMON ESTEVEZ
 Young Weisak JOSEPH DOMENENCHINI
 Reporters ROGER DUNN
 WALLY BONDARENKO
 CLAUDE RAE
 TV Anchorman JOHN KOENSGEN
 Brenner LES CARLSON
 Deputy #1 JIM BEARDEN
 Deputy #2 HARDEE LINEHAM
 Ambulance Driver WILLIAM DAVIS
 Denny #2 SIERGE LeBLANC
 Polish Peasants VERA WINIAUSKI
 JOE KAPNAIKO
 Truck Driver DAVE RIGBY

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Directed By DAVID CRONENBERG
 Produced By DEBRA HILL
 Screenplay By JEFFREY BOAM
 Based on the Novel By STEPHEN KING
 Director of Photography MARK IRWIN C.S.C.
 Production Designer CAROL SPIER
 Film Editor RONALD SANDERS
 Associate Producer JEFFREY CHERNOV
 Costume Designer OLGA DIMITROV R.C.A.
 Music Composed and Arranged By MICHAEL KAMEN
 Casting By JANE JENKINS &
 JANET HIRSHENSON A.S.C.D. &
 DEIRDRE BOWEN
 Production Manager JOHN M. ECKERT
 First Assistant Director JOHN BOARD
 Second Assistant Director OTTA HANUS
 Third Assistant Director LYDIA WAZANA
 Location Manager DAVID COATSWORTH
 Production Coordinator PHILIPPA KING
 Script Supervisor GILLIAN RICHARDSON
 Assistant to Ms. Hill RANDI CHERNOV
 Assistant to Mr. Cronenberg CAROL McBRIDE
 First Assistant Camera ROBIN MILLER
 Second Assistant Camera DONNA MOBBS
 Special Effects Coordinator JON BELYEU
 Special Effects Foreman CALVIN ACCORD
 Art Director BARBARA DUNPHY
 Assistant Art Director DAN DAVIS
 Set Decorator TOM COULTER
 Wardrobe Master ARTHUR ROWSELL
 Wardrobe Mistress DENISE WOODLEY
 Makeup Artist SHONAGH JABOUR
 Hair Stylist JENNY ARBOUR
 Production Accountant HEATHER MCINTOSH
 Assistant Accountants LYN LUCIBELLO

Property Master SUSAN McKIBBIN
 Assistant Props PETER LAUTERMAN
 Set Dressers DON MILOYEVICH
 GARETH WILSON
 GARY JACK
 TOM REID
 Sound Mixer BRYAN DAY
 Boom Operator MICHAEL LACROIX
 Re-Recorded At GOLDWYN SOUND FACILITY
 Re-Recording Mixers BILL VARNEY
 STEVE MASLOW
 GREGG LANDAKER
 Key Grip MARIS JANSONS
 Grips CHRISTOPHER DEAN
 DAVID HYNES
 MARK SILVER
 Gaffer JOCK BRANDIS
 Best Boy SCOTTY ALLEN
 Generator Operator GARY PHIPPS
 Electricians IRA COHEN
 JOHN HERZOG
 Extra Casting PETER LAVENDER
 Publicity PRUDENCE EMERY
 Assistant Editors ELAINE FOREMAN
 MICHAEL REA
 Trainee Editor TIM DUNPHY
 Trainee Art Director JO-ANN LADENHEIM
 Draftsman ALFRED
 Storyboard Artist JIM CRAIG
 Camera Trainee DAVID WOODS
 Underwater Camera JOHN STONEMAN
 Still Photographer RICK PORTER
 Production Assistant ANDREAS BLACKWELL
 Office Assistants ANDREA POULIS
 CAROLYN MCKENZIE
 Wardrobe Assistant MAUREEN GURNEY
 Special Effects MARK MOLIN
 MICHAEL KAVANAGH
 LAIRD McMURRAY
 CLARK JOHNSON
 DEREK HOWARD
 DAVID ZIMMERMAN
 GIANICO PRETTO
 SONAN SOOKAD
 MICHAEL NEWMAN
 D. HARRY PERSAD
 Construction Manager JOE CURTIN
 Head Carpenters JOHN BANKSON
 KIRK CHENEY
 Carpenters MYLES ROTH
 ROBERT WIENS
 Scenic Painters NICK KOSONIC
 HARRY PAVELSON
 JANET CORMACK
 STEVEN MEIL
 Stunt Coordinators DICK WARLOCK
 CAREY LOFTIN
 Stunts LOREN JAMES
 DAVID RIGBY
 PETER COX
 GREG WALKER
 DWAYNE McLEAN
 LESLIE MUNRO
 SHANE CARDWELL
 DICK FORSAYETH
 JEROME TIBERGHIEN
 Horse Wranglers JOHN SCOTT
 TOM GLASS
 RICHARD COSGROVE
 Craft Service JESSE COHOON
 Video Electronic Effects MICHAEL LENNICK
 Transportation Coordinator MICHAEL CURRAN
 Driver Captain AL KOSONIC
 Drivers DAVID CHUD
 IZIDORE MUSALLAM
 JEROME McCANN
 CACTUS
 ALEX DAWES
 DAVID BROWN
 Stillson Billboard Concept By STEWART SHERWOOD
 Stillson Photographs By STEVE SHAPIRO
 Biomedical Advisor JEREMY F. KEABLE
 Weapons By SPECIAL MISSIONS GROUP
 Supervising Sound Editor DAVID YEWDALL
 Sound Editors KEN SWEET
 DUANE HARTZELL
 DAVID STONE
 CARYL WICKMAN
 MICHAEL GUTIERREZ

Sound Editorial Coordinator DEVON HEFFLEY
 Music Performed By THE NATIONAL
 PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
 EMI/ABBAY STUDIOS,
 LONDON, ENGLAND
 Recording Engineer ERIC TOMLINSON
 Music Sound Effects Engineer JAMES GUTHRIE
 Titles Designed By R/GREENBERG ASSOCIATES, INC.

CHRISTINE

THE CAST

Arnie KEITH GORDON
 Dennis JOHN STOCKWELL
 Leigh ALEXANDRA PAUL
 Darnell ROBERT PROSKY
 Junkins HARRY DEAN STANTON
 Regina Cunningham CHRISTINE BELFORD
 LeBay ROBERTS BLOSSOM
 Buddy WILLIAM OSTRANDER
 Mr. Casey DAVID SPIELBERG
 Moochie MALCOLM DANARE
 Rich STEVEN TASH
 Vandenberg STUART CHARNO
 Roseanne KELLY PRESTON
 Chuck MARK POPPEL
 Michael Cunningham ROBERT DARNELL
 Pepper Boyd RICHARD COLLIER
 Mr. Smith BRUCE FRENCH
 Bemis DOUGLAS WARHIT
 Ellie KERI MONTGOMERY
 Librarian JAN BURRELL

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Directed By JOHN CARPENTER
 Produced By RICHARD KOBRITZ
 Screenplay By BILL PHILLIPS
 Based Upon the Novel By STEPHEN KING
 Director of Photography DONALD M. MORGAN, A.S.C.
 Production Designer DANIEL LOMINO
 Edited By MARION ROTHMAN
 Executive Producers KIRBY McCAULEY &
 MARK TARLOV
 Co-Producer LARRY FRANCO
 Music By JOHN CARPENTER
 In Association With ALAN HOWARTH
 Associate Producer BARRY BERNARDI
 Casting By KAREN REA
 Production Manager ROBERT DOUDEL
 First Assistant Director LARRY FRANCO
 Second Assistant Director JACK PHILBRICK
 Special Effects Supervisor ROY ARBOGAST
 Transportation & "Christine" Coordination EDDIE LEE VOELKER
 Set Designer WILLIAM JOSEPH DURRELL, JR.
 Set Decorator CLODIA
 Production Illustrator GEORGE JENSON
 Leadman DARIL ALDER
 Set Dressers J.D. SMITH
 RICHARD CHIRCO
 Sound Mixer THOMAS CAUSEY
 Boom Operators JOSEPH BRENNAN
 HANK GARFIELD
 Camera Operator CHRIS SCHWIEBERT
 First Assistant Cameraman ANTHONY J. RIVETTI
 Second Assistant Cameraman MARC MARGULIES
 Panaglide Operator JOSEPH VALENTINE
 Still Photography KIM GÖTTLIEB-WALKER
 Publicity Coordinator PETER J. SILBERMANN
 Property Master KENT H. JOHNSON
 Assistant Property Master LOUIS S. FLEMING
 Script Supervisor KISUNA JACOBSEN
 D.G.A. Trainee CONNIE GARCIA-SINGER
 Costume Supervisor DARRYL LEVINE
 Women's Costumer DAWN JACKSON
 Make-Up Supervisor BOB DAWN
 Hair Stylist FRANKIE BERGMAN
 Assistant Film Editor VIRGINIA KATZ
 Casting Assistant ANNETTE BENSON
 Extra Casting EXTRACAST:
 PETER & JANICE SPIETZER

Location Manager KARLENE GALLEGLY
 Assistant To Mr. Kobritz SHIRLEY BONNER
 Assistant To Mr. Carpenter ELLEN BENJAMIN
 Production Coordinator BRIDGET MURPHY
 Production Secretary CAROL ROSENTHAL
 Production Accountant LARRY HAND
 Assistant Production Accountant BETHANY BROWN
 Office Assistant MARY MCKERNAN
 Special Effects Foreman BILL LEE
 Special Effects DAVID L. SIMMONS

Moldmakers KEVIN QUIBELL
 Construction Coordinator TED ALLEN
 Paint Foreman RICHARD WOOD
 Painter MICHAEL REEDY
 Gaffers JEFF HOUSE
 RICHARD RUIZ
 WALT HADFIELD
 JOHN TYRRELL
 ANTHONY J. LEONARDI, JR.
 GARY H. HOLT
 LOU TOBIN

Electrical Best Boys THOMAS R. BARONE
 Stunt Coordinator ALEX SKVORZOV
 Stunts TERRY LEONARD
 BUFF BRADY
 DAVID D. DARLING
 TED DUNCAN
 TOM ELLIOTT
 DONNA EVANS
 CLIFFORD HAPPY
 ROBERT LEE HARRIS
 NORMAN HOWELL
 MIKE H. MCGAUGHEY
 JOHN MEIER
 CONRAD E. PALMISANO
 KERRY ROSSALL
 BEN R. SCOTT
 JOHN-CLAY SCOTT
 DEAN SMITH
 DICK WARLOCK
 JIM WILKEY
 WALTER WYATT

Cujo

THE CAST

Donna Trenton DEE WALLACE
 Tad Trenton DANNY PINTAURO
 Vic trenton DANIEL HUGH—KELLY
 Steve Kemp CHRISTOPHER STONE
 Joe Camber ED LAUTER
 Cahrtty Camber BILLY JACOBY
 Brett Camber BILLY JACOBY
 Gary Pervier MILLS WATSON
 Bannerman SANDY WARD
 Masen JERRY HARDIN
 Professor MERRITT OLSEN
 Roger Breakstone ARTHUR ROSENBERG
 Harry HARRY DONOVAN—SMITH
 Meara ROBERT ELROSS
 Fournier ROBERT BEHLING
 Lady Reporter CALIRE NONO
 Dr. Merkatz DANIEL H. BLATT

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Directed By LEWIS TEAGUE
 Produced By DANIEL H. BLATT
 ROBERT SINGER
 Screenplay By DON CARLOS DUNAWAY
 LAUREN CURRIER
 STEPHEN KING
 Based On The Novel By NEIL A. MACHLIS
 Associate Producer JAN De BONT
 Director Of Photography GUY COMTOIS
 Production Designer NEIL TRAVIS
 Editor JUDITH HOLSTRA
 Casting By MARCIA S. ROSS
 Music By CHARLES BERNSTEIN
 Unit Production Manager NEIL A. MACHLIS
 First Assistant Director JERRY GRANDEY
 Second Assistant Director MICHAEL GREEN
 Animal Action By KARL LEWIS MILLER
 Special Visual Effects Makeup By PETER KNOWLTON



Set Decorator JOHN BERGMAN
 Set Dresser BOB ANDRES
 BOB ZIEMBICKI
 ELSIE ROWLAND
 Set Painter MICHAEL BERDICK
 Set Designer JOSEPH GARRITY
 Construction Coordinator DEAN BROWN
 Carpenter RICHARD HOCHSCHILD
 Visual Effects Assistants BOB CLARK
 KATHY CLARK
 DAVID NELSON
 Script Supervisor JACQUELINE SAUNDERS
 First Assistant Cameraman ALEXANDER WITT
 Second Assistant Cameramen RICK OSBORN
 VERN NOBLES
 Steadicam Operator DAVID PRINGLE
 Still Photographers JOHN BUSH
 GALE ADLER
 Sound Mixer MARK ULANO
 Boom Operator PATRUSHKHA MIERZWA
 Production Associate MARIO ISCOVICH
 Production Coordinator CHRISS STRAUSS
 Gaffer DENNIS PETERSEN
 Best Boy PAT REDDISH
 Lamp Operators IAN KINCAID
 GARLAND WYLDE
 JON TILTON
 JAY SCHUMANN
 Key Grip BRUCE HAMME
 Best Boy TODD SMITH
 Dolly Grip ARLY THOMSEN
 Grips RICH MITCHELL
 POPCORN SIMMONS
 Property Master ROGET CRANDALL
 Assistant Propman WAYNE IVERSEN
 First Aid PHIL STRAUSS
 Assistant Film Editor STEVE POTTER
 Re-Recording GLEN GLEN SOUND
 Re-Recording Mixers RAY WEST, C.A.S.
 DAVID J. HUDSON
 ROBERT GLASS
 Supervising Sound Editor MICHAEL HILKENE
 Sound Editing ECHO FILM SERVICES
 BRIAN COURCIER
 DAVID ELLIOT
 FRED JUDKINS
 JOHN GLINE
 RUSS TINSLEY
 Music Editing RICHARD STONE
 FOR LA DA PRODUCTIONS
 Music Supervised By DON PERRY
 Costume Designer JACK BUEHLER
 Assistant Costumer NANCY FOX
 Makeup Artist ROBIN NEAL
 Assistant Special Makeup MICHAEL LAVALLEY
 Hairstylist JULIE PURCELL
 Wardrobe Assistant LESLIE MORALES
 Special Effects RICK JOSEPHSEN
 Assistant Special Effects LYNN MAUGHN
 Stunt Coordinator CONRAD E. PALMISANO
 Stunt Doubles JEANNIE COULTER
 ROXANA WHITFIELD
 JACKIE MARTIN
 CHRIS HOWELL
 BOB HERRON
 WALTER WYATT



Animal Handlers	GARY MORGAN
	GLEN GARNER
	JACKIE MARTIN
Craft Service	PERRY HUSMAN
Welfare Worker	AILEEN ROHLFF
Location Auditor	PAUL KOVALCHUK
Assistant Accountant	CELIA CADENA
Accounting Secretary	PAT BORRI
Location Manager	DEBORAH LAWSON
Generator Operator	CHESTER SOHN
Transportation Coordinator	EDDIE LEE VOELKER
Assistant Coordinator	DAN PHILLIPS
Drivers	BLACKIE BISSONNETTI
	JIM CAMPBELL
	PAM DANIELS
	JIM HUFFEY
	MARTY HUFFEY
	JIM MASON
	JIM O'KEEFE
Laborers	ROBER GRAHAM
	JAMES McELROY
Production Assistants	TOM ZAPATA
	CHRIS MEDAK
	PIXIE LAMPPU
Extra Casting By	PANDA TALENT AGENCY
Catering By	MR. SCHULTZ ENTERPRISES INC.
Assistant Cooks	DESMOND GIFFEN
	MARK MOELTER
Unit Publicist	BOOTS LEBARON
Title & Opticals By	MODERN FILM EFFECTS
Main Title Graphic By	CIMARRON PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Special Consultant	MAMIE GODSTEIN
Executive Production Manager	GEORGE GOODMAN
Production Supervisor	ELLIOT FRIEDGEN

Children of the Corn

THE CAST

Dr. Burt Stanton	PETER HORTON
Vicky Baxter	LINDA HAMILTON
Diehl	R.G. ARMSTRONG
Isaac	JOHN FRANKLIN
Malachai	COURTNEY GAINS
Job	ROBBY KIGER
Sarah	ANNEMARIE McEVY
Rachel	JULIE MADDALENA
Joseph	JONAS MARLOWE
Amos	JOHN PHILBIN
Boy	DAN SNOOK
Dad	DAVID COWAN
Mom	SUZY SOUTHAM
Mr. Hansen	D.G. JOHNSON
Hansen Customer	PATRICK BOYLAN
Hansen Customer	ELMER SODERSTROM
Hansen Customer	TERESA TOIGO

AND

The Young people from Sioux City, Iowa who portray the Children of the Corn:

Malachai's Gang—Mike Altman, Ron Altman, Peggy Cole, Mark Cord, Jennifer Jackson, Angie Neimeier, Dennis Poppenga, Michele Ryan, Mike Ryan, Robin Southam, Knox Thompson, Dan Witt and Tim Roberts.

Rachel's Gang—Kim Adams, Deborah Bernstein, Bill Eckman, Jill Fisher, Kathleen Hamm, Stacey Herbst, Jodie Kleinberg, Duffy Lehmberg, Melissa Neimeier, Doug Port, Jeff Rabbitt, Russell Roach, Ann Schaffhausen, Robby Sievers, Richard Stabe and Tim Mook.

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Executive Producers	EARL GLICK
	CHARLES J. WEBER
Producers	DONALD P. BORCHERS
	TERRENCE KIRBY
Director	FRITZ KIERSCH
Screenplay	GEORGE GOLDSMITH
Based on a story by	STEPHEN KING
Senior Vice President Production/New World Pictures	DONALD P. BORCHERS
Music	JONATHAN ELIAS
Casting	LINDA FRANCIS
Director of Photography	RAOUL LOMAS
Special Visual Effects	MAX W. ANDERSON
Associate Producer	MARK LIPSON
Production Executive	JEFFREY CHERNOW
Production Supervisor	MICHAEL WINTER
Editor	HARRY KERAMIDAS
Art Director	CRAIG STEARNS
Production Manager	JOSEPH MADALENA
Set Decorator	CRICKET ROWLAND
Property Master	ROBIN MILLER
Wardrobe	BARBARA SCOTT
Script Supervisors	PATIENCE THORESON
	FRANKIE NIXON
Makeup	ERICA UELAND
Hair Stylist	ROSEMARY WEIBELHAUS
Sound Mixer	JON "EARL" STEIN
First Assistant Director	SUSAN GELB
Second Assistant Director	ROBERT DEVRIES
Production Coordinator	VICTORIA "PINKY" PEARMAN
Stunt Coordinator	BRUCE PAUL BARBOUR
Dialogue Coach/Extra Casting	JEFFREY GREENBERG
Camera Operator	S. PHILLIP SPARKS
Second Unit Director of Photography	DOUG O'NEONS
Key Grip	JOHN SAVKA
Best Boy	JOHN VOURNAS
Associate Editor	CHRISTOPHER COOKE
Assistant Editor	DEBRA C. NEIL
Production Auditor	JILL BASEY
Unit Publicist	JOE SANTLEY
Still Photographer	M.J. ELLIOT
Special Effects	SPFX, INC.
	ERIC RUMSEY
Visual Effects Coordinator	PAULA LUMBARD
Optical Camera	VITO "JACK" CODINI
Assistant Optical Camera	ZOE ALEXIS BUDA
Additional Optical Effects	V.C.E. INC.
Assistants to the Producers	JAN LEWIS
	DAVID SIMKINS
Production Secretary	DEBRA MAGIT
Sound	RYDER SOUND SERVICES, INC.
Re-Recording Mixer	GARY BOURGEOIS
	NEIL BRODY
	JOSEPH CITARELLA
Sound Design	GREGG BARBANELL
Titles and Opticals	IMAGE 3
Color	CFI

Cat's Eye THE CAST

Our Girl	DREW BARRYMORE
Morrison	JAMES WOODS
Dr. Donatti	ALAN KING
Cressner	KENNETH MCMILLAN
Norris	ROBERT HAYS
Sally Ann	CANDY CLARK
Hugh	JAMES NAUGHTON
Junk	TONY MUNAFO
Mr. McCann	COURT MILLER
Mr. Milquetoast	RUSSELL HORTON
Mrs. Milquetoast	PATRICIA BENSON
Cindy	MARY D'ARCY
Drunk Businessman	JAMES REBHORN
Janitor	JACK DILLON
Mrs. McCann	SUSAN HAWES
Jerrilyn	SHELLY BURCH
Westlake	SAL RICHARDS
Albert	JESSE DORAN
Marcia	PATRICIA KALEMBER
Ducky	MIKE STARR
Dom	CHARLES DUTTON

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Directed by LEWIS TEAGUE
 Produced by MARTHA J. SCHUMACHER
 Screenplay by STEPHEN KING
 Director of Photography JACK CARDIFF
 Film Editor SCOTT CONRAD, A.C.E.
 Production Designer GIORGIO POSTIGLIONE
 Costume Designer CLIFFORD CAPONE
 Creatures Created by CARLO RAMBALDI
 Music by ALAN SILVESTRI
 Production Executive JOHN M. ECKERT
 Casting by HOWARD FEUER & JEREMY RITZER
 GLEN RANDALL JR.
 Second Unit Director
 Unit Production Manager/
 First Assistant Director KUKI LOPEZ RODERO
 Second Assistant Director BRUCE MORIARTY
 Foreground Models EMILIO RUIZ
 Production Accountant HEATHER MCINTOSH
 Production Coordinator SUZANNE LORE
 Location Manager MICHAEL STROUD
 Script Supervisor SHARRON REYNOLDS
 Camera Operator NEIL BINNEY
 Focus Puller ROGER McDONALD
 Second Assistant Camera JOHN SHEEREN
 Camera Apprentice CHRISTOPHER OTT
 Sound Mixer DONALD SUMMER
 Boom Operator MARY JO DEVENNEY
 Sound Cableman ROD SCHUMACHER
 Art Director JEFFREY GINN
 Set Designer E.C. CHEN
 Junior Draftsperson JERRY HALL
 Art Department P.A. CATHERINE DAVIS
 Storyboard Artists KIRK THATCHER
 MENTOR HUEBNER
 Set Buyer YVONNE HEGNEY
 Assistant Set Dressers DON CARTWRIGHT
 VITTORIO FERRERO
 HAROLD SHELTON
 SHAW BURNLEY
 Property Master EDWARD LEVISEUR
 Property Assistant CARLO POSTIGIONE
 Make-Up SANDI DUNCAN
 Make-Up Assistant JEFF GOODWIN
 Hair Stylist BARBARA PAGE
 Wardrobe Mistress JENNIFER BUTLER
 Wardrobe Assistant JAYME BEDNARCZYK
 Wardrobe Seamstress GLORIA LAUGHRIDGE
 Special Visual Effects BARRY NOLAN
 Special Effects Coordinator JEFF JARVIS
 Special Effects Assistants MIKE EDMONSON
 ROBERT STOKER
 LAWRENCE NICOLAYSEN
 Creature Operators PAOLO SCIPIONE
 FRANK SCHEPLER
 STEVEN WILLIS
 Key Grip DAVID ZIMMERMAN
 Best Boy BOB HUBNER
 Dolly Grip JEFF HOWERY
 Gaffer FRANK HEENEY
 Best Boy/Generator JOCK BRANDIS
 Best Boy FRITZ GOFORTH
 Production Secretary MINNIE HILL
 Assistant to Ms. Schumacher MARY GAIL DARDEN
 Assistant to Mr. Teague SUSAN BROWN
 Assistant Accountant LYN LUCIBELLO
 Accounting Assistants MARIANNE SCANLON
 LISA BOLAND
 Unit Publicist STEVEN ZELLER
 Still Photographer JURGEN VOLLMER
 Second Unit Additional Photography PAUL RYAN
 First Assistant Director SCOTT MAITLAND
 First Assistant Camera RALPH WATSON
 Second Assistant Camera JOHN HOLDEN
 Gaffer JOHN FERGUSON
 Grip BOB FISHER
 Driver Captain KIRK GREER
 Script HARRIET NEAS
 First Assistant Editor ANNE COUK
 Second Assistant Editor LORI BLOUSTINE
 Editorial Apprentices RUTH LEE FONVIELLE
 DAVID MANN
 DGA Trainee IAN WOOLF
 Transportation Captain WILLIAM LEE SILER
 Transportation Co-Captain FRANK WILLIAMS JR.
 Drivers DONALD CAMBELL
 ELIZABETH DUNN
 JOHN GRIFFIN
 WELCH LAMBETH

Production Assistants KENNY LLOYD
 BEN MOTTESHEAD
 CHIP HACKLER
 CHRISSIE DAVIS
 GARRET HOGAN
 Craftservice CARRIE DUROSE
 Construction Manager JEFFREY P. SCHLATTER
 Lead Carpenter JAMES A. BRINSON
 Paint Foreman H. WARD WELTON
 Scenic Artist ROBERT TESTERMAN
 Model Makers JACINTO SORIA MUNOZ
 ANGEL ARRIOLA DE LA CRUZ
 Translator KAREN RICHARDSON
 Additional Casting FINCANNON & ASSOCIATES
 Animal Action KARL LEWIS MILLER
 Animal Trainers TERESA MILLER
 ALVIN MEARS
 JOHN JENNINGS
 NOEL TOMLINSON
 Supervising Sound Editor ROBERT R. RUTLEDGE
 Supervising Music Editor JOAN BIEL
 Special Vocal Effects FRANK WELKER
 Re-recorded at WARNER HOLLYWOOD
 Re-recording Mixer ROBERT LITT
 RICK KLINE
 ELLIOT TYSON
 Music Recorded at GROUP IV RECORDING INC.
 Music Consultant GILBERT MAROUANI
 Music Scoring Mixer DENNIS SANDS
 Titles Created by MEDIAWORKS, INC., N.Y.
 Color by TECHNICOLOR
 Lighting Equipment LEE LIGHTING AMERICA
 Optical Effects by VAN DER VEER PHOTO EFFECTS
 Catering by D.D.L. FOODSHOW (N.C.)
 Stunt Coordinator GLEN RANDALL JR.
 Stunt Performers JIMMY BRISCOE
 CINDY FOLKSON
 LARRY HOLT
 JULIUS LEFLORE
 FRED LERNER
 BOBBY PORTER
 JEFF RAMSEY
 DANNY RODGERS
 ROD SCHUMACHER
 VICTORIA VANDERKLOOT
 Co-Produced by MILTON SUBOTSKY,
 INTERNATIONAL FILM CORPORATION

Silver Bullet THE CAST

Uncle Red GARY BUSEY
 Reverend Lowe EVERETT MCGILL
 Marty Coslaw COREY HAIM
 Jane Coslaw MEGAN FOLLOWS
 Nan Coslaw ROBIN GROVES
 Bob Coslaw LEON RUSSOM
 Sheriff Joe Haller TERRY O'QUINN
 Andy Fairton BILL SMITROVICH
 Brady Kincaid JOE WRIGHT
 Herb Kincaid KENT BROADHURST
 Tammy Sturmfuller HEATHER SIMMONS
 Milt Sturmfuller JAMES A. BAFFICO
 Mrs. Sturmfuller REBECCA FLEMING
 Owen Knopfler LAWRENCE TIERNEY
 Virgil Cuts WILLIAM NEWMAN
 Mayor O'Banion SAM STONEBURNER
 Billy McLaren LONNIE MOORE
 Aspinall RICK PASOTTO
 Girl CASSIDY ECKERT
 Stella Randolph WENDY WALKER
 Stella's Boyfriend MICHAEL LAGUE
 Stella's Mother MYRA MAILLOUX
 Bobby Robertson WILLIAM BROWN
 Elmer Zinneman HERB HARTON
 Pete Sylvester DAVID HART
 Porter Zinneman GRAHAM SMITH
 Edgar Rounds PAUL BUTLER
 Maggie Andrews CRYSTAL FIELD
 Smokey JULIUS LEFLORE
 Uncle Red's Girl ROXANNE AALAM
 Mrs. Thayer PEARL JONES
 Mr. Thayer ISH JONES, JR.
 Outfielder STEVEN WHITE
 Mac CONRAD MCLAREN
 Voice of Older Jane TOVAH FELDSHUH
 Werewolf EVERETT MCGILL
 and JAMES GAMMON as Arnie Westrum

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Directed by DANIEL ATTIAS
 Produced by MARTHA SCHUMACHER
 Screenplay by STEPHEN KING
 Based on the novelette "Cycle of the Werewolf" by STEPHEN KING
 Associate Producer JOHN M. ECKERT
 Film Editor DANIEL LOEWENTHAL
 Music by JAY CHATTAWAY
 Director of Photography ARMANDO NANNUZZI
 Costume Designer CLIFFORD CAPONE
 Production Designer GIORGIO POSTIGLIONE
 Creatures Created by CARLO RAMBALDI
 Casting by JEREMY RITZER
 FEUER & RITZER INC.
 Unit Production Manager JOHN A. ECKERT
 First Assistant Director JOHN KRETCHMER
 Second Assistant Director BRUCE MORIARTY
 Production Accountant HEATHER MCINTOSH
 Production Coordinator SUZANNE LORE
 Location Manager MICHAEL STROUD
 Script Supervisor SHARRON REYNOLDS
 Camera Operator DANIELE NANNUZZI
 Focus Puller CLAUDIO NANNUZZI
 Second Assistant Camera JEFF MOORE
 Sound Mixer RICHARD GOODMAN
 Boom Operator GARY THEARD
 Assistant Production Designer HILTON ROSEMARIN
 Set Decorator GIORGIO DESIDERI
 Storyboard Artist MENTOR HEUBNER
 Art Department Assistant ROD SCHUMACHER
 Draftsman JERRY HALL
 Set Swing Gang CHESTER SPIER
 YVONNE HEGNEY
 HAROLD SHELTON
 Properties KAREN RICHARDSON
 SHAW BURNLEY
 CARLO POSTIGLIONE
 Makeup BARBARA PAGE
 Hair Stylist DE'ANN POWER
 Wardrobe Mistress JAYME BEDNARCZYK
 Special FX Makeup Supervisor MICHAEL MCCrackEN SR.
 Special FX Makeup Crew MICHAEL MCCrackEN JR.
 CHUCK STUART
 MICHAEL STEIN
 JILL ROCKOW
 MATHEW MUNGLE
 Special FX Coordinator JOSEPH P. MERCURIO
 Special FX Crew JOHN ELLIOT
 TOM LANTZ
 JOE PORTER
 CURTIS DICKSON
 LAWRENCE NICOLAYSON
 NOEL TOMLINSON
 Creature Department PAOLO SCIPIONE
 STEVE TOWNSEND
 RALPH COBOS
 SIMON FREDERICKS
 WILLIAM COBB
 SANDRO BOLLI
 Dolly Grip GENE POOLE
 Gaffer GABRIELLE MARCELLO
 Best Boy/Generator Operator JOCK BRANDIS
 Production Secretary MINNIE HILL
 Location Assistant LARRY JONES
 Assistant to Ms. Schumacher MARY GAIL DARDEN
 Accounting Assistants SUZANNE VAUCHER
 JANE RAYLEIGH
 LISA BOLAND
 Unit Publicist STEVEN ZELLER
 Still Photographer HOLLY BOWER
 Transportation Captain WILLIAM LEE SILER
 Production Assistants GARRETT HOGAN
 STEPHANIE FOWLER
 MARY NAUHERIMER
 LINDA AMMONS
 Craft Service JEFFERY P. SCHLATTER
 Construction Manager JAMES A. BRINSON
 Lead Carpenter ROBERT TESTERMAN
 Head Painter JULIUS LeFLORE
 Stunt Coordinator PHIL ADAMS
 Stunt Performers SANDRA LONG
 CRYSTAL ASHLEY
 PATRICK ROMANO
 CHRISTINE BAUR
 MARVIN SMITH
 ERIC CORD
 DIANE WILSON
 Casting Assistant LUCY SILVER
 Additional Casting FINCANNON & ASSOCIATES

First Assistant Editor VANESSA PROCOPIO
 Assistant Editors ADAM FREDERICKS
 LEE FONVIELLE
 Apprentice Editor TOMMY DORSETT
 Supervising Sound Editor DAN LIEBERSTEIN
 Sound Editors STUART LIEBERMAN
 PAUL TREJO
 FRED ROSENBERG
 MARTY LEVENSTEIN
 ANN STEIN
 Looping Editor ELIZABETH ACKERMAN
 Assistant Sound Editors CYNTHIA ROGERS
 GERALDINE PERONI
 JILL SEARCHINGER
 VALERIE SCHWARTZ
 BOBBI BANKS
 LISA DELGROSSO
 Re-Recorded at SOUND ONE
 Re-Recording Mixer LEE DICHTER
 Music Editor JACK TILLAR
 Music Recorded at THE CARRIAGE HOUSE
 Music Scoring Engineer ALEC HEAD
 Electronic Music Performed by PETER LEVIN
 DAVID FRANK
 Digital Music Sampling by SHELTON LEIGH PALMER
 Orchestrations by BARB LUBY

Maximum Overdrive THE CAST

Bill Robinson EMILIO ESTEVEZ
 Hendershot PAT HINGLE
 Brett LAURA HARRINGTON
 Connie YEARDLEY SMITH
 Curt JOHN SHORT
 Wanda June ELLEN McELDUFF
 Duncan J.C. QUINN
 Camp Loman CHRISTOPHER MURNEY
 Deke HOLTER GRAHAM
 Handy FRANKIE FAISON
 Joe PAT MILLER
 Max JACK CANON
 Steve BARRY BELL
 Frank JOHN BRASINGTON
 Andy J. DON FERGUSON
 Brad LEON RIPPY
 Barry BOB GOODEN
 Rolf R. PICKETT BUGG
 Videoplayer GIANCARLO ESPOSITO
 Second Man MARTIN TUCKER
 Second Woman MARLA MAPLES
 Bridgmaster NED AUSTIN
 Helper RICHARD CHAPMAN, JR.
 Coach BOB GUNTER
 Umpire BILL HUGGINS

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Executive Producers MEL PEARL
 DON LEVIN
 Produced by MARTHA SCHUMACHER
 Written for the Screen and Directed by STEPHEN KING
 Director of Photography ARMANDO NANNUZZI
 Music by AC/DC
 Production Designer GIORGIO POSTIGLIONE
 Film Editor EVAN LOTTMAN, A.C.E.
 Costume Designer CLIFFORD CAPONE
 Unit Production Manager MARILYN STONEHOUSE
 First Assistant Director TONY LUCIBELLO
 Second Assistant Director ELIZABETH SCHERBERGER
 Production Auditor HEATHER MCINTOSH
 Production Coordinator ANGELA HEALD
 Script Supervisor VALERIE NORMAN-WILLIAMS
 Camera Operators DANIELE NANNUZZI
 CLAUDIO NANNUZZI
 Camera Assistant JEFFREY MOORE
 Supervising Sound Editor GREG SHELTON
 Sound Mixer ED WHITE
 Boom Man LARRY PORCHE
 Set Designer HILTON ROSEMARIN
 Assistant Art Director ROD SCHUMACHER
 Storyboard Artist TOM CRANHAM
 Wardrobe Mistress JAYME BEDNARCZYK
 Special Effects Makeup DEAN GATES
 Makeup MARLANA MAY
 Hair Stylist TAMMY KUSIAN
 Property KAREN RICHARDSON
 Leadman ESTY DAVIS, JR.



THE WOMAN IN THE ROOM

THE CAST

John	MICHAEL CORNELISON
Mother	DEE CROXTON
Prisoner	BRIAN LIBBY
Guard #1	BOB BRUNSON
Guard #2	GEORGE RUSSELL

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Production Mgr/Locations	MICHAEL SLOANE
First Assistant Director	MONTY McMILLAN
Second Assistant Director	DIDACUS RAMOS
First Assistant Camera	LOUIS ZWEIER
Second Assistant Camera	GARY KENNY
Art Director	MARTY ELCAN
Script Supervisor	GREGORY MELTON
Editors	SUZAN LOWITZ
	FRANK DARABONT
	KEVIN ROCK
Location Mixer	DARRYL LINKOW
Boom Operator	LIBBY NORDSTROM
Makeup	TOM SCHWARTZ
Gaffer	JIM DeVITO
Grip Electrician	GEORGE RUSSELL
	GENEO
Grip	DAVID DECOTEAU
Dolly Grip Stills	RICK NORDSTRAM
Costume Designer	GIOVANNA MELTON
Assistant Costume	FRIEDA SOTO
Property Master	JOHN GRANT
Assistant Props	ANTHONY WEBER
Extras Coordinator	DEBI MYERS
Production Secretary	ZINA BLECK

Boogey Man

THE CAST

Lester Billings	MICHAEL REID
Dr. Harper	BERT LINDER
Sgt. Gurland	TERENCE BRADY
Rita Billings	MINDY SILVERMAN
Coroner	JEROME BYNDER
Denny	BOBBY PERSICHETH
Andy	MICHAEL DAGOSTINO
Neighbor	NANCY LINDBERG
Husband	JAMES HOLMES
Cop #1	JOHN MACDONALD
Cop #2	DAVE BETH
Attendant #1	RICH WEST
Attendant #2	JOHN COTÉ
Dispatch Voice	BROOKE TRIVAS

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Sound Design	JEFF SCHIRO
	JOHN COTÉ
Set Design	SUSAN SCHIRO

Gaffers	PETER MASCUCH
	JIM SOFRANKO
Location Sound	JOHN VITTOLO
	DAVE SMITH
Assistant Camera	KURT HATHAWAY
	DAVE CORSEN
	LYNN HARTER
	LORI LOEB
	BILL MOORE
Production Assistants	MICHAEL BERKMAN
	MARK FITZMARTIN
	KURT HATHAWAY
	SUSAN SCHIRO
	JOE SHULDER
	JOHN WALSH

TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE AT

"THE WORD PROCESSOR OF THE GODS"

THE CAST

Richard Hagstrom	BRUCE DAVISON
Lina Hagstrom	KAREN SHALLO
Seth Hagstrom	PATRICK PICCININI
Mr. Nordhoff	WILLIAM CAIN
Jonathan	JON MATTHEWS
Belinda	MIRANDA BEESON
Narrator	PAUL SPARER

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Produced by	WILLIAM TEITLER
Teleplay by	MICHAEL MCDOWELL
Based on a story by	STEPHEN KING
Directed by	MICHAEL GORNICK
Director of Photography	ERNEST DICKERSON
Edited by	SCOTT VICKREY
Casting by	LEONARD FINGER
Production Manager	JEFFREY SILVER
Production Controller	TINA CARBONELL
Story Consultant	TOM ALLEN
Assistant Director	DAVID KRAKOWER
Second Assistant Director	KATARINA WITTICH
Assistant Camera	FRANK PRINZI
Gaffer	JEFF LEVY
Best Boy	WILLIAM KLAYER
Key Grip	JOHN TINTORI
Second Grip	MICHAEL PRESTON
Still Photographer	HARVEY WANG
Sound Mixer	ROLF PARDULA
Boom	STUART DEUTSCH
Script Supervisor	NANCY MUSSER
Production Office Coordinator	LAURA J. MEDINA
Assistant P.O.C.	ANNE NEVIN
Unit Manager	DOON ALLEN
Studio Manager	COSMO OHMS
Production Auditor	JOHANNAN D. WOLF
Unit Publicist	MAUREEN ANDERSEN
Post-Production Coordinator	OREN RUDAVSKY
Art Director	MISCHA PETROW
Costume Design	JEANETTE OLEKSA
Wardrobe Supervisor	HEIDI SHULMAN
Makeup and Hair	SHARON ILSON REED
Set Dresser	NELL STIFEL
Assistant Set Dresser	SUSAN VITUCCI
Property Master	ANDY LASSMAN
Assistant Props	EVA MACHAUF
Scenics	PHILIP GOETZ
	BARBARA ROBINS
Assistant to the Art Director	JEFFREY GRANDELL
Assistant Film Editor	MEG FOSS
Sound Editor	FRED ROSENBERG
Apprentice Editors	LIENNA SILVER
	TAMAR BIHARI
Administrative Assistant	LOUIS HABER
Original Music by	TOM PILE & BILL GORDON
Music Library	CAPITOL PRODUCTION MUSIC/ OLE GEORG
Title Music	DONALD RUBINSTEIN & ERICA LINDSAY
Computer Effects	ROB KOBRIN
Executive in Charge of Production	DAVID E. VOGEL
Executive Producers	RICHARD P. RUBINSTEIN
	GEORGE ROMERO
	JERRY GOLOD



Films On Video

The collected works of Stephen King—as adapted by various filmmakers—are also available on videocassette. Videocassettes of *Maximum Overdrive* and *Stand By Me* (formerly *The Body*) have not yet been released. Both are expected in 1987. At this time, there are no plans to release either “Gamma” from (CBS TV’s *Twilight Zone*) or “Word Processor of the Gods” (from *Tales of the Darkside*) on video.

All of the other King terrors should be on hand at the local video store, allowing every horror buff to take Stephen King to the movies—but at home.

Carrie, Magnetic Video (20th Century), 98 minutes, \$69.98. (retail).

The Shining, Warner Home Video, 143 minutes, \$69.95.

Creepshow, Warner Home Video, 120 minutes, \$69.95.

The Dead Zone, Paramount Home Video, 104 minutes, \$79.98.

Christine, RCA/Columbia Home Video, 104 minutes, \$79.95.

Cujo, Warner Home Video, 94 minutes, \$69.95.

Firestarter, MCA Home Video, 113 minutes, \$79.95.

Children of the Corn, Embassy Home Video, 93 minutes, \$69.95.

Cat’s Eye, Key Video (CBS/Fox Home Video), 94 minutes, \$79.98.

Silver Bullet, Paramount Home Video, 93 minutes, \$79.95.

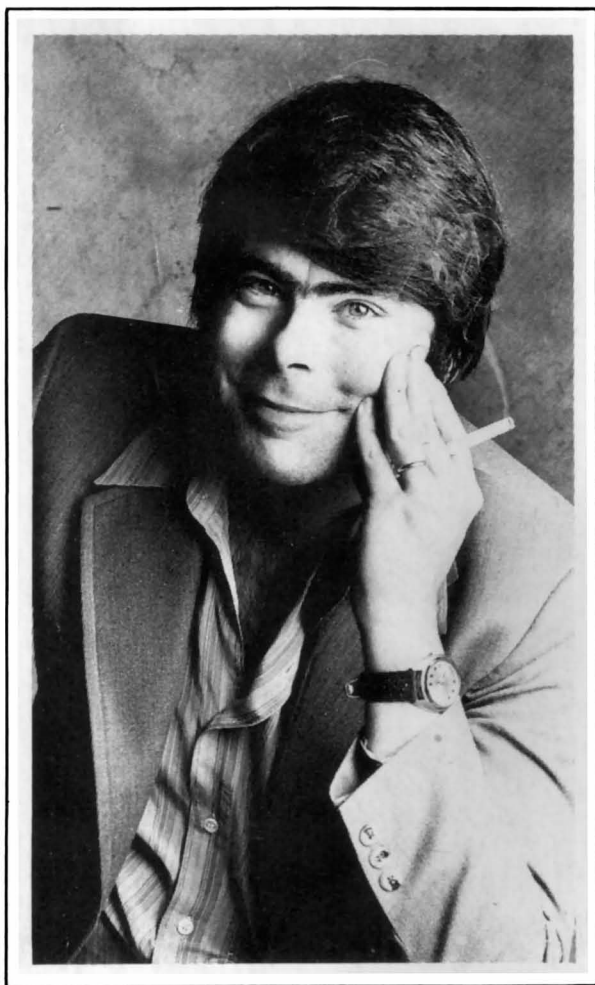
Salem’s Lot, Warner Home Video, 112 minutes (edited from mini-series length), \$89.98.

Night Shift Collection (includes “The Woman in the Room” and “The Boogey Man”), Granite Entertainment, 46 minutes, \$59.95.

Maximum Overdrive (not yet available).

Stand By Me (*The Body*) (not yet available).





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JESSIE HORSTING

The author is a reformed cum laude graduate living in Sherman Oaks, California, the heart of what she calls "Mall Country." A former Chicagoan, she spent several years as a freelance writer, a part-time graphic artist, and a full-time auto mechanic. Her background contributed to what she describes as "an immense irreverence for everything."

After four years as Associate Editor for *Fantastic Films* magazine, one year as West Coast Editor, she became a full-time writer, columnist and critic for magazines such as *American Cinematographer*, *Cinefantastique*, *Fangoria*, *Profiles* and *Movieland*, and has contributed to *Omni* and *McGill's Cinema Annual*, a college textbook of film criticism.

She is currently acting as a consultant for MGM Studios while finishing a novel with writer Steven Boyett (*Ariel*; *The Architect of Sleep*). She loves good books and good movies—and still works on cars. Her favorite color is wood, her favorite car is the 1967 427 Corvette, her favorite speed is fast, and she likes to eat cottage cheese with Cheetos, insisting the combination keeps her from being arrested.

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